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Saturday Review

September 13, 1969 50¢

FALL TRAVEL ISSUE

The Road to Osaka

An Expogoer's Guide to the Pacific

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Today, Cathy Carey played golf and tennis, swam, had her hair done and fell in love.

Cathy Carey gets only one vacation a year, and she can't afford to waste it. Luckily, a friend told her about the Costa del Sol and its luxurious hotels. Cathy never knew what a real spree was before.

One of the first things you'll notice on this golden strip of Spanish Mediterranean coast is how little the hotels resemble hotels. Many have swimming pools, private beaches, tennis courts, saunas, boutiques with Spanish fashion and handicraft, elegant nightclubs with flamenco dancing, way-out discotheques, and a variety of championship golf courses (including some with 36 holes). It's no wonder these hotels have become a favorite haunt of the Beautiful People.

As Cathy Carey discovered, fascinating company and a terrace for two are never a problem.

Another surprising thing about the Costa del Sol is how casual things are. People dress and act pretty much as they please.

But the most pleasant surprise of all is the price. A double room with private terrace overlooking the Mediterranean costs about $10 a day, breakfast included.

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Costa del Sol
Spain's sun coast

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Caution: TV May Be Hazardous to Your Health

As IF WE don't have to do enough keeping track of our health hazards (ABM, MIRV, DDT), we are now warned by the Public Health Service of Suffolk County, New York, that each of us may be harboring an ABM or worse in our own living room.

Just as the TV season is beginning, and after two years of testing 5,000 color TV sets, a survey indicates that 20 per cent of the sets emitted X rays above the recommended maximum 0.5 milli-roentgens per hour. For the benefit of Dean Martin, if he wonders how that figure compares with stuff he exudes during his weekly hour, 0.5 milli-roentgens are a finger more than a jiggerful.

So unless you're interested in combining your TV enjoyment with your annual checkup, be careful not to get any of the stuff on you. The U.S. Department of Health recommends that TV viewers sit back at a "fail-safe" saturation point of six feet from any color TV set.

It all sounds scary, and most of it is due, they say, to careless TV repairmen who don't adjust the voltage to that recommended by the manufacturers. But there is one hopeful sign—the only hazard to your health is physical. When you watch TV, nothing can happen to you mentally, one way or another.

Which brings us to the new TV season and a raft of old, and new, and "slightly" altered old half-hour entertainment programs. Which brings us to Doris Day, a most pleasant bringing-to. There is a saying making the rounds that says: "All tall blondes look like Doris Day." This saying was started by all tall blondes who hope they look like Doris Day—with the exception of Hope Lange, who, I imagine, is happy not to look like Doris or any everyday blonde.

Around our place, the Doris Day half-hour is a weekly ritual. And it's not only because Doris Day manages to look more like Doris Day than any other blonde, tall or short. With a charming and disarming delivery of throwaway lines, Miss Day is an actress skilled in the important art of listening and reacting. Not that all other tall blondes, in my experience, don't listen, it's just that I have been unable to make very many react.

Where Miss Day once showed up in movies in high-styled gowns and heels in a setting of pink and lavender pastel, she now has proved for a whole year that she can make it in jeans and sneakers in a setting of russet and green pastoral. She has been a delight on the farm with a supporting cast consisting of a bearded father, two small children, and pigs and cows; whereas in films, her supporting cast seemed inevitably to consist of that laughing boy, Rock Hudson.

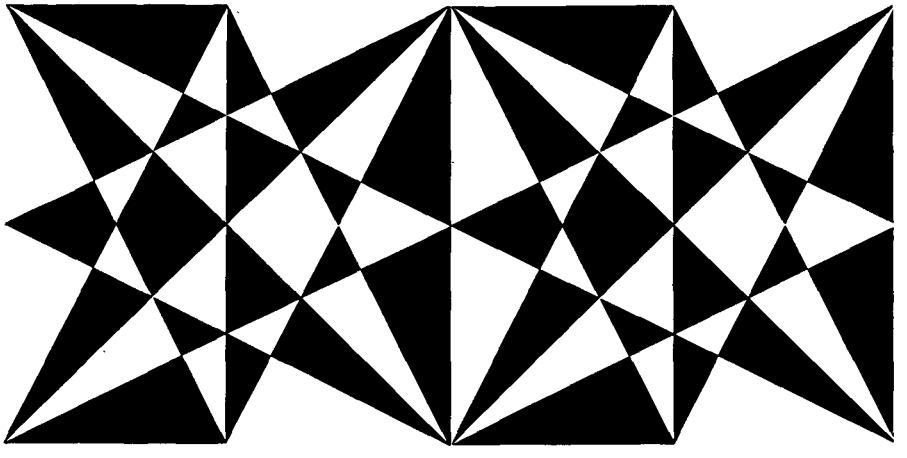
CBS was not happy with that bucolic background, so the next Doris Day we will meet will be the sophisticated lady of a slick San Francisco magazine, where she will undoubtedly be dazzlingly coifed and couturièred, and will meet a lot of young male guest stars who will be dazzlingly coifed and couturièred. And don't be surprised if one of them turns out to be the laughing you-know-who.

Another "slight" alteration will take place in the Hope Lange half-hour, *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir.* NBC dropped this well-written and well-acted program because its rating was not at all well. But ABC picked it up immediately. Not because ABC knows a good thing when it sees it, but because it knows how to fix it so it will get a high rating.

The romance between Miss Lange and the handsome ghost, Edward Mulhare, a distinguished actor, was too frustrating, they say, for the viewers. So, henceforth, the ghost will act more as adviser, may even attempt to arrange a romance for the attractive widow with two children. There go all the poignancy and freshness of the show, but hopefully Miss Lange and Mr. Mulhare will rise above this "slight" alteration.

Aside from those, there will be many "specials" on the new schedule, and, of course, old movies, until they run out. By that time the "new" movies will be old movies. And from what I've seen of them, few will pass TV censors, who still believe that doctors bring babies. Of course, we viewers know that's not a doctor's bag.

There will always be sponsors for movies. Despite the network's expected loss of a yearly $196-million in tobacco commercials, there will always be new sponsors to replace all that money the cigarette-makers have been coughing up.



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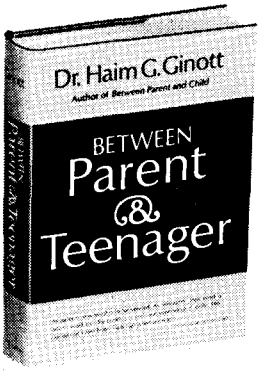

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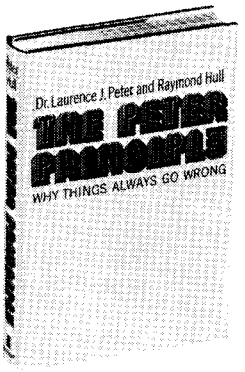

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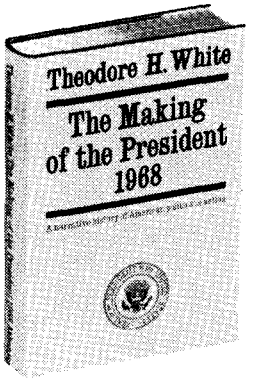

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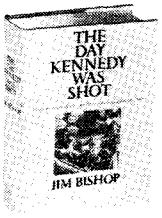

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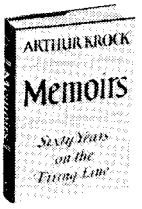

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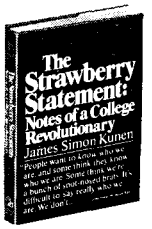

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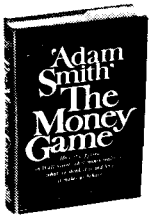

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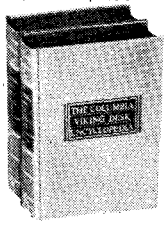

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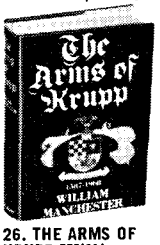

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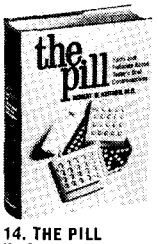

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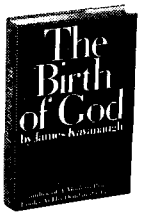

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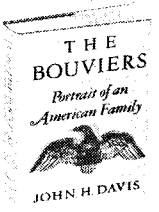

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Virgin of Taxco

IN MEXICO a woman's costume often tells more about her than her letters to the folks back home. Depending on the way it is worn, a *rebozo* can provide enough communication to give Marshall McLuhan pause.

In Taxco, where I have been a frequent visitor, the Mexican women as well as the emigrant *gringas* and even some of the tourist ladies wear *rebozos*, but they also affect a capelike garment which conveys an important message to the world. It is called a *Quexquemitl,* though not by me.

This *Quexquemitl* is similar in design to the more familiar poncho. It is a squarish piece of fabric with a hole in the center. It is placed over the head and worn so that it hangs with the edges square across the front and back, or with the corners pointing downward. This is not an adequate description, but I am no Mainbocher.

If a woman is married, she wears the garment squared across. If she is a virgin (or wants to give that impression), she turns it so the corners are pointing downward.

Once in Taxco my wife bought a *Quexquemitl,* and though there were only two messages to convey with it, she remained confused about its use as an important medium in the communications arts. She could never remember which way to turn it to identify her condition. Most of the time she was walking the cobblestone streets of Taxco, at her age, with the cape telegraphing to the entire town that she was unclaimed. A source of embarrassment to me.

Yet, I finally gave up trying to teach her the proper way to wear it. I simply had to say, "For all I'm concerned, you can just let your reputation go to hell."

—H. ALLEN SMITH.

Saunas Out and In

SAUNAS ARE In now. Big ones if you have money, little ones if you haven't. And very little ones for those who can only afford a sauna for the face and have to say to hell with the rest of the body. But I remember a time when the sauna wasn't In at all. It was so far Out, it was out of the house, away from the barn, way out near a river, a creek, a pond, or a puddle.

Anyone who could afford a bathtub inside the house was In. I remember that time very well because we had a sauna outside and we were considered Out generally. No matter that we were clean and that our grandparents, parents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and siblings were clean—we were Out.

Sometimes curious In-people used to come to see this sauna business in action, this small, weather-beaten house puffing out steam at regular intervals and then letting out my relatives, red and purple depending on age. Young people were usually red and old people purple as plums. My maternal grandmother turned so deep a purple that even I, a great admirer of the sauna, felt she was taking her bathing too seriously. When she was sixty-five, her doctor said, "No more sauna."

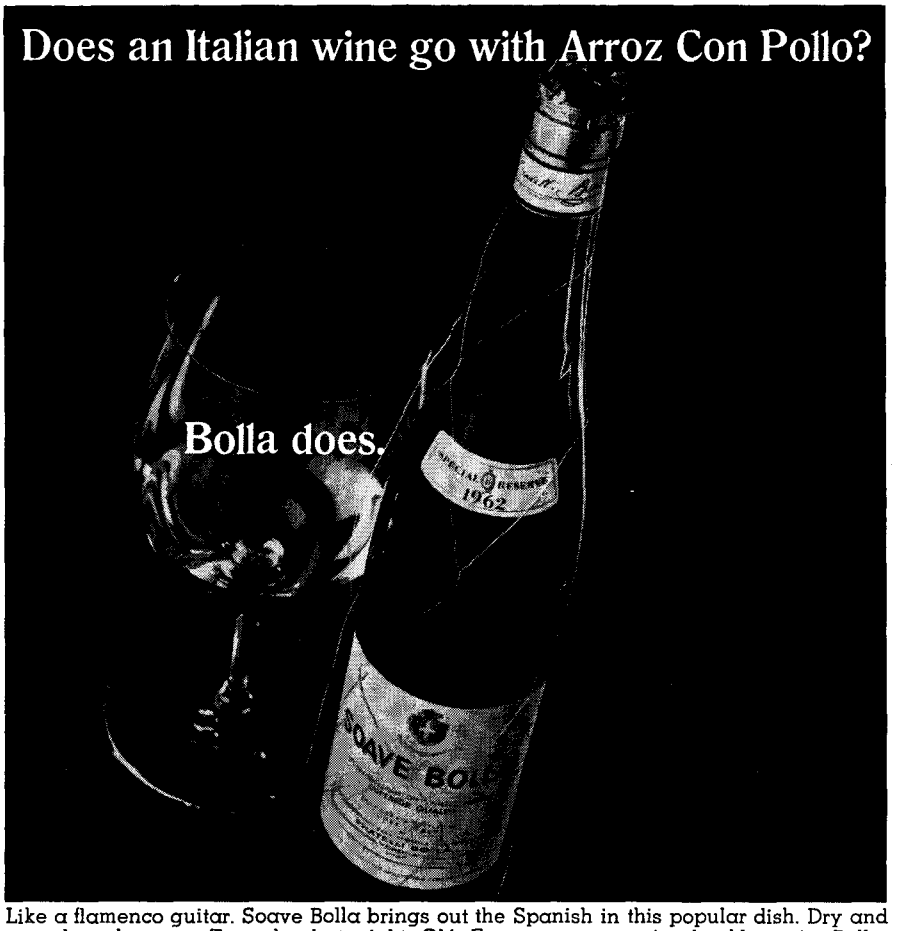
She said, "Nonsense," and lived on for twenty more years.

And as the aunts and uncles grew older and more purple with every sauna bath, their doctors said, "No more sauna." But to no avail. "The poisons come out," said one aunt, the crankiest of the lot.

To be honest, I felt badly about being Out. I thought my father could at least buy us a bathtub and put it in any old corner of the house so we could go to school and say, "Yes, we have a bathtub, Teacher," after which she'd consider us as clean as everyone else even if we never poured one drop of water into the tub. I even thought I'd jump in the empty tub to cool off after a sauna just so I'd be able to say, "Yes, Teacher, I jumped into the tub." She was a great one for urging everyone to jump into the tub, though she was no great athlete herself.

Needless to say, Father never bought us a tub to jump into after sauna. After the Depression was over, he did build a sauna in the basement and all the Out-people came to test it for heat. It was better than the outside sauna, they said in purple glee. In-people shook their heads, and one of them raised our fire insurance premium.

Not until the Finns sent a sauna to the White House did In-people begin to say the word. Then in no time, Senators and Representatives and diplomats and judges began trying out the sauna and started saying what we had been saying right along. Doctors began saying sauna was good for the arteries, the heart, the liver, and the kidneys. Great beauties began saying sauna was good for the skin and the figure. And



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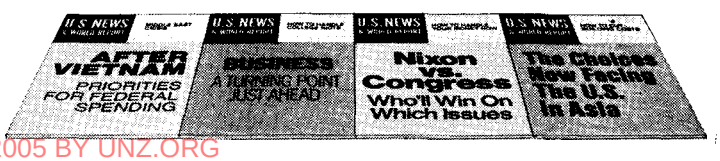

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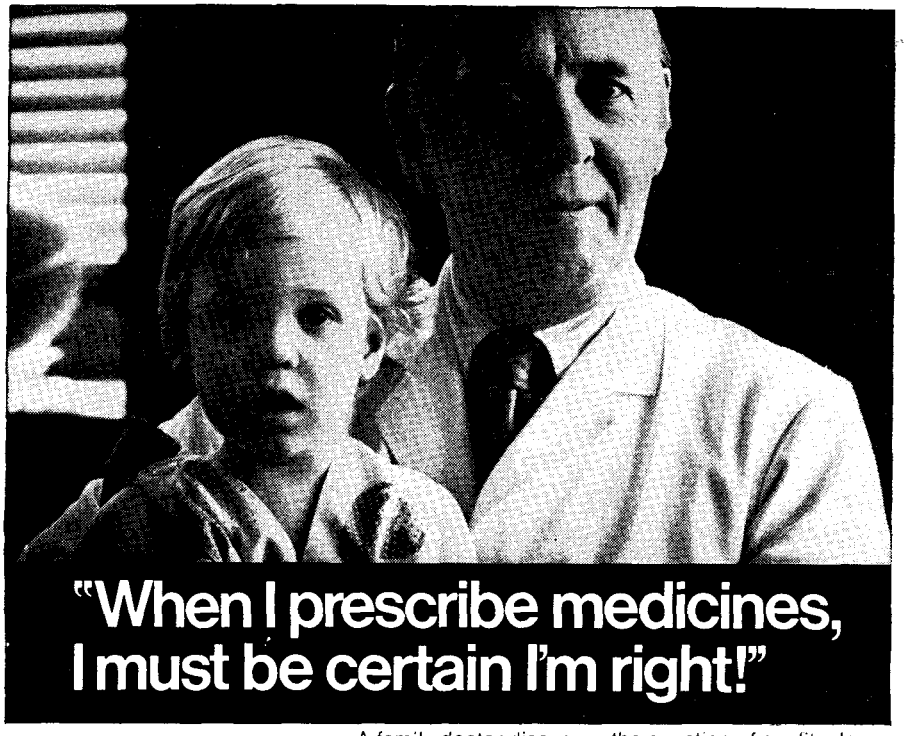

"When I prescribe medicines, I must be certain I'm right!"

A family doctor discusses the question of quality drugs.

In my practice of medicine, my first obligation is to my patients. When I prescribe a drug product, my purpose is to select a drug that will help the patient and do the job that I want it to do. I expect it to be of correct potency, accurate in dosage, with the precise amount of active ingredient, to be absorbed by the body at the proper time.

My feeling is that when I order a drug and I specify the precise product I want, I can control what my patients are going to get.

For their welfare and my own sense of security, I go with the drug products that experience has shown me work well. They may be brand name drugs . . . or they may be quality medicinals sold by their generic names. But they must be drugs that have proved they will do the job. I want to know their source and the reputation of the manufacturer. This freedom of choice should be mine, based on my knowledge and experience. With the potency of today's drugs, I don't know any safe ways to cut corners.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

thus, in a matter of weeks, the sauna was In and stayed In.

Only now we live in the urban sprawl where saunas are In but not permitted —not my kind. I suppose we could get one of those little ones that look like upended coffins. But to me that's not a sauna. I want one near a creek—in short, an Out kind. If I can't have that, I'd rather jump into the tub, turn on the hot water full blast, and sit there boiling and slowly turning purple.

—R. G. ENGELMANN.

Let's Bring Back 1909!

I HAVE IT, the solution to the country's problems. Come next January let's bring back 1909.

1909 was a good year.[1] There were no major wars, railroad wrecks, explosions, or earthquakes.[2] Louis Blériot flew the English Channel in thirty-seven minutes. Admiral Peary reached the North Pole on his sixth try. If at first you don't succeed. . . . Theodore Roosevelt was President until William Howard Taft's Inauguration. Both were big men. The country hasn't had a really fat President since. And look at the trouble we've had.[3]

There was no income tax. The public debt was low. You could have a five-course dinner for 35 cents. You got free lunch with a nickel beer. The only signs of militarism were field-artillery pieces in parks, the Great White Fleet, and small boys in sailor suits.

Streets and roads were uncrowded. A man who drove an automobile was called a sport. If he scared horses and bicycle riders he was called a hellion. Children studied *McGuffey's Reader*, and were generally seen and not heard. College boys risked expulsion for hanging the dean's chamberpot on a flagpole.

Girls looked peachy in whitelace dresses with muttonchop sleeves and skirts that covered their legs—limbs. People sat on their front porches, plunked ukuleles, and sang "On the Banks of the Wabash"[4] and "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie."

I don't think we could pretend a better year.

1) There was a panic in 1907, but the newspapers said things were looking up.

2) On January 23 the White Star liner *Republic* was rammed off the Nantucket lightship, and all but six passengers were saved when a CQ was sent, the first sea rescue by radio.

3) The drift to leaner presidents began with Woodrow Wilson.

4) Composed in 1897 by Paul Dresser (music) and his brother Theodore Dreiser (words).

—ROBERT S. ALDRICH.

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16 things I learned from my wife...

since she started reading The National Observer

"Barbara is a model housewife. But she's the last person I would expect to brief me about what is going on in the world. So you can imagine my surprise when Barbara began talking about such news as:

1. Why students still in high school also attend medical school in Philadelphia.
2. How to make sure you are buying a genuine antique—and not a piece of junk.
3. Why a psychologist says your child's name may be the key to his behavior.
4. How a new technique with ceramics is expected to put an end to dentures.
5. How to buy original sculpture as an investment.
6. How legal difficulties are holding up our progress in mining the ocean's wealth.
7. Why a new definition of death is the subject of controversy at the American Medical Association.
8. How some organized groups of housewives are waging a battle against high prices and inadequate service.
9. How you can increase and perhaps double your life insurance coverage... without spending a penny more.
10. How families are saving hundreds of dollars on air fares by understanding the airline 'rate language'.
11. Steps to take immediately to protect yourself if you lose your credit cards.
12. Why house-hunters should check the size of the furniture in model homes.
13. Why Canadian officials are considering making it easier for U.S. Army deserters to find sanctuary in Canada.
14. How a scientist in Pennsylvania is teaching trees to resist air pollution.
15. How to save money—perhaps hundreds of dollars—when purchasing a new car.
16. Why a well-known zoologist thinks it may soon become necessary to let the grizzly bear become extinct.

"Where did Barbara get all of this information? Certainly not from day time television or the local paper. No — a short while ago, on a friend's advice, she took out a subscription to The National Observer, the national weekly newspaper. I could see the change in her almost immediately, and when I began reading The Observer, too, I knew why. It really *explains* the news. Each story is not just a collection of facts, but a fascinating, thorough report that puts all the pieces together.

"Since The National Observer presents national and world news without bias, scare headlines or sensationalism, we are glad to see the children pick it up. Now we're *all* discussing the news in our house."

Today, thousands of families all over the country are enriching their lives and adding to their reading pleasure through The National Observer.

The National Observer is *not* a magazine . . . *not* a daily newspaper. It is an entirely new kind of national news weekly for you and your family that fills the gaps in your picture of the world panorama. The Observer not only tells you *what's* happening, but also *why*.

All the Major News in Depth

The National Observer is published by Dow Jones & Company, the same worldwide news-gathering organization that publishes The Wall Street Journal. For five successive years, The Observer has won top awards for distinguished reporting.

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You get more news — and you get more out of it. In its full-size newspaper format (printed on our own special crisp, white newsprint) you often get more reading material than in other news weeklies — not just one major "cover story," but five or six. Inside pages are important news pages, too — there's no "letdown." More than 50 excellent pictures and illustrations open windows not only on the people, places and events in the headlines, but also on such colorful sidelights as the amusing spectacle of an elephant giving his autograph.

Many Enjoyable Special Features

Each week, too, The Observer brings you more than a dozen special features that add to your enjoyment or broaden your knowledge in important areas. "This Week in Washington," for example, can be read in a matter of minutes, yet it brings you up to date on significant happenings. "How's Business?" fills you in quickly on important trends in business and industry.

For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging weekly brain-tickler; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." And for both you and your youngsters, there's a weekly news quiz, plus "Current Events Classroom," a column which brings you news background on topics such as the mystery of certain Unidentified Flying Objects for which the United States Air Force has no explanation. On the lighter side, "Reflections" explores the random aspects of life such as the "good old days" when a pocket watch was a major status symbol. And, "The Compleat Consumer" offers you tips on how to live better and get the best buy for your dollar, whether you're planning to buy a car . . . a camera . . . or take a vacation cruise.

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Trade Winds

Ierome Beatty, Jr.

The word used to describe the extra money people pay for tickets to Broadway shows is "ice," and ice is what dominates the theater in New York today. In William Goldman's new book, *The Season* (Harcourt), he describes it. The box-office treasurers are the principal villains, he reports, and if you've ever had a sad experience at a box office, now you'll know why. The treasurers make tremendous amounts of tax-free money on illegal sales. For instance, the treasurer of *Man of La Mancha* was charged with accepting $200,000 in ice one year.

Goldman says that the box-office man "hates selling tickets to people who come to the window. If it is even a halfway decent seat, selling it for the box-office price costs him money. No ice. And if his theater has a bomb (unless it's late in the season), he still hates selling to the public: the fewer seats he sells, the less money grossed; the sooner a show closes, the sooner a new show will come in, and that show might not be a bomb, and he'll be back in the money again."

This could be the reason, Goldman says, that for twenty years the box-office treasurers' union never demanded a raise.

I have just got around to reading *The Treasure of Our Tongue* (Knopf), in which Lincoln Barnett tells of an encounter with a producer of Academese. Barnett was assisting in the compilations of findings in one of those big projects on "The National Purpose," which some foundation was financing. He was reading through mountains of papers, treatises, and transcripts, and distilling them into summaries of reasonable size before sending them on.

After several weeks of arduous labor, he discovered that his summaries were being rewritten by the editor, a Harvard professor of political science. The professor felt that the reports were too short, and he was expanding them. He told Barnett that his summaries "packed too much material into too little space." When Barnett protested that it was a worthwhile objective, the professor replied, "Well, my impression is that you've been straining for lucidity."

In view of the recent celebration by the baseball industry of its 100th anniversary, it behooves us to keep in mind that neither Abner Doubleday, nor any other American, invented the game. As Harold Seymour pointed out in his 1960 book, *Baseball: The Early Years* (Oxford), it stems directly from the British game of rounders, and it was played in America before 1839, the year Doubleday supposedly dreamed it up. A soldier at Valley Forge wrote in his journal of playing "base" there, and a few years later a Princeton student told in his diary of playing "baste ball" on campus. The word "baseball" can be traced back to 1744, when the game was described in a book published in London.

There is really nothing so new about heart transplants. In Irving Wallace's book *The Prize* (Simon & Schuster), which was published in 1962, two of the characters in it are doctors who win the Nobel Prize in medicine for their discoveries in that field. Now a group of South Africans are fixing to nominate Dr. Christiaan Barnard for that prize, so they have written Irving Wallace and asked his advice in the matter. The author has given them his "enthusiastic support," which means they can go ahead.

Last year Wallace wrote a book about how he wrote *The Prize.* It was called *The Writing of One Novel* (Simon & Schuster). In it he reveals how Dr. Barnard, browsing through the Wallace best seller one day in his South African home, read with fascination the fictional description of how a heart could be transplanted from one human being to another. He snapped his fingers, and a light bulb flashed over his head. "Say," he exclaimed to his assistant, "that's a terrific idea! Let's try it." And that's how one of the great surgical operations of the twentieth century was born. Won't it be odd if he does win The Prize for it?

Sharps and Flats: R. B. Clough says that the name of the Japanese car, Toyota, comes from the Japanese pronunciation of "toy auto." He also reports that a Tokyo-made leather carrying case for a camera is called a "kalicase."

► I think among the greatest thrills of my lifetime were when as a kid riding a train, I'd look ahead and catch sight of the steam engine as we rounded a curve. Even more exciting

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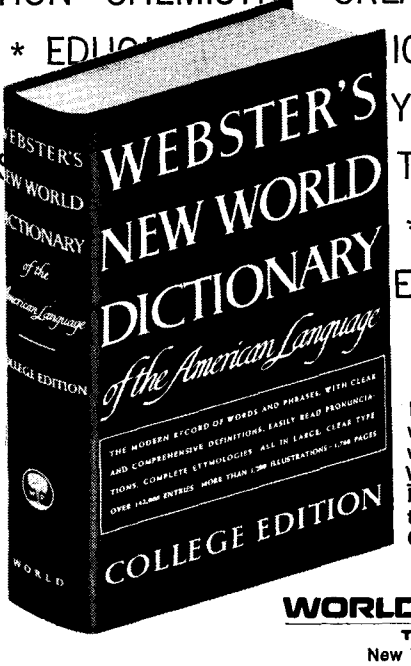

If you're working with words, you're better off working with Webster's New World Dictionary—approved by colleges and universities throughout the U.S. and Canada.

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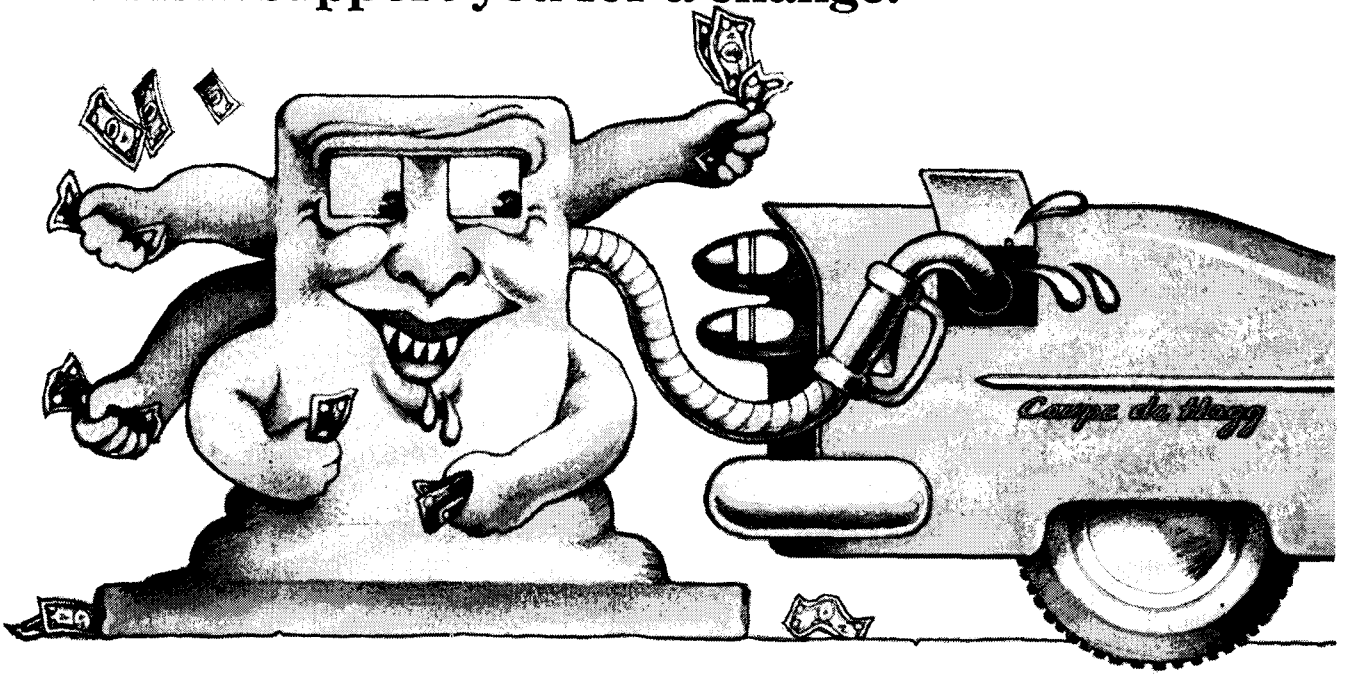
For years you've supported the gasoline companies. Let them support you for a change.



Every year, the average driver contributes about $450 to the gasoline companies. That's because the average driver's average car gets about 12 miles to the gallon. The gas companies love the average driver—as well they might.

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Thus, you will have 2 cars: The Renault 10 which will save you a lot of money. And the Renault 16 (a sedan which converts to a station wagon). The 16 will save you a little less money, but it's awfully good for hauling your money around.

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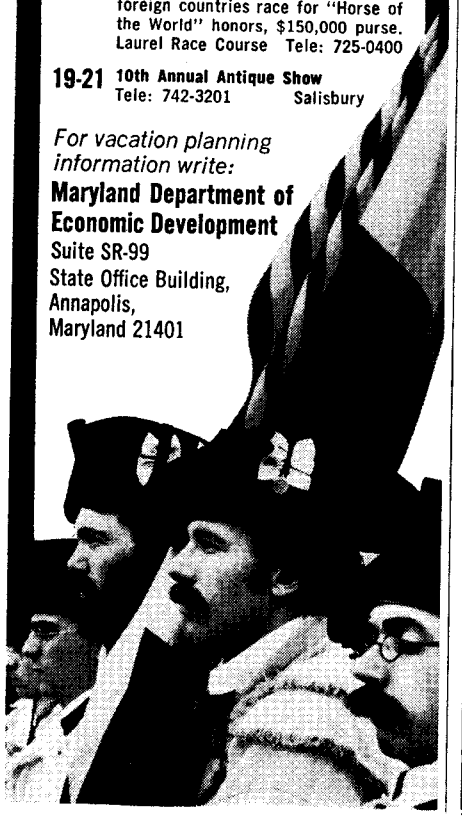


was the time we went over the mountains to Asheville. They put two big locomotives on the front and one on the rear. Up and around we went with all three engines, visible from the window most of the time, belching huge clouds of smoke. Beautiful.

► Che Guevara may have unwittingly damaged his own cause seriously by writing such a boring diary that a revolutionary would think twice about going into the business.

► Eric W. Allen, Jr., tells of a sign in someone's establishment in La Grande, Oregon: IF YOU DON'T GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE, I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO WILL.

► Professor Carl Kerr lectured at Glenville State College, West Virginia, about *Moby Dick*, touching briefly on the subject of the sperm whale. After class a young coed came up to him with what he describes as worried curiosity and asked, "Sir, are there *female* sperm whales?"

► Excerpts from work in Harriet Stolorow's high school class: 1) "The Japanese attacked Pearl Harper." 2) "Chamberlain was a Prim Minister." 3) "A dictator is a boss what he say go." 4) "Collective bargaining is group bargaining between management and agonized labor."

► The public relations secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention is W. C. Fields.

► I watched the mission to the moon in the CBS-News studios, where I heard Wally Schirra, the astronaut, and Newell Trask, the geologist, discussing the future off-camera. Schirra favored an orbital space station, while Dr. Trask was looking forward to specimens that would be brought back from the moon on the next ten trips there. "We don't need any more missions to the moon," Schirra said. "You geologists can get along with one bag of rocks."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1848)

(MARGARET) WEBSTER:
THE SAME ONLY DIFFERENT

To know his actors is the first thing a director needs to learn; and here was I, confronted with thirty large-size Americans, all total strangers to me. One day in Sardi's I overheard a remark from a neighboring table: "One woman and all those men—she must be fierce."

Chess Corner No.—140

Since time immemorial, every chess opening pattern has been analyzed, synthesized, pre-tested, pre-digested, and rated. To Caissa's buffs, a book appraisal is akin to gospel. And it is all the more surprising that the century-and-a-half-old Tarrasch Defense to the Queen's Gambit Declined — derided and denied — should appear in no less a match than the world championship between Tigran Petrosian of the Soviet Union, the champion, and the challenger and his compatriot, Boris Spassky.

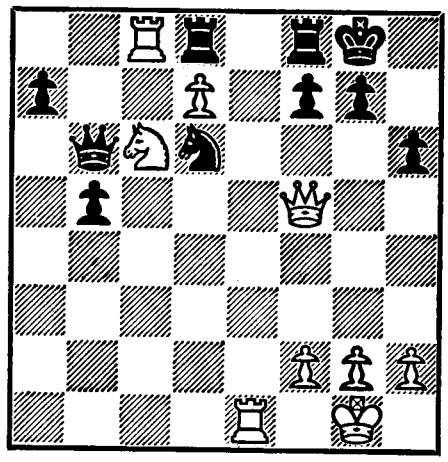
Suddenly, the line, charged with leaving a chronically weak isolated pawn as a residue for Black, and long-shelved in master practice, is rehabilitated and included in the repertoire of the contenders as a veritable weapon. The way it is played, moreover, makes it appear as contemporary as tomorrow.

Here is the fifth of the twenty-four-game series, played at Moscow's Variety Theatre. The challenger is victorious against the Tarrasch Defense by foisting an isolated pawn upon himself!

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

Spassky — Petrosian

White	Black	White	Black
1 P-QB4	N-KB3	15 P-Q5!	PxP
2 N-QB3	P-K3	16 BxP	N-R4
3 N-B3	P-Q4	17 Q-B4	Q-B2
4 P-Q4	P-B4	18 Q-B5	BxB
5 PxQP	NxP	19 PxB	Q-B7
6 P-K4	NxN	20 Q-B4	QxP
7 PxN	PxP	21 P-Q6	QR-Q1
8 PxP	B-N5ch	22 P-Q7	Q-B5
9 B-Q2	BxBch	23 Q-B5	P-KR3
10 QxB	O-O	24 R-QB1	Q-R3
11 B-B4	N-B3	25 R-B7	P-QN4
12 O-O	P-QN3	26 N-Q4	Q-QN3
13 QR-Q1	B-N2	27 R-B8	N-N2
14 KR-K1	R-B1	28 N-B6	N-Q3



29 NxR! NxQ 30 N-B6 Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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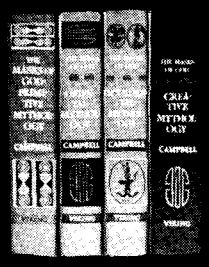

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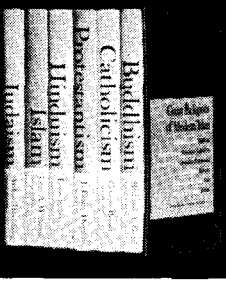

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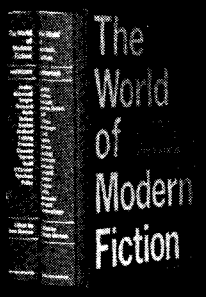

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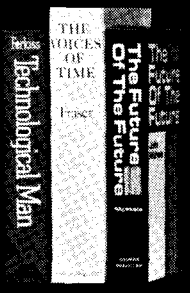

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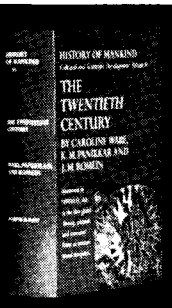

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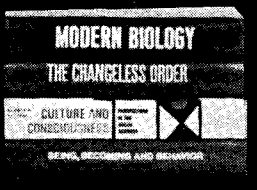

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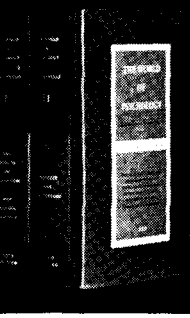

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Government by the Unelected

THE FIRST new play of the new season is Edward De Grazia's *The Americans*. As performed at Café La Mama, it emerges as a deeply felt indictment of what the American people have let themselves become.

The action takes place in a *Camino Real* setting, which the playwright calls "Port au Charlie." It is impoverished and run-down, but has one café with polite black waiters. Into this café stumble some American tourists, a swinish movie producer, and a sexy actress. There is some consternation in the empty kitchen as to what to feed these customers, until someone hits upon the idea of serving them "Americans." Soon the first couple is joined by three other tourists: a handsome, muscle-bound bigot, a coarsely materialistic mother, and her vapid young daughter. So self-centered are they that they scarcely notice it when the restless natives assault them. Presumably these Americans are so confident in their misplaced values that they are immune to terror.

However, in the second act the play shifts away from the satirical to a more realistic statement of the horrors America has perpetrated, and particularly those in Vietnam. Each of the American tourists is charged with complicity, and each futilely defends himself or herself by reiterating his or her patently false values. Each is shot. And the play's summing up points out that this horrendous but recognizable portrait of America cannot be changed by the democratic process, because the military establishment and the CIA leaders are not elected.

Under Martin Brenzell's direction the La Mama company of twenty-five performers go all out to fulfill the play's indictment. Since the victims "make love to their employment," there is little sympathy for their fate. It is easy for an American audience to dismiss them as representatives of a special element in our society, rather than to see them as an extension of universal American values. And although Mr. Brenzell is most inventive and resourceful, the mass exercises he creates often seem superimposed on the script. It is hard to tell whether the performance is deliberately overextending a script meant to be more brief and exact, or whether the play itself is inevitably redundant. For after the audience gets the idea, which takes only a few minutes, the play continues to repeat what is basically the same demonstration. Nevertheless, *The Americans* does succeed in focusing our attention on today's desperate conflict between human decency and a colossus that violates it to maintain supremacy.

That other countries have similar problems is apparent from the much too brief visit here last month of Brazil's Arena Theater of São Paulo with *Arena Conta Zumbi* ("Arena tells the story of Zumbi") by Augusto Boal and Gianfrancesco Guarnieri, with music by Edu Lobo. For if one reads the English synopsis handed out to the audience, the story is a grim one about a slave who escaped to set up a black republic in the heart of Brazil during the seventeenth century.

The outcome is tragic, as the Portuguese colonial armies choose to exterminate the republic rather than permit a peaceful coexistence. The consensus of the defeated blacks is reluctantly militant as Zumbi says, "To fight after all is the only way toward believing, is the way toward having a reason for living."

However, despite such a revolutionary theme with its contemporary overtones, the São Paulo troupe production is surprisingly humorous and good-natured. The company keeps breaking joyously into catchy bossa nova tunes, and the actors have fun with satirical portraits of the Brazilian aristocracy and military officials. It is refreshing and imaginative theater.

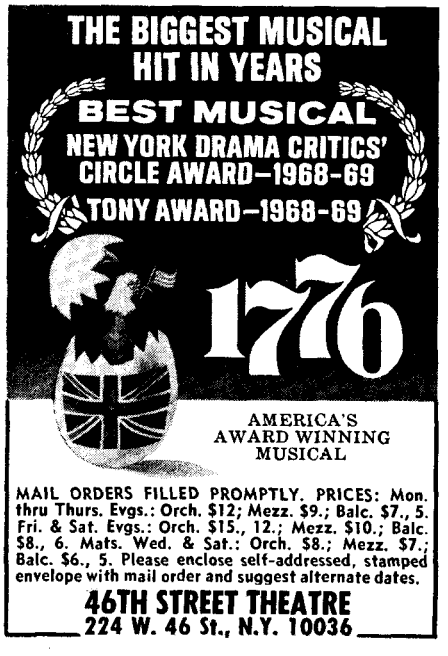
Perhaps because it was performed in a theater where the audience surrounded the action on three sides, the original production of *The Concept* (May 1968) seemed very much like attending a group therapy session. Now, with only slight revision, it is being presented on a conventional proscenium stage at the Gramercy Arts Theater, and somehow it seems more theatrical.

The action is simple. An attractive group of young ex-addicts come together to tell the story of one young man who was sent to Daytop Village for rehabilitation. The problem of ridding the addict of his narcotics addiction is not presented, ostensibly because it is the unimportant part of the process. The reason former addicts resume their habit lies not in a craving for it, but in their inability to deal with themselves and their environment. What we see is a sampling of the kind of problems Daytop uncovers, and how with benevolent ruthlessness this nonprofit institution pressures an individual into resolving his problems.

But this is not just a documentary. The play, originally created by Daytop Village inmates working in improvisatory sessions with director Lawrence Sacharaow, comes to life onstage because the performers are evoking experiences very close to their own recent past. Some of these are starkly emotional, such as the moments when individuals must fight their way through their own defenses and pride to retch out a verbalization of their need for love. Others are quite humorous: the young man who is a bed-wetter and doesn't know how to keep his affliction a secret from his girlfriend.

At the end of the play, the entire cast walks up the aisles and asks members of the audience for a momentary hug. It is an exercise in the giving of oneself that some reject in embarrassment, and others are able to do with varying degrees of self-consciousness. No matter what reaction, we are aware that even such a simple expression of nominal compassion is made difficult by its social and psychological connotations. And that these ex-addicts are able to make this socially and psychologically difficult expression is a final proof that the Daytop experience has left them better equipped for the outside world than are many of its "normal" inhabitants.

The cast—completely changed from the original version and now directed by Jacobina Caro—is excellent and superbly disciplined, as evidenced by the ex-addicts resisting the temptation to overact or to become smug because they know a world we don't. They give themselves totally to the material and thereby turn *The Concept* into an instructive, genuine, and emotionally gratifying evening.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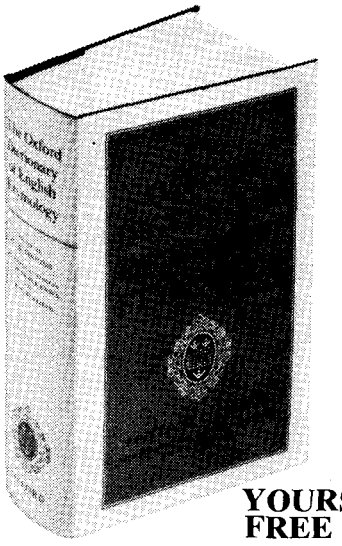

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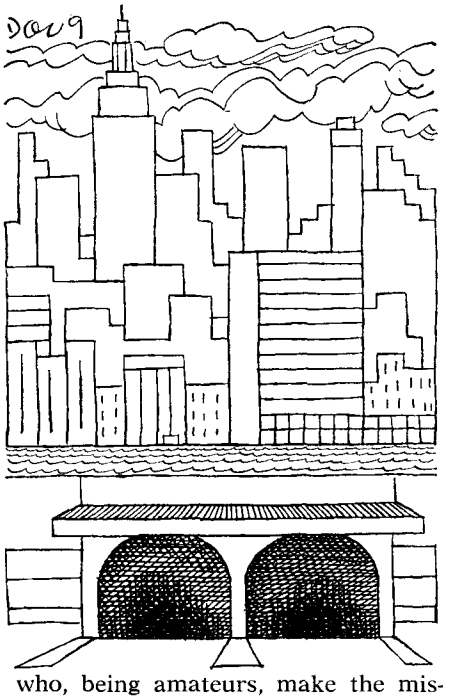

Out of the Rathole

"We could only cough and move on. If the oxygen held out, we could continue to put one foot before the other. If the oxygen supply failed, we would simply dim into sleep and keel over into nothing."

by JOHN CIARDI

New York City is an intricate, incurable, and probably indescribable social disease. The most obvious symptom, and the one with which most diagnosticians begin, is the daily tide. There are, we are told, more than eight million sleep-in New Yorkers and these are washed by a daily tide of over eight million sleep-out New Yorkers, the commuters being as native as the residents but with their problems divided between two communities, while those of the clock-around residents are multiplied within one.

Such a diagnostic beginning loses touch with the malady as soon as it suggests the metaphor of eight million natives, fixed in place like pilings on a muddy shore, while the tide rises and falls through them. The eight million sleep-ins do not stay put as the tide runs, but are themselves part of the tide. The New York City of this metaphor, moreover, is not the city as legally constituted, but specifically the Borough of Manhattan. A few of the sleep-ins do live within walking distance of their work, and a few sleep-outs do commute to the outer boroughs rather than to Manhattan, but a trickle is no tide; it is into and out of Manhattan that the tide runs—midtown Manhattan, and to midtown comes not only the flood of out of town commuters, but another tide of those who sleep in the outer boroughs, while additional millions who sleep in Manhattan itself join the tidal movement to the center and out again at night.

That daily traffic of rat-racing Americans, especially when looked down upon from the philosophical altitude of a thirtieth-story window, tends to suggest a Brownian movement of excited particles in some smoggy colloidal suspension. There are, heaven knows, more than enough collisions and rebounds to be observed from the sill and detachment of any philosopher's altitude. The philosopher must be moved to wonder, however, not at the fact that there are collisions but at the fact that there are so few. "Can they all actually fit into the space available?" muses Objectivity at its high sill. "Can *we* all fit?" muses Sympathy, moved to improve the question. From that height, everything seems to be taking place on attenuated ribbons, all of which must sooner or later snap. And what happens when even a few do snap?

Long habituated, and little given to philosophical window sills, New Yorkers take their buffeting and go about their business, each particle in the tide more or less enclosed in its own affairs and preoccupations. A New Yorker is a variant human being who can elbow his way through millions of other mutants without ever seeing an individual in the tidal mass.

Somehow these hectic units slide by one another, each maintaining its chosen direction at whatever inconstant rate it finds possible. The high philosopher, therefore, must reject the metaphor of a Brownian movement. All philosophers are metaphorists who, being amateurs, make the mistake of taking their own metaphors literally because they have not left themselves time to read enough poetry. So conditioned, and having been forced to discard two unworkable metaphors, the philosopher might do well to consider the Leibnitzian monad as a possible metaphoric base.

Leibnitz settled on the monad as his term for the individual entity that some call soul and some call psyche. His monad turns out to be a bit of the noumenon and, as such, beyond description, but remotely suggestible as a sphere whose inner shell is lined with crystalline material in such a way as to form a seamless mirror that reflects only inward.

Any aggregation of such self-blinded crystalline entities-in-motion would, of course, collide and shatter were not some elaborate guiding principle available. New York has tried every fantasy from Boss Tweed to John Lindsay in place of a guiding principle for its monads. Leibnitz aimed higher, though with no more substantial results than New York City has produced. For Leibnitz, the principle was God conceived not as an incumbent administration but as a *pre-established harmony* (much as our Founding Fathers were once believed to have created an infallibly self-correcting order, the same that can still be found advertised on the reverse of a dollar bill as our *novus ordo seclorum*). That creative source had built the machine of things to run by inviolable princi-

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ples and, having done so, had withdrawn from the workings of its machine.

For such non-noumenal dunderheads as you and me, Leibnitz simplified his concept by suggesting the metaphor of the town clocks. Each clock is locked into its own steeple and to the promptings of its own inner works. None is connected with any other (the metaphor is pre-IBM). Yet, all those clocks keep the same time (a metaphoric assumption of which only philosophers, Utopians, and non-commuters are capable) because they were so made by the Master Clockmaker (or by his guild).

Americans (so, at least, let me hope) will better recognize these notions in their Emersonian phrasing. "The oversoul" (that guiding principle of pre-established harmony), "self-reliance" (that listening to the inner tick without need to look across the street to find out what time it is), "rugged individualism" (which is not the competitive antagonism stump-orators later made of it but simply the attitude of self-reliance), and "whim" (the readiness to obey inner prompting)—all are central terms of Emerson's thinking, as they are all Leibnitzian at root. "I shall write Whim on the lintel of the doorpost," wrote Emerson, as nearly as I can quote him without chasing down the text (knowing well enough that our letter writers will supply it—and why do for myself against my own whim, what they will do for me of theirs?). "I hope it will be more than whim in the end, but I will not spend the day in arguing." Schooled by Leibnitz, Emerson was describing, in Concord idiom, the conceived process of looking into himself for the inner impulse that would move him to work in harmony with the plan pre-established in his soul by what we might today describe as an encoded metaphysical tape.

> "It is snowing inside the monad, and it is no paperweight flurry."

If the New Yorker can be described as some sort of monad in his self-enclosure, there nevertheless remain to him some cracks in the surface of his inner reflection, and through them he sees as his external condition not pre-established harmony but inevitable chaos. That knowledge of chaos is his certainty.

That awareness of chaos, however, has so long been conditioned by the seeming fact that the machine does—somehow—run, that his certain knowledge is at odds with his conditioning. He knows that night is the mugger's prowl and that there will be dark deaths on side streets, but by morning the crowd is always there in its day face and with no discernible shrinkage. When he goes into a restaurant he always finds food. He knows it takes an intricate daily miracle to keep the hot dogs turning on Nedick's roto-grills and the sweetbreads fresh and prompt on the Four Season's *carte*. But the miracle has always happened, hasn't it? He knows that Manhattan is precariously connected to approximate reality by only a few tubes and bridges, and he could demonstrate mathematically that a small number of traffic snarls or dynamite sticks set off in the right (or wrong) places could trap him in a ghost town. But those few links with the world have always done their work (haven't they?) and always will (won't they?) barring, of course, catastrophe? And who knows from catastrophe, already?—you turn on the faucet and you get water; you hit the light switch and you get light, air conditioning, and living color; you breathe in and you get air. It has always been that way, hasn't it? Except of course, during the water shortage (but they fixed that). Except during the blackout (and that's fixed too). Except for the smog (and that has to work out somehow).

Always, in time, these conditioned assumptions do crack. In his high office the executive-on-the-make works late, sealing himself blind and shut in the problems of the new plant. He OKs the shipping schedules from Chicago and St. Louis. A fixer he has lined up can solve the water problem, if a few political pots are sweetened. He dictates a memo, labeling it "Community Relations: Political Contributions." His secretary brings him coffee with the typed draft, and he tells her she can go home. He stays on to check the flow-of-materials specs. If he brings this one off on schedule he will rate as a Comer. And all of the physical problems do seem to be rounding into shape. It is the plant planning staff that worries him. Should he leave more or less of the work up to Wilkins? He reads through the reports from Wilkins for the twentieth time. At 8:30 he reminds himself that the problem will still be there tomorrow, that problems require energy, and that energy is related to a decent night's sleep. He puts the Wilkins file in his attaché case for a last look at bedtime. Going out the ringing lobby and signing out for the night watchman he tells himself that Wilkins is a strong man. Could he be too strong? "Management," he tells himself, "is direction, not command." He wonders how that phrase would sound in a report. In the revolving door he decides the idea is right but that the phrasing is tricky and might backfire. Why take chances for the sake of a phrase?

Suddenly, in mid-welch, he is out of his monad and into the world. He is on the sidewalk and it is snowing, a slow settling of flakes the size of candlewicks, each tinted by a neon sign across the street, the tint of the flakes changing as the neon blinks. The sidewalk is covered with a half-inch of white with only one row of footprints in the frosting. The fall is windless; the city, empty and silent. A single car comes down the side street, and even it runs silent as a ghost. He reaches the avenue, and cannot see a cab. He starts walking south. In a way that would have astonished him ten minutes ago, he looks up as he walks. He thinks he can see to the top of the snow. It is not falling out of the dark but out of the lit haze that domes the city, a glow more limiting and more enclosing than the dark would have been, but somehow more magical, more private, and, therefore, more possible than the mere endless dark of whatever universe is out there. Looking up, he has the feeling that he is rising into the descending lines of the snow, that he is soaring into a chrysanthemum that forever dissolves as he enters it. From somewhere inside a lost monad, a picture of mountains and spruces flickers, starts to identify itself as a memory of time and place, and then eludes him. He sees a girl walking toward him, and he knows that the two of them are crossing in an identical trance. The girl smiles. "It's beautiful!" she calls without changing pace. "Yes," he calls back. "Yes!" His shoulders have turned white. He opens his mouth, and snaps flakes out of the air.

The snow slows his train. It is near midnight when he gets home. "Couldn't you phone?" his wife says. "Sorry," he tells her, "I'm afraid I got lost in the paper work." She brings him a drink, and tells him he mustn't overdo. He agrees with her as he has always agreed, but the habit of it is broken. His monad has shattered. He has looked out, and he knows as an eternal certainty that he has been overdoing for years and always for the wrong reasons. The Wilkins file stays in his attaché case unlooked at. It is snowing inside the monad, and it is no paperweight flurry in there. The snow comes thick flaked into the unlocated mountains and mislaid spruces that flicker just beyond identification in another place he might have gone to better.

That fantasy man is no unknown quantity. There is one of him at every desk in New York, and each man there is a proof that habit can overcome fantasy and its certain knowledge of

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what lies beyond the unharmonized monad. Now and then a man-on-the-way-up, having touched the certainty of fantasy, leaves his desk. When that happens, another habituated man takes over the desk and fights off fantasy in the name of success. There is, of course, an office farewell party for the man who has seen it out. Two drinks into the celebration, the resident monads come by, one by one, to tell him out of their most certain knowledge (themselves momentarily aware of it) that he has done the wisest thing possible. Then he leaves to whatever choices have come to him out of his snow, and the desk monads go back to the enclosure of their habits; New York, they will admit if pushed, is probably not an eternal mistake. The intricate lines of its death are certainly etched on it. But it will last out its millennium yet, and a millennium is eternity enough for men locked into the transience of a mere lifetime. So, the desk-monads return forever from their moments of insight (and outsight) as if to an eternity of assurances. What is an eternity, in practice, but the assumed perdurance of what we have always taken for granted? The surfaces are thin, but they are slick, and day-by-day we glide along them, moved as much by momentum as by our own renewing inpulses.

Somewhere this side of eternity, on May 26, 1969, at about 6:10 p.m. and, therefore, toward the last running of the commuter ebb, I left the *Saturday Review* office at 380 Madison Avenue to take the 6:55 p.m. New Brunswick Local out of Pennsylvania Station. I am not a daily commuter. One trip a week into New York is as much as I will submit my psyche to, at least on the average. But I had been away for half of March, most of April, and all of the first half of May. The mail and poetry submissions were piled high on my *SR* desk, some of it still dating back to February. On June 12, moreover, I was scheduled to take my family to Europe, returning late in July, and then only briefly before starting for New England, and so to the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. When I returned in September, the whole summer's backlog would be stacked on my desk. It was imperative, therefore, that I clean up the spring backlog before it was buried under summer's; I had, accordingly, been commuting daily all of the last week, and was starting over again on the twenty-sixth which was a Monday.

I might even say I had fallen into the psyche of it, even into the self-sealed monad of it. Left to my own schedules and promptings, I am capable of reading a book or of spoiling paper more or less attentively at what I will call my home-desk, as distinct from the office-desk I visit in New York. One day a week into and out of the hassle of the Penn Central and the New York traffic is a barren stretch, but one that a man can recover from after a good night's sleep.

A five-day-a-week commute, on the other hand, soon becomes the route of the zombie. Tired on returning, I reach almost reflexively for a drink. For me, even one drink is a signal that I will not use my mind for the rest of the day, not at least as a writer must use it in the quality of the attention he owes his home-desk. Besides, I am always exhausted after New York. Having had one drink, I pour another before dinner, and then another after. What follows then is always a fuddled evening in front of the TV, till I snap the thing off in disgust, walk the dog, have a nightcap, and go to bed.

In the morning, the coffee my commuter psyche sips is tasteless, breakfast unthinkable, *The New York Times* a pointless void, and the clock a constant nagging about approaching train time. I look out at the mountain laurel about to open, on the skimpy but fully bloomed rhododendrons, and on the roses just at the point of bursting through. Were I whole enough to save this day from time, I would use it to prune, weed, and spray. But I have my monad clothes on, some tax records I must take in to have checked, and all the birth certificates for our family passport application. My wife drives me to the station, the dog howls his good-by from the back of the car as it pulls away, and I go into the depot to buy my ticket. Having already skimmed the *Times*, I pick up a *Wall Street Journal* most days. Grime time on the Penn Central being useless for all other purposes, I might as well use it to think about money: Having reared a family to dedicated indolence, the least I can do is leave it some sort of estate to be indolent on.

Passengers stricken by smoke inhalation receive treatment at Newark.

At Penn Station in New York, if a man takes a late enough morning train —I take the 11:17—he can be reasonably sure of finding a cab. Mine crawls through the traffic jam up Eighth Avenue through the garment district, begins to roll again north of 42nd Street, cuts east on 46th, still rolling until it crosses Sixth Avenue, and then locks into another traffic jam for the last two blocks to Madison. One Saturday morning, with no real traffic on the streets, I made the run for 75 cents. On most weekdays the meter will read $1.25. The difference is clog-time in traffic.

My monad is thinking New Yorkese for me. I stare ahead into the traffic, seeing nothing, and I wonder if Raytheon is finally on its way as a growth company, if the office air- conditioner

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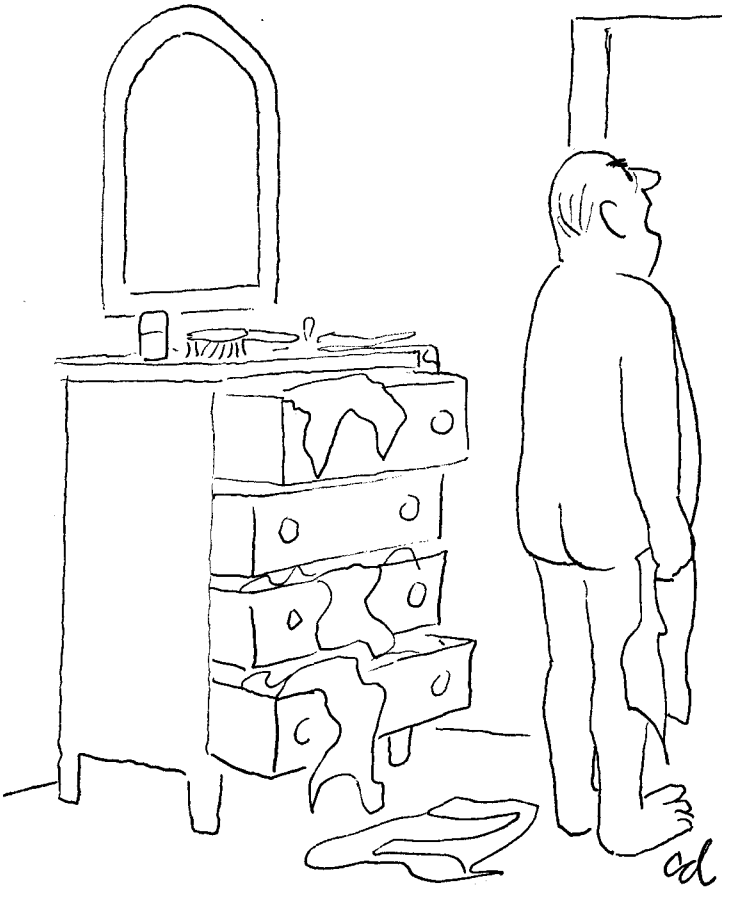
has been fixed to the point of survival, if I can manage to avoid lunch dates this week, and if the printer will have sent in my galleys. When I reach the office, JoAnne White hands me the incoming mail, and goes out to get me a BLT and coffee. By the time she gets back I have chucked out that day's mail as pointless, and I have begun to jot notes on the still surviving mail of the last three months. I dictate an hour's idiocy, and JoAnne goes off to type. I check the galleys, then start on the baskets of accumulated poetry submissions. Poetry it is called. What a sadness of misspent intention there is in any slush pile of unsolicited manuscripts: "Oh how I yearn for you, my love!" "Azure, soaring loveliness of the sky above me." "Death! What a chime you tick!" "Spiraling, shattering, dizzying, vertiginous rainbows." "Don't frown, Folks like a smile, my son!" One after another I toss them into the reject basket, the tomb of hopeless first lines. My mind becomes caked with the waste of feeling. What an emptiness we all are till we find our means!

At 5, JoAnne brings in the letters to sign, and asks if I want her to stay. I tell her to go home and I return to the slush pile. By 6 I have had as much as I can sit to, and it is time to gather up, wash up, and start for Penn Station, and so home, where the top comes off the bottle, and so into the evening's maunder, to start again tomorrow in no world, until the top of my office-desk becomes visible, until there are no more wire baskets of poetry submissions piled high on the window sill, or until my monad shatters and Norman Cousins has to throw an office party for my farewell.

At 6:10 p.m., I am on the street. The street is Madison Avenue at 46th, and at that hour no cabs are to be had ever. For some reason unknown to me, cabs are sometimes available at that hour coming east on 46th Street to Sixth Avenue. If that doesn't work, I must walk or take the subway, and barring unbearable weather, I would rather walk. I must start early, therefore, in case I have to walk it, but if I do find a cab I arrive at Penn Station with most of a half hour to kill before the 6:55 local is called.

On May 27 I did catch a cab at 46th and Sixth Avenue, and consequently arrived at Penn Station early. I dawdled away a few minutes over a cup of coffee, then bought a New York *Post*, and thinking to save Max Lerner, Murray Kempton, and my other commuter oracles as some sort of psychic insulation from the decayed rolling stock of the Penn Central, I whiled away the waiting-room time by misplaying the daily bridge hand, running through the crossword puzzle in bored contempt, and checking the day's markets for a morose confirmation of exactly what I had expected. I also noticed that the fractions on the daily quotations were becoming blurred again, and I made a mental note to get my glasses checked.



"Good heavens, woman, can't you remember where I put anything?"

The 6:55 local was called more or less on time, and I went downstairs to board it. I was in one of my fits of being good that day (it never really works). I had had my last cigarette at 4 p.m., and I had made myself not buy a pack when I stopped at the newsstand. When the train was called, therefore, I got into the third car (NO SMOKING) instead of the fourth (SMOKING PERMITTED). Had I taken the fourth car I should have ignored at least a dozen familiar unknown faces of fourth-car regulars. In the third car, I was in unknown company, with nothing to ignore but ennui, and with only Kempton and Lerner to stay me somewhere between information and the ravages of style.

I assume the train left on time. As the wheels began to turn, I skimmed the headlines, found no profit in them, and turned to Kempton. I think he was anatomizing the corpse of the New York school system that night but I cannot be sure, for before I could finish his column all thought of it was driven from my mind by a fountain of sparks that began to spew between the tunnel wall and my window, and then by flags of flame whipping in the train's speed. In what might have been the beginning of a panic, the passengers seated by the blaze rushed into the aisle and started toward the front door of the car. Luckily, the 6:55 generally leaves New York with plenty of empty seats, the real crush beginning only when the Newark passengers come aboard. There was room, therefore, for the first thrust of panic to move in without creating a crush, and some of the cooler passengers were already crying out to keep calm, while several hands were simultaneously yanking the emergency cord.

"Don't panic. Don't panic. These are metal cars. There's plenty of time. Walk forward to the next car. Don't crowd. Easy does it. Easy does it."

The calls became something between a litany and a pep talk, and the composite was so successful that at least four men held up the line to allow ladies to slip out of their seats and into the aisles—a courtesy rare enough even in unburning Penn Central commuter cars.

I was one of the last to pass from the third car into the second. By the time I had made the passage, the train had come to a halt and the cars had filled up with a noxious smoke we had outrun while we were still moving but

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that sooted over us now, setting off a paroxysm of coughing. Myself in full spasm, my eyes watering from the acrid stink, I managed to see that the second-car passengers had opened as many windows as would budge, and were crawling through them onto the stone catwalk that runs along both sides of the tunnel just at window sill level. Others were still trying to smash the glass out of the windows that would not budge. The smoke was nauseating. The spasm of our coughing already seemed to have become an eternal condition. Yet, I was confident now that panic had been averted. Even through the incessant coughing, voices kept calling improvised but seemingly sensible directions to get out on the catwalk and to move ahead. As it turned out, these shouted calls started the line in the direction in which the smoke was being carried by the tunnel draft. Had the line started east instead of west, it would soon have been out of the gagging stink. But had it headed east, it would have had to pass through the fire that still blazed up the tunnel walls. In retrospect, I think one could have re-entered the third car, run across the hot floor under which the fire burned, and made it to the last car and relatively clear air. I doubt, however, that approximately two hundred passengers could have made that run without panic. Hideous as the westward trek was to become, therefore, the chance that started the line in that direction was probably the better one.

By the time I had watered some of the first sting out of my eyes, I found myself beside a seat that had an open window. A man in front of me was starting out of it when his attention was caught by a woman in the seat just ahead. She was trying to break the glass with her shoe, beating in a futile mechanical trance. "Out this way!" the man said. The woman remained tranced in her senseless rhythm. The man reached over and shook her shoulder. "Out this way!" the man said. She gave him a glazed and startled look. "Huh?" she said. Then her face unlocked, and her eyes seemed to refocus. "Oh, gee, yeah!" she said, and slithered over the seat back and out the open window. The man followed her out and I followed the man, all of us choking and coughing. By the time I crawled out, several passengers had already made it into the line between me and the man. As I passed the window the woman had been pounding on, I saw a red shoe lying on the seat. Lightweight and fragilely spike-heeled, it made a sad and futile-looking hammer.

These were glimpses. The one enduring fact of the passage was the stink of burning grease and electric insulation, the eye-watering acridity of the smoke, and the throat-tearing endless coughing. It occurred to me that what I was then inhaling was a hell of a thing to have given up smoking for.

There were still lights in the train as I moved forward, and I could see a rusted and flaking pipe about waist high and to my right. Whatever its function, it would serve as a handrail. I tried to keep contact with it by walking my fingers along its top surface, hoping to save my hand from possible lacerations. The coughing remained constant everywhere in the tunnel, but through it a new litany had formed. "Walk straight ahead!" "Don't run!" "Hold the handrail and walk ahead!" The voices were broken by coughing, but the sound of them remained the sound of reason. I was certain now that there would be no panic unless some unforeseen new threat developed. The narrowness of the catwalk, moreover, worked against any impulse to rush forward, as did the badly reduced oxygen supply, and later the darkness. It was all one could do to stay in line and trudge on to whatever lay ahead.

More passengers were crawling out onto the ledge from the forward cars. Others were still smashing glass. For some reason there was a sound of whimpering that I guessed came from the glass smashers. Is that the sound of terror? Had anyone of the glass-smashers unfixed from his panic, he could have looked around by that time to see plenty of open empty windows. Yet, the sound of breaking glass continued, conjuring ugly images of what might happen to anyone who tried to crawl through the jagged edges. These were glimpses again, flashes of sensation and of thought within the continuum of the line in plodding motion. At the front of the train, the gagging motorman had his door open, and was helping gagging passengers onto the catwalk. I passed him, and now there was no wall on my left, but only what I guessed was at least a seven-foot drop to the tracks. With the train no longer there to close us into a narrow corridor, the sound of the coughing seemed to change, to come from everywhere in the tunnel at once, some of it from what seemed to be a good distance ahead, though distance itself seemed to have disappeared, whirled up in one present time and place inside the monstrous acrid choke and stink into which the train's headlight poured not a beam but a ghastly diffusion.

In the non-light I could see across the track pit to the far catwalk on which another file of coughing ghosts trudged. By some means unknown to me, a few passengers had made it down into the track pit (had they fallen?) and were walking along the crossties. Then, in what light there was, I saw rungs cemented into the wall and saw they could serve as a way down. It occurred to me that there might be clearer air down there, if anything in that tunnel could be called air. But wasn't there also a third rail? I decided to go on as I was, leaving the descent onto the tracks as a last possibility should the choke of the catwalk become unbearable.

Somewhere behind me a woman screamed. Once, and not again. I thought I heard voices crying out together, but whatever had happened was somewhere behind us; the line moved on, and the catwalk offered no way of turning back. We coughed and trudged in the haze of the headlight, the ghostly file across the open pit keeping pace with us, the few figures in the *bolgia* of the track pit moving below us, shadows in shadow.

> "Would there be a June 12 departure, or any sort of a June 12, I wondered?"

A few steps on a woman lay moaning below us on the crossties. "Help me! Help me!" It was not a cry but a lost sigh. I stopped, the line holding up behind me. A voice back there called "Move along! Move along!" Out of the haze two men came walking up the crossties and lifted the woman. They looked up at us, and one of them waved. I don't know what signal it was, but I understood that they had taken over. They moved on supporting her between them, and I moved on, unblocking the line, trying now to move fast enough to close the gap with the line ahead of me. Soon, however, the last diffused glow of the locomotive headlight faded, and I was in mine dark. At the same time, I realized that the handle of my attaché case was still in my left hand, and that I was still carrying the New York *Post* crumpled in that fist. I thought of throwing the case away and then remembered I could never replace the passport papers in time for our June 12 departure. Would there be a June 12 departure, or any sort of a June 12, I wondered? Whatever was to follow, I had nothing else to do with my left hand and might as well hold on to the case.

Then it occurred to me as I coughed and felt for a footing in the dark that I might use the *Post* as some sort of torch. I had a lighter in the right-hand pocket of my coat. Perhaps if I shuf-

(*Continued on page* 119)

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In Search of the Past

LONDON.

Summer 1969. Again it was the grand tour, diminished perhaps by time and money: fourteen countries in twenty-one days; the Louvre before lunch, Salisbury in thirty minutes, Toledo in an hour. Each year two million of us go back to visit the monuments of our tradition, to assemble, however crudely, the things that were once among the requirements of every civilized man. But somehow the trip was not the same, and it will never be the same again.

It is not that Paris has been spoiled by Americans, or that you can't see the friezes behind the Kodaks, but that time and place have themselves been irrevocably altered. Here in London they still line up at the Tower to see the crown jewels, and at Buckingham to watch the Changing of the Guard. But listen to the music: ramrod stiff, the ritual of the Horse Guards is carried out to the tunes of Richard Rodgers and Irving Berlin; in the Café Neutor in Salzburg, the city where Mozart was born, the jukebox offers Louis Armstrong for the Austrian traditionalists and hard rock for the mods; and in the Black Forest, where elves should cavort, the clearest sound on the radio is "Ol' Man River."

Certainly they have imported some of the artifacts of our culture: Coca-Cola and IBM and the credit card are ubiquitous. You sign the slip in the same place, and the bills arrive with the same relentless reliability. Common markets, common airlines, perhaps even common sense, have changed the significance of frontiers. But all that is hardly news. What is news is that history here, like history in America, is no longer the same; it no longer has the same meaning, perhaps no longer has any meaning at all. To grow up modern in Britain is, at least from appearances, to be almost as far from Westminster Hall and Edwardian manners as it is to grow up in San Francisco or New York.

The desire to escape or deny the past is understandable in Germany. Two decades ago some of us wondered how a whole generation of Germans would deal with the moral and historical problems of Dachau and Auschwitz: who could you be if you or your parents had lived through those years and had, perhaps by survival alone, confessed your complicity? But surely that was not the problem for the British, or for us. Could we not be proud of our history, of our parents, of our tradition? The British monuments to the dead of the two world wars refer not only to sacrifice for God and country but to "the freedom of men everywhere." And yet, in England the angry and the young speak about "the lie carved in stone"—the same stone on which some two million of us stand each year in search of our past. In rhetoric, Chamberlain's appeasement on behalf of a smug ruling class begins to sound almost as villainous as Hitler's aggression.

One of the most successful current London plays, and certainly one of the more interesting, is Alan Bennett's *Forty Years On*, a series of tough, satirical sketches of English life in the past seventy years. The irony of the play is that it ultimately turns sentimental about the very things it assaults: the old civility, the requirements of class and country, the gentleman's life of leisure. Yet, clearly the message is that the very things which gave England (and perhaps the West) its official identity were either false or have become irrelevant: "Once we had a romantic conception and old-fashioned conception of honor, of patriotism, chivalry, and duty. But it was a duty which didn't have much to do with justice, with social justice anyway. And in default of that justice, and in pursuit of it . . . the great words came to be canceled out. The crowd has found the door into the secret garden. Now they will tear up the flowers by the roots, strip the borders and strew them with paper and broken bottles." The noble words have been found out to be unsupportable apologies for brutality and privilege.

As the frontiers grow smaller, the gaps between past and present grow larger. Long hair and protest belong to no particular country. Beatles haircuts, like Beatles music, were invented in England but they have become the possession of an international generation that shares more with its peers than its parents. The London rock disc jockeys sound like those in New York or Chicago; it is hard, wherever you are, to understand the words, but the tempo and cadences are identical. The words don't matter anyhow. The medium is the message.

Increasingly we will be going home to other things. Chartres and the Tower will still be there. But in an age when it can be observed (by John Lennon of the Beatles) that "it must be freaky to be the Queen," the sense of who we are must rely increasingly on new visions of justice and new uses of history, must derive from new passions and new forms of imagination. And yet none of these things, nor the familiar impatience with the old, can grow from anything but what already exists. No generation ever invented a wholly new world, nor castigated the old without some of its ideas and its active assistance. Therefore, the problem is always selection. "We are trying," says a character in the London play, "to salvage something from the Wreck of Time." The salvaging operation can only proceed if the defense doesn't insist—out of sentimentality or stubbornness—that it's an all-or-nothing proposition. And the prosecution can only succeed through a willingness to discriminate. The lie carved in stone is, finally, only half a lie. Any traveler looking for his past, in Europe or in America, is burdened with the problem of finding out which half is truth.

PETER SCHRAG.

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Letters to the Editor

Researching Moral Obligation

ALTHOUGH WE generally agree with Warren Weaver in "Basic Research and the Common Good" [*SR*, Aug. 9] that a scientist has a moral obligation to make value judgments of his research work, we do not think his suggestions are very helpful in the situation now encountered by many scientists. With withdrawal of funds from basic research to finance the war in Vietnam, opportunities are greatly diminished for scientists to engage in non-war-related research. Even if funding had increased at prewar rates, the social value of much of the present so-called basic research is questionable. This was the basic point of the discussions during the research work stoppage on March 4.

Mr. Weaver places the burden of responsibility on the individual scientist in making his decision. However, we find it unfortunate and misleading to think that scientists are permitted to make decisions. The scientist today, more often than not, is merely a trained technician, who must go where the money is. And the money is where the return is greatest —namely, defense-oriented research.

What the scientist needs to understand, more perhaps than his moral obligations, is his pitiful and ignorant role in all these structural manipulations. Only then can he make the correct choices.

A. KARIM AHMED,
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Minneapolis, Minn.

Black Capitalism

THE BLACK CAPITALISM issue [*SR*, Aug. 23] is a fascinating survey of a field too often ignored. However, Nathan Glazer's comments in "The Missing Bootstrap" are hardly helpful.

The reason for the lack of black businessmen, as for the lack of blacks in every field, is the white racism which blocks the road at one point or another. If there is a shortage of "qualified" blacks, who engineered that lack, perhaps as far back as the third grade in a ghetto elementary school? Was it "basic inability" which determined that black Johnny would be shuttled into Woodshop 1A, while white Johnny took Accounting 1A? Or was it "group particularities" which shoved black Johnny into football practice, while white Johnny was studying his bookkeeping homework? Glazer's statements about Chinese restaurants and Jews in retail business betray his ethnic-category thinking. If some minority groups have created a virtue out of their particular necessity (and a very limited virtue, in most cases), what does that prove?

But even if more blacks were admitted to the business guild, this will not solve the problem if their businesses remain trapped within the closed circle of the ghetto. Those Chinese restaurants Glazer admires so greatly would go broke overnight, if they depended upon the Chinese community for their customers; most of their customers are white. Although A. P. Gianini did start his banking career among the Italians of San Francisco, it was not until the Bank of Italy became the Bank of America, that it became the giant it is.

The "mama and papa stores" whatever their color, are doomed, not because they are small, so much as because they are local. With a small base of customers, and the low turnover this requires, they cannot buy in quantity, and must carry a high percentage of their stock as overhead, relative to sales. Their credit is limited by the fluidity of their stock, and the potential for repayment. These small businesses are as much a dying institution as the "family farm," and for most of the same reasons. As the ethnic neighborhoods which gave them a protected "captive market" are dispersed or change their racial composition, these businesses dwindle away. It is this kind of "ghetto capitalism" both the proponents of black capitalism and the black separatists appear to be happy with, and at least in its public utterances, the Nixon Administration seems determined to use willy-nilly on black America.

THOMAS J. CUMMINS,
Barstow, Calif.

WHILE I CAN appreciate Nathan Glazer's desire to provide examples that tend to support his thesis, I cannot believe that he would seriously defend his grossly exaggerated statement that the rug business provides Armenians with a tie "as strong as" ties of history, culture, and religion.

Whereas it may be true that many Oriental rug dealers (perhaps even a majority of them) are Armenians, the fact is that there just aren't that many Oriental rug dealers around. In other words, it ought to be obvious that most Armenians are not rug dealers, and it is a subtle form of racism and a not-so-subtle stereotyping that suggests otherwise, as quaint or convenient as the suggestion may be.

If the rug business were as much of a primary bond as Glazer suggests, I cannot help but wonder about the many thousands of Armenians, like myself, who have never even owned an Oriental rug, much less known an Armenian rug dealer. Are we outside the "community" which Glazer presumes to identify? Can I substitute the Armenian physicists, social scientists, or others that I have known?

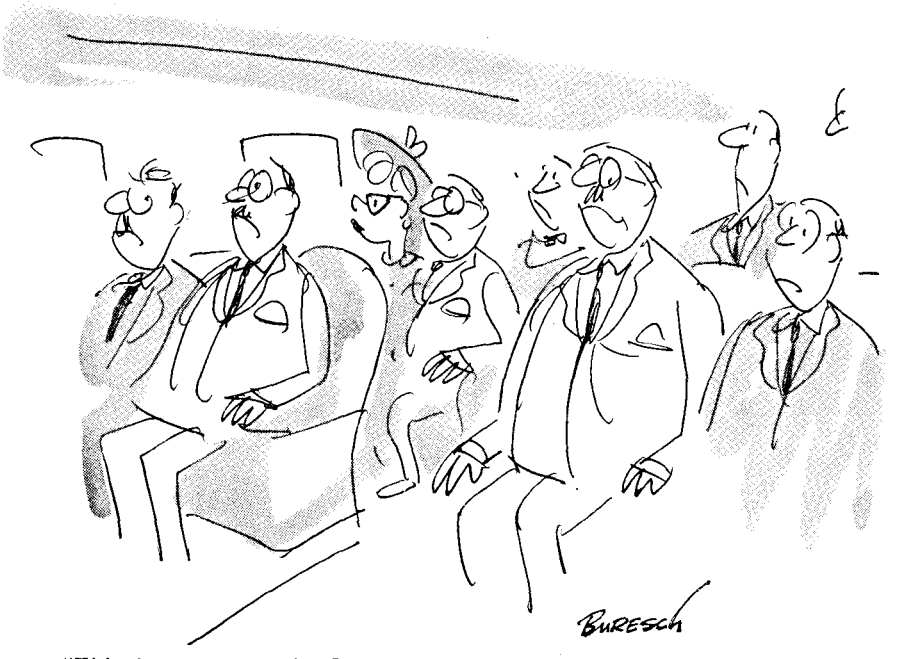
I am merely suggesting that, although it is nice to be remembered as part of the American fabric, small minorities such as the Armenians deserve to be treated with the same sensitivity and informed good judgment as is shown to larger, more vocal minorities. Subordinating a three-thousand-year-old heritage to the rug businesses of a handful illustrates both a lack of judgment and a lack of sensitivity.

LEVON SARKISIAN,
Waltham, Mass.

NATHAN GLAZER'S observations of the black ghetto are essentially correct; however, he gives a double-message interpretation of the causation of the conditions he observed. In one instance, Glazer points out the substantial damages of discrimination on black economic growth, but later reverses himself and practically eliminates racism as an important past and present causative factor.

Glazer accurately observed the almost total lack of black-owned businesses in major ghettos as being a striking difference between blacks and other ethnic groups. However, the amount of black business is not the major historical or currently significant difference between

(*Continued on page* 101)



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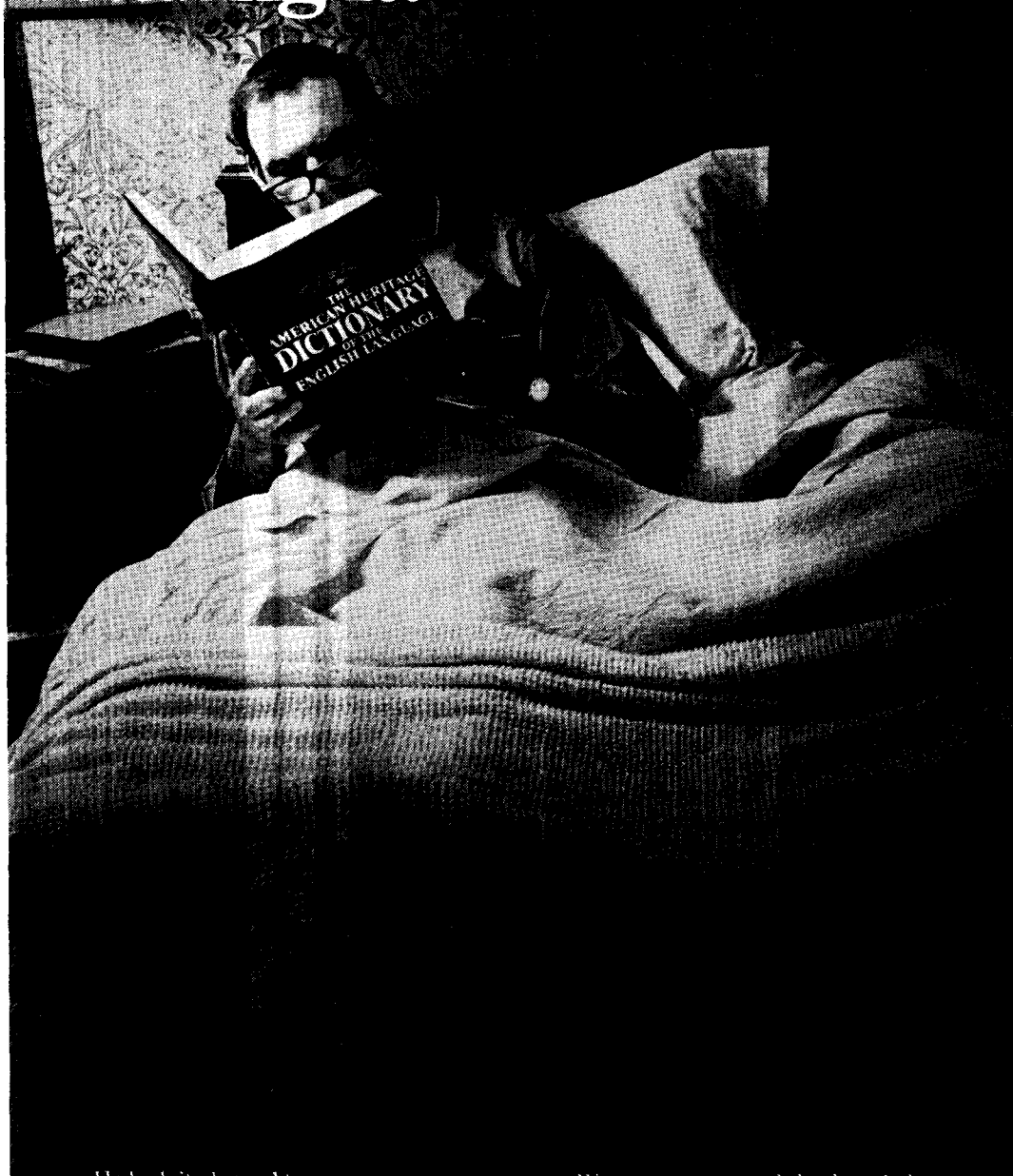

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An essay review of "Mencken," by Carl Bode (Southern Illinois University Press, 389 pp., $10)

The Baltimore Sage in a Silly Century

by CARL R. DOLMETSCH

Of the making of many books about the late "Sage of Baltimore," H. L. Mencken (1880-1956), there is no end. Since his death at least fifteen volumes devoted wholly or in large part to him have appeared, as well as a volume of his letters, a posthumous work, and three collections of his fugitive pieces not previously reprinted. The pedagogues of our universities have long ago found him out, dissecting his literary corpus from pharynges to rectum, and several Ph.D. dissertations upon him—most notably those by William H. Nolte and M. K. Singleton—have actually resulted in readable books. Nor is the end seemingly yet in sight.

It is hard to say why this should be so. Certainly none of these items of Menckeniana have attracted a wide enough reading audience to make much money for the authors and publishers who produced them. Certainly Mencken is not a major figure in our literary history, even though he exerted a powerful influence on that history in the brief heyday of his career as a magazine editor and literary critic. Certainly there are few, if any, problems of literary criticism in his works, or biographical controversies concerning him. The articles printed in *Menckeniana,* the quarterly published by the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore (with support from the Mencken estate), seldom go in for exegesis. Instead, they constitute an endless garland of laudatory footnotes to the Mencken canon along with glowing reminiscences by those who once met the Great Man at a clambake, a political convention, one of Anita Loos's famous parties, etc. There has grown up over the years something of an HLM cult but, despite frequent announcements that a Mencken revival is about to occur or is already in progress, none really seems imminent, and Mencken himself is a receding figure on our literary landscape.

Yet Mencken continues to fascinate a considerable number of scholars of American literature, and among newspapermen on the far side of fifty he is a legend. No respectable anthology of American letters in this century can be without at least one Mencken piece—"On Being American," "The Sahara of the Bozart," and "The National Letters" being the most frequently reprinted. His masterwork of descriptive philology, *The American Language,* continues (in the one-volume redaction by Raven McDavid) to be the *sine qua non* of all college courses in our native tongue as she is spoke on These Shores, and the "discovery" of Mencken the gadfly and stylist *sans peur, sans égal* remains one of the delights of an undergraduate English major.

Not many years ago the sole proprietor of the Mencken market was Alfred A. Knopf, Mencken's longtime friend and publisher. Knopf not only published all of Mencken's books after 1918, he also published (and often commissioned) at least 80 per cent of all the biographical and critical discussions of Mencken that appeared between hard covers from the end of World War I to the early 1960s. Today, however, Knopf has been replaced by the university presses as the chief purveyor of Mencken tomes.

Carl Bode's long-awaited *Mencken,* now before us, is a case in point. When the rumor spread a year or two after Mencken's death that Bode had been tapped by Mencken's brother, August, and by Knopf to write the "definitive" life of the Sage, great expectations were aroused among Mencken enthusiasts. Bode was known as a sound

CARL R. DOLMETSCH, who teaches American literature at the College of William and Mary, is the author of *The Smart Set: A History and Anthology* and other works concerning H. L. Mencken.

SR: BOOKS

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scholar and one who could be relied upon to be Teutonically thorough both in gathering the biographical evidence and in scrupulously recording it.

With the exception of Charles Angoff's *H. L. Mencken: A Portrait from Memory* (1956), a vindictive piece of grave-dancing provoked by the slights Mencken supposedly offered Angoff while the memoirist was an editorial assistant on *The American Mercury*, all previous biographies of Mencken had been written under his close scrutiny. Mencken's strategy with his biographers—Isaac Goldberg in the 1920s, William Manchester and Edgar Kemler in the early 1950s—once he established to his own satisfaction that they were both serious and competent (as well as completely sympathetic), was to kill with kindness any lingering doubts or misgivings that the man and the mask might not be one and the same, or that the Sage himself might not always have been on the side of the angels. In short, Mencken unloaded upon them such a plethora of good, juicy, biographical data (even to the extent of writing whole chapters for them himself) that they did not suspect he was carefully fostering an image by telling only half the story—or, if they did suspect it, they were too grateful for his more-than-generous cooperation to be so grossly impolite as to raise questions about the material he passed to them. Nor were they apparently skittish about allowing the subject of their biographies to "censor" their accounts.

Thus, what we have had of Mencken so far has been carefully contrived to keep the mask intact. To reinforce this, Mencken himself published three volumes of autobiographical reminiscences: *Happy Days, Heathen Days*, and *Newspaper Days*. A fourth volume, purportedly entitled *Editorial Days* and covering his experiences as co-editor (with George Jean Nathan) of *The Smart Set* and *The American Mercury*, remains in a manuscript to be published in about twenty years. Like Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, which Mencken revered as the greatest American novel, these works are "mainly true, but with some stretchers." Bode correctly treats them as works of autobiographical fiction, which, used discreetly, provide some valuable insights into the essential man. Aside from this they are delightfully evocative books that conjure up the old-fashioned saloon, the smoke-room politician, and the innocent from Red Lion, Pennsylvania, saved from whoredom by a madam with a heart of pure gold. Sweet, sentimental stuff that caresses the nether gills, Mencken would have said. Are they true? Who cares?

—Caricature by Covarrubias.

H. L. Mencken: "pish-posh, whangdoodle, hoddy-doddy."

Additionally, Bode has had unrestricted access to the "files"—the extensive memorabilia in the Mencken Room of the Enoch Pratt Library, hitherto unavailable to Mencken biographers; the notes that Mencken made for past and future chroniclers, and the reminiscences of his surviving brother and the small circle of Baltimore friends who are the only people to have known HLM with anything like genuine intimacy.

The use Bode has made of these myriad sources is something less than spectacular. His book is neither a "monument" to H. L. Mencken (as the single-word title might suggest) nor the "exposé" he might have written. Knopf was probably right to reject it for publication because it was not the former, and Southern Illinois University Press was right to publish it though it is not the latter.

What Bode has tried to do in this account is to be dispassionate. But can one really be dispassionate about a man whose favorite vocabulary in and out of print consisted of insults, who made "pish-posh," "whangdoodle," and "hoddy-doddy" into technical terms of literary and social criticism? Is there, even at this late date, a neutral corner from which to judge a man who firmly believed that American democracy was a conspiracy of the simian majority to keep the "intelligent minority" in bondage?

Furthermore, the author has tried to avoid repeating anything that has been said at length in any of the previous Mencken biographies, in the histories of the various mazagines on which he worked, in the critical studies of him as a literary soothsayer, etc. As a result he has condensed and compressed a great deal of information from such works, saving himself a lot of documentation but producing a kind of shorthand that might well be unintelligible to the reader for whom this book is an introduction to Mencken. On the one hand, accounts of episodes in Mencken's career given in full detail elsewhere are only outlined here; on the other, we are treated to yet another reprinting of Berton Braley's parody "Mencken, Nathan, and God," another unilluminating recital of the facts of the "Hatrack" case, and so on. One is left to guess at what Braley's verse suggests about the attitudes of the "Lost Generation" toward their supposed leaders, and what significance the arrest of Mencken on Boston Common for selling the banned issue of *The American Mercury* has for American literary history.

In actuality, this is less a biography of Mencken than a discussion of certain salient ideas held by him and of certain important events in his literary career, showing the relationship between these ideas and events and Mencken's personal experiences—the "private life" he guarded so carefully from public scrutiny. What emerges is neither terribly interesting nor very enlightening.

Clearly, Bode disapproves of many of Mencken's cherished attitudes. But he does not want to be accused of harshness or unfairness. His favorite word, therefore, is "nevertheless": Mencken is trivial, petty, provincial, garrulous, or obstinate, "nevertheless" he managed to achieve thus and so. One gets the impression that Mencken was his own worst enemy and that what he accomplished was due to lucky circumstances. If, like Miniver Cheevy, he was born too late—a child of the Gilded Age (in its best sense) thrust into the uncongenial twentieth century—"nevertheless" he was fortunate in the targets this silly century provided him, and he made the most of his opportunities. Mencken is always seen as a creature of circumstance, reacting to his times but seldom creating them. Moreover, Bode does not scruple at conjecture. We are told, for example, that the young Mencken "probably felt guilty" after the death of his father "for having nourished any impulse" to rebel against parental authority. Such judgments, which abound in this book, do violence to the biographer's art.

The writing is also uncommonly pedestrian. It consists, for the most part, of a seemingly endless series of simple declarative sentences, relieved by quotable quotations from one of the *Days* volumes, a Mencken note hitherto unpublished, or a letter. Here is a specimen paragraph:

> The objections Mencken had to the new [sexual] freedom in personal conduct were ones, then, of decorum and

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taste. He was convinced that there was a proper way to do something and an improper way. He tried to do things the proper way, as he saw it. He might observe the proprieties with a look of amusement but he observed them, particularly in his private life. He acted gallantly toward the ladies, kissing their hand when the occasion allowed and rolling his eyes comically at the same moment. Unlike George Jean Nathan, who seldom slept with a girl without all Broadway knowing it, Mencken regarded it as a breach of manners to kiss and tell. Significantly, he relished the humor of sex but disliked dirty stories. He felt a genuine aversion both to sordidness and scrupulousness. Brought up in a decorous household, orderly in his personal habits, he wanted life itself to be seemly.

With such a string of predicates and a minimum of subordinates, Bode almost manages the impossible — to make Mencken dull.

"Nevertheless," as Mr. Bode would say, this book is not without its considerable virtues. For one thing, we are afforded a much more intimate glimpse into Mencken's personal life than we have previously had. We are told, for example, that Mencken's relationship with his mother, following his father's death when he was eighteen, was much less an Oedipal one than that of the German eldest son who must in such circumstances assume the father's role as head of the family. We learn that Mencken had numerous *affaires de coeur*—some of them serious—before he married at

the age of fifty, giving up the part of America's most steadfast bachelor. We also discover a great deal that was not previously known about Mencken's relationships with Nathan, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and other important literary personages of the 1920s.

The best work to date on Mencken, however, remains the Sorbonne dissertation by Guy Jean Forgue, *H. L. Mencken: L'Homme, L'Oeuvre, L'Influence* (1967). It is nearly as thorough as Bode's, far better documented, and much more argumentative. One hopes it will soon be translated and published by some enterprising university press in this country.

Meantime, what is finally to be made of H. L. Mencken? Nothing, apparently. At least, not for the present. The returns are not yet all in, and the "definitive" life has yet to be written—if it ever can be.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Like Review of Saturday

MAY I PICK just one nit with Allan Nevins's otherwise excellent essay, "The Black's Past in Chiaroscuro" [*SR*, Aug. 23]? Dr. Otto H. Olsen is a member of the history faculty at Northern Illinois University, not the University of Northern Illinois, which, to my knowledge, does not exist. A minor distinction, yes, but then I'm certain that if I referred in print to a "Nevin Allans piece in the Review of Saturday," I'd also hear some objections.

ROBERT L. WOGGON,
De Kalb, Ill.

Cross's Criticism

WHY DOES SECRETARY FINCH duck Theodore Cross's criticisms of the Federal Housing Administration and the Small Business Administration [*SR*, Aug. 23]? One of the most telling points Cross's book, *Black Capitalism*, makes is that the Small Business Administration and the Federal Housing Administration actually interfere with building wealth in the ghetto.

THOMAS BURKE,
Bethel, Conn.

YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED for publishing Robert Finch's review. It indicates that there is at least one important member of the Nixon Administration who is sensitive to the economic deprivation of black people.

Now if only Mr. Finch could get Mr. Nixon to read the book—and *act on it*.

MILTON MOSKOWITZ,
New York, N.Y.

Right on Target

YOUR ABILITY TO SELECT salient and varied gentlemen to review and offer guiding concepts never ceases to astonish me. Bill Moyers has surfaced and surfaced right on target with his critique of Theodore H. White [*SR*, Aug. 9].

DONALD W. TROUT,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THOUGH WE MUST SADLY VIEW Theodore White across the chasm of the generation gap, we can rejoice that Bill Moyers, with his superb perception of the real issues, is still on this side. I'm grateful!

MARION BLAETZ,
Pemberton, N.J.

Never on Tuesday

REGARDING *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*, by Jorge Amado [*SR*, Aug. 16], no, *no, no*, Professor Clements! Never on *Tuesday* till page 436. And that was a solitary exception for Dona Flor's second husband: "On Wednesdays and Saturdays, at ten o'clock, give or take a minute, Dr. Teodoro took his wife in upright ardor and unfailing pleasure, always with an encore on Saturday, optional on Wednesday." No other "extra sessions" till we are past page 479.

Moreover, the double-duty marriage bed (admired by Husband I with the new blue paint and bouncy mattress provided by Husband II) was of iron, not steel.

We are agreed, however, that this last translation by Harriet de Onís is perhaps her best. In scholarly material she was a bit prim. But confronted with this delicious novel of Jorge Amado she is—as she has the Bahians saying—"Oh, boy!"

VAIL READ,
Boston, Mass.

Insomniacs' Book Club

MAY I JOIN the Insomniacs' Book Club suggested by J. H. Plumb [*SR*, July 26] by adding the name of a book to the list?

I highly recommend *The Lessons of History*, by Will and Ariel Durant (Simon & Schuster). It is just 100 pages. Having read through it once, I can pick it up, choose any one of its thirteen chapters (each one is a unit in itself) and often as the chapter closes, so do my eyes.

ELIZABETH HUSTON,
Paris, Ill.

Bad Names

THE REVIEWER of *Siege* [*SR*, July 19] states, "This is the kind of book that could give non-violence a bad name." I'd like to state that this is the kind of review that could give *reviewers* a bad name.

First, I saw nothing depressing or colorless in the statement by a black Senator that he had no intention of abandoning his country and pretending that he was an African. Secondly, as a resident of New Jersey I did not like the parenthetical crack: "(Some people might argue that it would serve the militants right to gain New Jersey.)"

The only good part about the review was that it ended abruptly at the bottom of a column in the middle of a sentence with no continuation given. So I didn't have to finish reading it.

ELIZABETH AARONS,
Trenton, N.J.

Auden Said It

IN HER REVIEW of *Natural History* [*SR*, July 19] Muriel Haynes writes: "I believe Constance Urdang [the author] would applaud whoever it was who said: 'Thou shalt not commit sociology.'"

Well, Muriel, that was W. H. Auden who said it; actually the line goes like this:

. . . Thou shalt not sit
With statisticians nor commit
A social science.

NORMAN HARTWEG,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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On the Fringe

Haskel Frankel

For years I've been delighting dinner guests at my apartment with such gourmet fare as spaghetti (with one of the better canned sauces) or salami sandwiches—with or without mustard, depending on my mood—accompanied by a pickle as the green vegetable necessary for a balanced meal. Partly because, as a book reviewer, I continually receive cookbooks in the mail, and partly because no one will accept my dinner invitations any more (I suppose not everyone likes salami), I decided to see if even one such as I—a friend has referred to my cookery as Cordon Blah—could cook from a cookbook. Herewith a report on three dishes from three different cookbooks:

"Mama Laura's Chicken Soup" from *How to Cook Like a Jewish Mother*, by June Roth (Essandess, $3.95). Aside from the fact that I was making soup for eight with no intention of serving the stuff to anyone, for me the shopping was the toughest part—I had never touched a raw chicken in my life, much less bought one, and I didn't know what a parsnip root looked like. I could not locate a picture of a parsnip root in any of my dictionaries or encyclopedia, so ultimately I went out on a blind hunt. I hit every delicatessen, fruit stand and supermarket on New York's Third Avenue between 68th Street and 91st Street, where I abandoned the hunt and had two double martinis in a bar, took a taxi home, and called off the whole project for the day. The next morning I located parsnip on 75th and Lexington—needed one, had to buy a package of four.

Went to local supermarket for "1 soup chicken (fowl), about 4 lbs." Still don't understand about that word fowl in parentheses—what else is a chicken but a fowl? Butcher said he only had roasting chicken, and it would work just as well. Took it home, threw it into the pot, and covered it with water. Immediately, an assortment of innards and a neck floated out of the chicken. Scooped them up and fobbed them off on a neighbor's dog. Tossed in the other ingredients with the chicken. This recipe turned out to be a cinch except that my roasting chicken fell apart in exactly one hour of the simmering process, which was supposed to take two hours—guess June Roth was talking about a soup chicken (fowl). Decided to play it safe, to let everything bob about for another hour. When it was eventually strained and skimmed of fat, to my amazement I had a pretty good soup. Then I added Mama Laura's secret ingredient—2 teaspoons sugar—which still left me with pretty good chicken soup, though sweeter than I am accustomed to. At this writing, my freezer contains four plastic ice-cream containers of chicken soup, and four pounds of frozen boiled chicken. There are dill, parsley and three parsnip roots rotting in the vegetable bin. I'm keeping the soup for colds and sore throats, but any reasonable offer will be accepted for the rest.

P.S. My mother's chicken soup is better. It's true and, besides, she reads this column.

"Victor Chapin's Greasy Curry" from *Fast Feasts: A Cookbook for Hurried Gourmets*, by Jack Van Bibber (Funk & Wagnalls, $7.95). The name attracted me to this dish, though the author says it is only a name: "It isn't really greasy. Merely rich and buttery and unctuous." Unctuous curry?

Found this cookbook very difficult to use, as each recipe is part of a whole dinner menu (this time I was cooking for six) with steps to be done on all parts the day before the feast, the hour before, etc. Happily, in the back of the book the recipe for my unctuous curry was printed all by itself, and by leaping back and forth between the recipe and the feast time breakdown I was able to bring off a curry that is so hot that, though it has been in my freezer a week, I am still afraid to approach it. I am certain it is alive.

Problems galore. The thought of buying a "3-pound, thick boneless sirloin steak" to be broiled rare and cut into thin slices (six cups) all for a curry for six nonexistent people made me decide to cut the whole thing down. Bought the smallest steak I could, which resulted in 1¼ cups of steak. I figured out that I had done something like quartering the recipe. From that point on things got a bit hazy. What is one-fourth of 1½ cups yellow raisins? Anyway, I couldn't find yellow raisins, so I had to substitute regular raisins, and they came in little kiddie packages of the sort you give out on Hallowe'en. I was pleased with the need for "8 cups strong chicken stock," which meant that I could unload two cups of Mama Laura's Chicken Soup.

While I was in the supermarket staring at "1 cup shredded almonds" on my list and wondering how the hell you shred anything as hard as an almond, a kind lady led me by the hand to slivered almonds—God bless her.

Well, one thing and other, step by step I built my pot of bubbling unction until Jack Van Bibber—or maybe Victor Chapin—sunk me. The recipe calls for "½ cup Madras curry powder"—meaning ⅛ cup for my version. Mr. Van Bibber writes: "It is not one of those impossibly hot curries that make your eyeballs smoke at first taste and your hand grab for anything to drink." He's got to be kidding. Maybe my eyeballs didn't smoke, I wouldn't know. I was too busy swabbing the inside of my mouth with Unguentine.

If that curry ever lies down and dies I may take it out of my freezer and try to figure out a way of de-fanging it. I suspect it is good as it stands for opening clogged drains.

"Peaches in Champagne" from *Helen Gurley Brown's Single Girl's Cookbook* (Bernard Geis, $6.95). I decided I had worked so hard on my other two recipes that I needed an easy dessert, ergo this one. I cut the six peaches to one, bought a lemon and a split of champagne and set to work. True chef that I now felt myself to be, I dipped my peach in boiling water for fifteen seconds and peeled it like a whiz. Then I sprinkled it with lemon juice to keep it from browning and chilled it well. I was a bit confused as to whether or not to remove the stone, but as Mrs. Brown wasn't telling, I wasn't asking. I decided my guests could sweat that one out, until I remembered there were no guests. When my peach was well chilled I took it out of the refrigerator and turned back to my recipe. All it said was "Chill the champagne." Okay, Helen G.B., if that's how you want to play. I chilled the champagne well. Then I ate the peach and drank the champagne. I assume they have met internally.

So what have I learned from this great adventure into gastronomy? Certainly not cooking! But I did learn that supermarkets are the greatest place in the world for meeting women. Just look helpless and ask a woman if she knows anything about soup chickens or shredded almonds, and watch out. To date, I have received a package of recipes for what to do with cold chicken—plus an invitation to dinner—from one lady I spoke with. The shredded almond doll has called twice to find out if I need help. I wouldn't be surprised if I hear from Mama Laura.

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Politics

THE EMERGING REPUBLICAN MAJORITY

by Kevin P. Phillips

Arlington House, 482 pp., $7.95

POLITICIANS—perhaps even more than the rest of us—live by conventional wisdom. It is this accumulation of historical precedent, shrewd guesses, and partisan half-truths which passes for political common sense. And most of the time conventional wisdom works.

But these are hard times for the traditional axioms of politics. Conventional wisdom said, for instance, that prosperity makes the White House safe for the "ins." But for the voters last November ninety-two straight months of Democratic "you-never-had-it-so-good" weren't good enough. Conventional wisdom also counsels that "the *un*-young, the *un*-poor, and the *un*-black" decide elections. But in 1968 it was the young, the poor, and the black who had the greatest impact on politics.

What has called these and other hallowed maxims into doubt is the unsettled state of the body politic. For thirty-six years the Democratic Party nearly always controlled the Presidency. The "Roosevelt coalition" based in the cities, the South, and the academy generally held together and won elections. But times change. The New Deal itself is now largely a subject for the historians, and the New Deal political coalition is running out of steam. Most of its old promises have been kept or forgotten. Many of the Rooseveltian loyalties have been strained. Some members of the coalition already have pulled out: gone forever is the once "solid South." New political alliances are forming. In short, control of America's political future is up for grabs.

Kevin Phillips, a voting analyst in the Nixon campaign and now an assistant to the President's chief political adviser, Attorney General John Mitchell, has written a book that threatens to become part of a new conventional wisdom. Although it will gladden the hearts of the Republican Party's right wing, his book will give GOP liberals fits. Mr. Phillips's thesis has already been denounced in *The Wall Street Journal* and denied by Republican National Chairman Rogers Morton.

What this young lawyer-turned-political technician forecasts is a political future that will be increasingly Republican and increasingly conservative. In a nifty shell-game with the 1968 returns, Phillips adds Nixon's razor-thin plurality to George Wallace's ten million votes and concludes, in political parlance, that's where the ducks are. If the Republican Party can appeal to those voters who cast ballots for Nixon and Wallace, then, says Phillips, the future will be Republican. According to his analysis, the new Republican majority will emerge in the South, in California, and in the "Heartland" (by which Phillips means all twenty-five states without coastlines or seaports except Vermont). Meanwhile, the Democrats, he believes, will be left as the minority party of the electorate in the Northeast and the Pacific Northwest, as well as of the blacks.

Phillips bases his prediction, in part, on a cyclic theory of political history. This theory holds that political parties achieve and maintain majority status in cycles lasting from thirty-two to thirty-six years. Counting from Roosevelt's election in 1932, Phillips figures the Democratic cycle was "destined by precedent" to end in 1968. It is a conclusion that sends statisticians groping for their tranquilizers. First of all, the Republican Party has been in business only since the Civil War—a relatively short span of history. And the GOP didn't win a decisive Presidential majority after Grant swamped Seymour and Greeley until McKinley was elected in 1896. Now, it is true that the Republicans held the White House more or less constantly for the next thirty-six years. And it is also true that this Republican ascendancy was followed by thirty-six years of nearly unbroken Democratic rule. But, for all save the true believers, two cycles hardly make for political certitude.

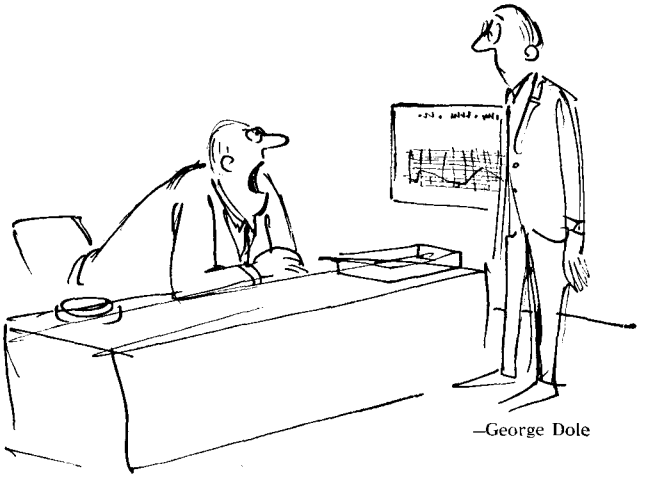
Much of this book is devoted to presenting "historical data" that Phillips believes buttresses his projection of an emerging Republican majority. With forty-seven maps and 143 charts —some bearing such intriguing titles as "The Yankee Metamorphosis" and "Non-historical Denominators of the Outer South"—Phillips sketches the impact of the Civil War on partisan loyalties, the reshuffling of alliances under the New Deal, the splintering of the Democratic Party in 1948, and many more episodes of political history. It is fascinating to read his accounts of political days gone by, of "Methodist church suppers, mile-high mining camps, county fairs, steamboats round the bend, cattle drives . . . and elm-lined main streets, USA. . . ." These, however, are peculiarly irrelevant to the future of American politics —particularly if, as Phillips says, we are entering a new era. Nothing sets a political trend faster than winning. It is always easy to construct an *ex post facto* case for success. Building a lasting victory is far more difficult.

The Republican Party's future depends on how the Nixon Administration handles America's problems. The war in Vietnam continues to divide the nation. But sooner or later the war will be over. Domestic problems then will loom even larger. America's racial dilemma, unfortunately, will be with us for a long time. White reaction against what Phillips calls "the Negro socio-economic revolution" cost the Democratic Party votes in 1968, and Phillips sees in "backlash" a way to perpetuate Republican rule. He has analyzed the trends and offers his party a potentially dangerous and divisive strategy: write off the cities except for white Catholic voters, capture the Wallace vote in the South, and go after the loyalties of former city-dwellers who have fled from "crime-in-the-streets."

Phillips marshals considerable evidence to support this strategy. In documenting his case he gives us many useful insights into current political developments. But Phillips's arguments all seem a little too pat. He fails to realize that political trends can be reversed at the next election and that present racial tensions are only the

(*Continued on page* 40)

The critic, Mark Levy, is manager of election analysis for NBC News.



—George Dole

"When I want your opinion, Harper, I'll give it to you!"

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Ethnic Study

MY PEOPLE, MY AFRICA

by Credo Vusa'mazulu Mutwa

John Day, 257 pp., $6.95

WHAT DO AFRICANS THINK about themselves? What values do they attach to the cultures of their past? How do they see themselves in relation to the rest of the world? It is nearly 200 years since Olaudah Equiano set the ball rolling in this particular debate with his *Interesting Narrative* about the mid-eighteenth-century life of Iboland, today the central part of eastern Nigeria; rather more than a century since J. Africanus Horton and his friends set forth their views on the subject in several unforgotten books, and at least twenty years since African historians and other African scholars began getting to the roots of the matter. Today we have a host of well-considered answers, and a great deal of factual information. Neither the one nor the other will be found in Credo Vusa'mazulu Mutwa's contribution. In a list of nonfiction *My People, My Africa* is more or less completely out of place, and the best one can hope of its publishers, who appear to offer it as a serious work, is that they have been taken for a ride. The self-styled "incredible writings" of Mr. Mutwa are just that.

All the same, they have a value, though not the one that was evidently intended. Characteristically South African in provenance, *My People* offers a study in cultural impoverishment. It mirrors a picture of South African blacks — and by implication of all blacks — that is always vaguely and often aggressively present in the minds of South African whites. Here is a blurred reflection of black peoples whose minds work "strangely," whose deeds have "puzzled, disgusted and shocked the world," and whose truth, as Mr. Mutwa goes on to explain, is bound to "anger many people" who hold a different picture. Old stuff, of course, when said by South African whites; but what's interesting here is that we now get it from a South African black. In this respect, Mr. Mutwa's book may be a portent: as such, it is worthy of some attention.

Mr. Mutwa is not unknown in Johannesburg for his writings. He may be perfectly sincere. His aim, he tells us, is to win more understanding and tolerance for Africans. Calling for light in the servants' hall, he holds out his own torch. Unfortunately it is one that can only make the darkness darker still. Africans, says Mr. Mutwa, may be a peculiar and savage lot, but they have a history of their own. The history he recounts, however, has nothing to do with the facts and probabilities now established by research, of most of which Mr. Mutwa appears completely unaware. What he shows, intentionally or not, is that whites were and are right when they affirm that any civilization there may have been in black Africa was in fact the work of white immigrants, even in very distant times.

So we have the "rediscovery" of a great Phoenician empire somewhere in the middle of black Africa. "Songs are still sung and told around village fires" about those glorious invaders of long ago, while "badly rusted and crumbling swords of ancient Greek manufacture, old gold coins and parts of bronze shields and helmets, bronze spears and Egyptian battle axes" remain "in the secret possession of witch doctors," not just here and there but "throughout southern Africa." We are even treated to a drawing of one of the ships in which these invaders, no doubt brandishing their Greek swords and Egyptian battle axes, sailed up the Zambezi around 500 B.C. And then, of course, there is the celebrated rock painting known as the "white lady of the Brandberg." This turns out—had you guessed?—to represent none other than "one of the five great emperors who ruled the African Empire" of the Phoenicians, "a strikingly handsome young white man" who, Mr. Mutwa is positive, was "Karesu II, who succeeded Karesu I, the Fire-Beard, the first emperor."

All this is nonsense, but it retains its interest as a "mirror picture." And it goes on in much the way one would expect. The Boer (Afrikaner) folk hero Piet Retief naturally emerges as a perfectly splendid fellow and not a raiding settler or a cattle thief, while Dingaan, the Zulu king in Retief's time, is just as predictably the ruthless megalomaniac of white tradition. The tragedy that hit the Xhosa of the eastern Cape back in the 1850s, when they slaughtered more than 150,000 of their cattle in response to their prophet Mhlakaza's promise that the ancestors of the Xhosa would then return and sweep invading whites from their homeland, is told with agreeable elaborations. But the real culprits, we now learn, were three agents of the British governor, Sir George Grey. One needs to hold no brief for Grey, undoubtedly a tough imperialist, in order to consign this piece of "hidden history" to the realm of the Phoenicians.

The question really is, why do white men in Johannesburg promote this stuff, why do they publish it? (*My People,* one notes, is a compilation of three previous books by the same author, each published in Johannesburg). In speculating on the answer, one may well remember that the whole drive of white policy in South Africa is towards the foisting on black populations of a second-class citizenship in "Bantustans." These are to be little client "states," incapable of any real autonomy much less independence, whose task will be to continue providing the whites with supplies of cheap and subservient labor, just as the "Native Reserves" do today.

Many of Mr. Mutwa's fellow "natives" have suffered bitter persecution in protest against this fate. But clearly there are going to be some Africans who accept it, if only from despair of an alternative. Such Africans will need some kind of "education," some appropriate cultural furniture. White writers in South Africa have long fostered historical myths for white men, such as that whites and blacks arrived at the same time, the first by sea and the second by land, so that whites may claim an equal right of possession. It seems to me that the promoters of Mr. Mutwa's books must have in mind the creation of corresponding myths by black writers who, as well as continuing to soothe the whites, will also help to mystify the blacks. No doubt they hope that as time goes by the denizens of the "Bantustans," fed with appropriate rubbish, will even come to believe it, and, accepting that their minds work "strangely," will agree that if left to themselves they would all too probably "disgust and shock" the world. They will thus recognize that the whites of today, like the Phoenicians of old, are the proper folk to rule them.

I must say that for my part I do not believe any such result will be achieved, though there may well be whites in South Africa, a confused place at the best of times, who take a different view. What really puzzles, I suppose, is the appearance of this book in the United States. No other country has so squarely and generously taken up the challenge of understanding Africa. Seen from that admirable standpoint, Mr. Mutwa's farrago is not even funny.

Basil Davidson

Basil Davidson's latest book is "Africa in History."

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Fiction

FURTHER CONFESSIONS OF ZENO

by Italo Svevo, translated from the Italian by Ben Johnson and P.N. Furbank

University of California Press, 302 pp., $5.95

POSTERITY HAS BEEN KIND to Ettore Schmitz, the disillusioned bourgeois of Trieste who chose to call himself "Swabian Italian"; it has more than atoned for the stony indifference of his contemporaries. With the sole exception of Giovanni Verga there is no other Italian prose writer of the turn of the century who can speak with familiarity and authority to readers of today. If the sponsorship of Joyce was crucial in bringing Svevo to the attention of the literary world, his survival is nevertheless due to his own merits, well exemplified in the book before us.

Of the six items that make up *Further Confessions of Zeno*—an omnibus title to suit the nature of the harvest—five are bits of narrative prose in which Zeno speaks for himself. The sixth is a play—the only one Svevo has left us—first published some ten years ago, three decades after the author's death. To students of Svevo it may well be the most fascinating item in this interesting anthology. The plot hinges on the "rejuvenating operation" which a seventy-year-old man is persuaded to undergo and its effect on him and his immediate circle. It is a persuasive comedy with surprisingly good dialogue (surprising because the normal Svevo opus runs to monologue and is not particularly noted for its handling of conversation), first-rate character delineation and, above all, a more outright humor than is apparent in most of Svevo's work. The sober, bourgeois background makes one think of Ibsen, but there is more than a touch of Chekhov and even a hint of the melancholy mischief of Pirandello. (This is said not to suggest "sources" but merely to indicate the tonal ingredients of the play.) "Regeneration" reads very well and might, I suspect, even act well.

But the play is not necessarily the best of the items in the book. The others are, as the editorial note tells us, "surviving fragments and drafts of the sequel to *The Confessions of Zeno* on which Svevo was working during the last years of his life," and they are excellent indeed. It is a pity that *Further Confessions* was not finished; on the evidence of these fragments it might have been Svevo's finest work.

The central figure is the same old Zeno, indolent, rather cowardly, not particularly admirable, but acute in his perception of his own nature and the circumstances of his life. "What a vast importance distant things take on when compared to those of a few weeks ago," the old man muses, thus summarizing the problems and pathos of age—and something of its poetry too. In "An Old Man's Confessions" he describes his well-intentioned efforts to establish a happy relationship with his son (a parable for 1970 no less than 1920); in "Umbertino" he makes us understand why no such efforts are needed to enjoy the company of his grandson. As for the Indian summer liaison described in "A Contract," one can only admire the sophistication of the writer who can portray at one and the same time the sordid and the downright funny aspects of a senile *affaire*.

But perhaps best of all for its poetic insight is the little ten-page opener of the book, "The Old Old Man," in which the brief sight of a girl on the street—recognized or merely evocative?—leads to the observation: "Time is an element in which I am not able to move with absolute sureness . . . [It] wreaks its havoc with a firm and ruthless hand, and then marches off in an orderly procession of days, months and years, but when it is far away and out of sight, it breaks ranks. The hours start looking for their place in the wrong day and the days in the wrong year."

Proust could hardly have put it better. Zeno will write no more confessions for us, but Ettore Schmitz has a long life ahead of him.

Thomas G. Bergin

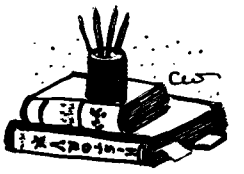
Thomas G. Bergin is professor of Romance languages at Yale.

THE TRAITORS

by John Briley

Putnam, 441 pp., $6.95

NEVER MIND THAT JOHN BRILEY'S first novel must ultimately be put down as a great lost opportunity. He has had the nerve to try something terribly ambitious and, if he does not succeed fully, he has given the reader much to chew on; too much, in fact. First, with all respect for David Halberstam's *One Very Hot Day*, a tight, deliberately limited battle-character study, Mr. Briley writes so well about men under fire that around page 50 one finds oneself thinking, "At last, *the* big war novel out of Vietnam." He moves his soldiers across rough, contested ground in a way that calls to mind Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and James Jones's *The Thin, Red Line*. In addition, he has decided to take on nothing less than the moral—or rather, immoral—underpinnings of



our involvement in that Southeast Asian country.

It is a tall order, and in the end the narrative fails to do the job. But it's an honorable failure. The basic story echoes dispatches one has read in recent years, in such disparate media as *The New York Times* and Liberation News Service, about unidentified occidentals—white and black—serving with NLF or North Vietnamese units, doing everything from actually shooting at American troops to posing as artillery spotters and radioing for howitzer fire on American positions. The reports usually included speculation that these "traitors" were renegade Frenchmen or Moroccans or American deserters.

Whether the dispatches triggered Mr. Briley's thinking or not, he uses just such a situation to pose an interesting and even daring question: What would make a half-dozen captured Americans fight with "the other side"? Brainwashing? Threats? Torture? Bribery? According to Mr. Briley, none of these.

In the novel, an American patrol walks into a well-laid trap, prisoners are taken, and then they find themselves in a North Vietnamese prison camp. There several enemy officers and one American who has already gone over to them simply explain—fairly, patiently, and (unfortunately for the book's pacing) endlessly and repetitively—what is really happening in Vietnam. They do so in the belief that no decent-minded American could continue to play a part in the rape of that agonized land if he knew what was going on and why. The aim is to get some of the prisoners—especially a lieutenant who is a helicopter pilot—to volunteer to take part in a raid on a prison camp in South Vietnam, which will significantly shorten the war by freeing a respected North Vietnamese "dove" who could change minds in Hanoi if only he were there.

Here, of course, the book founders. The discussion of U.S. acts and motives in Vietnam is conducted at the lowest possible intellectual level. As Mr. Briley himself says about the persuasive efforts of the American turncoat, "He couldn't keep the patronage out of his voice—an intellectual making the obvious clear to the neighborhood beer drinkers . . ." The talk soon becomes tedious to anyone with a lively intelligence. Nor is it likely to persuade the mass audience Mr. Briley

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is apparently aiming at: most Americans, after all that has been reported about Vietnam, still cannot perceive that the war there is wrong—unproductive, perhaps, but don't talk right and wrong about stopping Communism.

Furthermore, Mr. Briley ignores the ability of human beings to acknowledge explicitly the wrongness of their participation in some larger social process, such as a neo-colonial war abroad or racism at home, and yet go right on participating for reasons of personal advancement, or out of fear of ostracism or worse.

But read Mr. Briley for his explosive accounts of jungle warfare and for his moral passion; the lack of nuances does not get in the way of those worthwhile qualities.

Gerald Walker

Gerald Walker is a novelist and an editor of The New York Times Magazine.

FAT CITY

by Leonard Gardner

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 183 pp., $5.50

LEONARD GARDNER'S FIRST NOVEL registers not so much the presence of a new literary voice as the absence of one. It is an exercise in the extinction of personality, despite the urgent call for auctorial comment that seems to come from his two principal subjects, boxing and farm labor.

Of all our body-contact sports, boxing must be an ultimate symbol for the arbitrary cruelty that men have devised in the name of games and play. Of all forms of day labor, work in our massive orchards and vegetable farms must be some last word for the deliberate exploitation that men have justified in the name of economic necessity. Surely there are other, deeper connections between these two varieties of blows to the breadbasket. But if such tie-ups exist, Gardner is silent about them; or, at any rate, his fiction leaves them as barely implicit suggestions. His book is neither a protesting exposé nor an attempt to pinpoint blame. Symbolic organization is not his forte, and his style, as dry and crude as the lives he portrays, is purely functional. His approach is not to interpret, moralize, or reform, but simply to document some burnt-out ends of our society.

His scene is Stockton, California, a port city on the San Joaquin River delta, and he catches it meticulously through the exclusive viewpoints of boxers, gas station attendants, fry cooks, fight managers, winos, and field hands. Trudging through a sleazy wasteland of smelly gyms, run-down motels, and endless acres of crops come two main characters. Ernie Munger, still in his teens, is a Far Western Studs Lonigan growing up defeated by his thwarted desires—for money, for satisfaction of his body lusts, for independence, for the most basic kind of self-respect. Billy Tully, on the other hand, is near the end of his life at thirty, a lush deserted by his well-stacked wife, his boxing career long over, a man hardly fit now for chopping onions or for whaling away at walnut trees with a great pole. The two men drift, meet fleetingly in training rings or on hiring lines, then drift again. The novel drifts with them. The only line of plot and direction is their steady spiral downward, like fish seen belly up and slowly sinking, who never know how or why their stream was polluted, or what they might have done about it.

If all of this sounds grim and depressing, it is, and yet Gardner's complete surrender to his material gives *Fat City* whatever gripping power it has. In this respect it is reminiscent of another first novel, Steven Crane's *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets.* Though it is impossible ever to push beyond the limited thoughts and feelings of these people, they have a raw attraction the more one learns about them. Unexpected complexities unfoil like twirlings of a cabbage, particularly when the two heroes are with their women, loving them when least accessible, hating them when they are close and most demanding. Dialogue seems taped and then transcribed to print; background and action are as precise as in good film. What it is like to be there, to feel so low, to be numbered among the disfranchised with nowhere to run—these are Gardner's best effects.

"He has got it exactly right," says one of the testimonials gathered on the book jacket in praise of this first effort. Gardner undoubtedly has. But accuracy in this case can only result in weariness and pain for a reader, as if he too had been working in the fields all day for ninety cents an hour, or had been hit repeatedly by hard lefts to the jaw. As a result, like this reviewer he may yearn for some more transcendent exploration; or for perspective, perhaps, from a voice saying that the agony of these characters is not just self-created, that their conditions are not inevitable, irremediable, and that our best tales are about men strong enough not simply to endure but to fight back—and sometimes almost to win.

Leonard Gardner—"an exercise in the extinction of personality."

Robert Maurer

Robert Maurer, a frequent critic for SR, is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch College.

LOVE, ROGER

by Charles Webb

Houghton Mifflin, 188 pp., $4.95

CHARLES WEBB BELONGS TO NO CULT, puts forward no philosophy, and probes no psychologies. His new novel begins when its title character, Roger Hart, talks his way into a big Boston department store at closing time. On his departure a few minutes later, he sees an unconscious girl. By the time he revives her the two are locked in for the night; they make cheeseburgers at the lunch counter and go to bed together in the furniture department.

Adventures like this typify Roger, a college dropout in his early twenties who is working as a travel agent while thinking about the future. He seems to have little control over the major decisions of his life. Nor is he happy when he does try to act. At the store, at the travel agency, at the dog races his attempts at honesty and kindness cause everyone involved a good deal of pain and embarrassment.

Does all this add up to another anti-novel about an anti-hero? It does not. Webb feels for his characters and invites the reader to follow suit. Instead of using his settings as microcosms or symbols, he plants his characters firmly on the page and moves them around rhythmically. He makes us want to know what they are going to do next. *Love, Roger* is a human novel about fallible humans trying to get together humanly.

As in *The Graduate,* Webb's uncannily realistic dialogue carries most of the weight of the book's theme. He makes speech a living process. He catches the hesitations and the stoppages, the repetitions and the missed meanings of everyday talk. Characters speak for reasons other than communicating information; they try to protect themselves, to unburden themselves, or to touch each other. Often a remark does not answer the one that went before it. Nevertheless,

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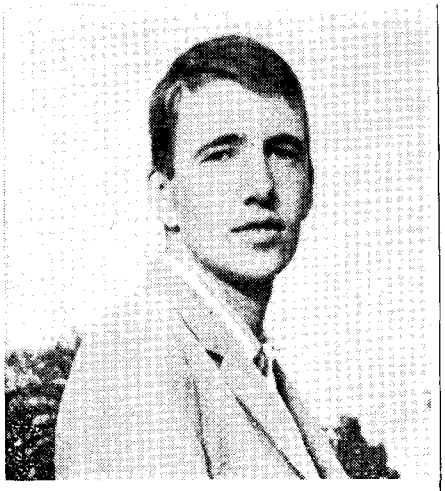

Charles Webb—"uncannily realistic."

the characters sometimes know each other better after a few pages of dialogue even though they have not conversed in the usual sense. Again, the words that fall between them may show the hopelessness of their coming together at all. Here is Webb conveying through talk the groping and the unreason that go into making human contact:

> "Did you have a dinner engagement?"
> "Yes."
> "I didn't have an engagement," I said, "but I usually eat around six."
> "That's a good time to do it."
> "I get hungry then."
> "I usually eat around six-forty-five or seven. Sometimes later."

The novel's weak point is its texture. For all its rightness, Webb's dialogue does not mesh with the long, unbroken blocks of print that recount the details of Roger's daily routine—cleaning the office, walking home from work, getting ready for bed. These slow-moving passages, besides creating problems in cadencing, neither develop the plot nor help us know Roger any better.

Yet, in the main, the book goes down smoothly. *Love, Roger* is a surface novel that escapes superficiality. Writing with both rhythm and control, Webb tells his story through speech and physical movement rather than through psychological analysis. A useful comparison may be Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim*. Both stories describe their characters objectively, both center around a groping young man, and both have a sure, light tone that adapts well to cinema. What is most important, both say something important about human relationships.

Peter Wolfe

Peter Wolfe teaches English at the University of Missouri in St. Louis.

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Pied Piper in Chicago

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Every now and then something really does happen to gladden the heart. Last month I visited a Reading and Study Center, one of several established by the Chicago Housing Authority and the Chicago Public Library. Sounds run-of-the-mill? It isn't.

Wisely, it was decided to bring the books to where the people were, and community representatives had a voice in selecting the site. An apartment in the Robert Taylor Homes (a black community with 6,000 children) was transformed, when it became available, into a center. The operative word is transformed. Rent, one dollar a year; funds, regular library budget.

The centers are under the supervision of Thomas A. Forte and Katherine Freshley, who are young, energetic, and dedicated. One of the concepts they're dedicated to is that libraries belong to people. So—they interviewed community leaders and chose one as librarian.

The rooms are gay with color. There are no fines, no time limit for books, no book cards. Records are kept by names, and honor-roll readers (staggering numbers) have their names posted. Most of the borrowers are children, but one study room has been set aside for teen-agers and adults. Scheduled each Thursday night is a program for adults, with subjects geared to their needs: a grocery store manager showing how to economize by quantity buying, an insurance broker explaining pitfalls, a bank teller offering advice on banking procedures.

For children with reading problems three teacher-volunteers were recruited to set up a reading clinic. A program of speech improvement for the very young was started. When the supervisor learned that no celebration had been held for the grammar school graduating class at another of the centers, she organized a prom. The band was provided by the Chicago Housing Authority, the food by the Chicago Public Library. Parents chaperoned, and the King and Queen were selected on the basis of academic standing.

Nobody knew quite what to expect when the center opened on June 14. What happened was a joyous mob scene. Fifteen hundred registered in the first three days. On the fourth day, besieged by an additional 500, the staff had to call in security officers to protect the children. Doors were locked, but just for two days. Mrs. Freshley raced to see Alex Ladenson, acting librarian of C.P.L., and was instantly given permission to double the staff.

In July 6,500 books were circulated. More than half of the books are paperbacks, which are often chosen in preference to hard-bound copies of the same title. The teen-agers concentrate on poetry and black culture; the younger children like to go off into an unused study room, each with his copy of the same book, taking turns reading aloud.

The staff gives service beyond the call of duty. A frantic call came from a high school senior to Eddie Robinson, the assistant librarian, who was at home and off duty. He went over to the library and helped the boy find materials for an important paper. The paper was graded "A," and the student, who had been in the danger zone, was graduated.

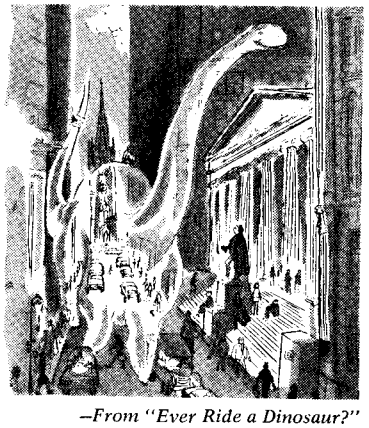
When Mary Cowherd, librarian extraordinary, leaves her apartment each morning, an eager dozen or so escort her to the center and wait outside until it opens. She is now accustomed to the fact that loving letters to "The Pink Door Library" will have been slid under the cheerful pink door. She also became accustomed to hopeful but distracting raps on the window and eager questions: "What time is it?" "When can I come in?" This might have irritated some people, but Mrs. Cowherd simply made a clock face with movable hands and put it in the window. Then she discovered that a number of the children couldn't tell time. *You* know what happened. There's a new program at the center. The Pied Piper is now teaching children how to tell time.

Frog, Where Are You? *Written and illustrated by Mercer Mayer. Dial* 32 *pp.* $2.50. Boy has frog, boy loses frog, boy hunts frog and finds him installed as the smirking proud father of a large family, one of which is taken as a substitute pet to the satisfaction of all concerned. There are no words in this beguiling little book, and none are needed; it is easy for children to follow the action and to appreciate the antic progress of the hero. The drawings are very funny, especially one in which a companionable dog who has stuck his head irretrievably in the empty frog-jar peers hopefully about for the lost one. Ages 3-5.

Stevie. *Written and illustrated by John Steptoe. Harper & Row.* 24 *pp.* $3.50. How jealousy can ravage the heart of a child! Robert tells the story of the intruder, Stevie, who comes to stay at his house because both parents are working. Stevie is a pest. He tags along after Robert, he messes up toys, he wants everything he sees. Worst of all, "my momma never said nothin' to him." But Robert is an only child, and after Stevie goes, the house is still. He remembers the games they played, the way Stevie looked up to him. "He was a nice little guy," he broods. "He was kinda like a little brother. Little Stevie." This is an honest and touching story, with stunning illustrations in strong colors; its last picture of a wistful brown face is as poignant as the last words. Ages 5-7.

Left, Right, Left, Right. *By Muriel Stanek. Illustrated by Lucy Hawkinson. Whitman.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Willie thought his big sister Katie knew everything. She could cross the street by herself and go to the grocery store and even count the change, but there was one thing she couldn't do, and that was to tell right from left. It was only a nuisance until the day Katie turned the wrong way in a parade, and that was mortifying. Grandma came to the rescue with an *aide-memoire*, a little ring that Katie's mother had worn for the very same reason. Weeks later Katie suddenly realized that she was no longer depending on the ring and very graciously passed it on to Willie. A familiar situation is given realistic treatment here by a school principal, who addresses a brief preparatory note to parents. The illustrations are cosy and bright, and it is rather nice to have available, for children who wear glasses, a small heroine who puts them on first thing in the morning. Ages 5-7.

Phoebe and the Prince. *By Doris Orgel. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Putnam.* 32 *pp.* $3.29. "Once upon a time, a flea/Lived on a good old German king/Who loved him very tenderly/And gave his fav'rite everything. . . ." At least, that is the way the flea tells it. Phoebe, commiserating with her itchy dog, had said, "Poor Prince,"



—From "Ever Ride a Dinosaur?"

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when the small voice spoke. Naturally, the flea thought he was being addressed; having lived on a king, did he not have royal blood in his veins? Impressed, Phoebe tried to restore the flea to his former glory, with a gold thimble for a throne. Alas, having dined on Phoebe, this boastful aristocrat hopped out of her life. The subject is just right for the small perfection of Erik Blegvad's style, and the writing is feather-deft, with a few puns discreetly interspersed among the poetic memories of the flea and his crisp dialogue with his hostess. Ages 8-10.

The Haunted Spy. *Written and illustrated by Barbara Ninde Byfield. Doubleday.* 38 *pp.* $4.50. "One day, I tried to write a note with my walkie-talkie-disguised-as-a-fountain-pen. Then I tried to see the time on my tape-recorder-disguised-as-a-wristwatch. Then I pinched my finger in the false bottom of my attaché case." Clearly, a spy's lot is not a happy one, and this spy, tired of it all, withdraws to an isolated and crumbling castle to have a last adventure in sleuthing. The tongue-in-cheek macabre drawings have some delightful touches that match the spoofing of the story. Spy having met Ghost (past master of the castle), a working relationship is established: on one tower of the postern gate flies the pennant of the spy, while from the other tower flutters a transparent facsimile. Ages 8-10.

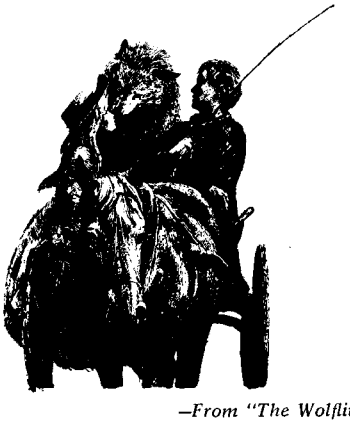
Ever Ride a Dinosaur? *By Scott Corbett. Illustrated by Mircea Vasiliu. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 113 *pp.* $3.95. What better friend could a shy, middle-aged bank teller have than a dinosaur? Especially an invisible one. Especially in New York City. Charlie had run into an old man in the woods of Rhode Island who said he'd seen dinosaur tracks, but Charlie really didn't expect to see a brontosaurus, much less have it address him. When he came to, Charlie discovered that this amiable giant (I.Q. 1,500) could make himself invisible at will, had invented a wheel, preceded Lindbergh in an Atlantic flight, and so on and on. The dinosaur's dearest wish is to get in to see his ancestors in the Museum of Natural History, a goal he and Charlie achieve after diverse zany adventures. The book is fresh, bright, and funny, with bits of sophisticated dialogue tossed in for a bonus. Ages 9-11.

Who Look at Me. *By June Jordan. Illustrated with paintings. Crowell.* 98 *pp.* $5.95. The author speaks: "In a nation suffering fierce hatred, the question—race to race, man to man, and child to child—remains: WHO LOOK AT ME? *We answer with our lives.* Let the human eye begin unlimited embrace of human life." This is the *cri de coeur* of a young black poet, whose words are passionate, bittersweet, proud in remembrance and powerful in their insistence on inclusion in humanity. Only occasionally does some phrase seem too narrowly tied to one of the twenty-seven paintings (". . . look at the stranger as/ he lies more gray than black/on that colorquilt/that/(everyone will say)/seems bright beside him . . ." but the writing is trenchant and wounding. The format is dignified by its spaciousness, heightening the impact of the reproductions of paintings. A section of notes on the artists is appended. Ages 10 up.

Where the Lilies Bloom. *By Vera and Bill Cleaver. Illustrated by Jim Spanfeller. Lippincott.* 176 *pp.* $3.95. From the literary parents of Ellen Grae comes another marvelous child character, Mary Call Luther, fourteen years old and made of granite. When her sharecropper father dies, Mary Call becomes head of the household, responsible for a boy of ten and a retarded, gentle older sister. Mary and her brother secretly bury their father so they can retain their home; tenaciously she fights to keep the family afloat by selling medicinal plants and to keep them together by fending off the property owner who wants to marry her sister. The isolation of the Smokies and the gruelling life of the sharecropper are vividly conveyed; the story is taut in structure and written with flair, flavor, and wry humor. Ages 11-13.

Our Cup Is Broken. *By Florence Crannell Means. Houghton Mifflin.* 229 *pp.* $3.95. Girls don't die of unhappy love affairs, Mrs. Ramsay had said, but Mrs. Ramsay was white and couldn't understand that to the pain of rejected love was added Sarah's shame that Kirk Torrey might have married her had she not been Hopi. After years of living with the Ramsays, Sarah went back to her own village—and found that she had no home. She couldn't live in the white world and couldn't adjust to the Hopi pattern. Direct, candid, and compassionate as this is, the book is saturated with tragedy; too important and honest to be put aside, yet overstated—for Sarah is raped, her illegitimate child is born blind, she marries out of loneliness, then has a still-born baby. At the end of the book there is a promise of a solution, both for Sarah personally and for the Indian caught in cultural conflict. Ages 12-15.

Deepwater Family. *By Fred B. Duncan. Illustrated with photographs. Pantheon.* 192 *pp.* $4.95. There are men alive who can remember the glamorous, dangerous days of deepwater ships, but not many of them were born and raised on a sailing ship. Fred Duncan was. His memories of childhood are compounded of salty characters, the vicissitudes of weather, the charms of a peripatetic existence, and the whalebone-and-horsehair aura of a Victorian family brought up in exotic circumstances. The writing is brisk, straightforward, and even a bit staid, and perhaps that is a good thing, since the material (albeit factual) is so impossibly romantic as to need a sedate style. The contemporary photographs are a nostalgic delight, and the glossary is useful. Ages 12 up.



—From "The Wolfling."

The Wolfling: A Documentary Novel of the Eighteen Seventies. *By Sterling North. Illustrated by John Schoenherr. Dutton.* 223 *pp.* $5.95. Set in southern Wisconsin a century ago, this is the story of Robbie Trent, a boy living on a lonely farm in a country rich with wildlife, who raises a wolf puppy that he can bring to school to be shown off. The etched precision of the illustrations reflects the sturdy affection of boy and wolfling, and the narrative is permeated with period flavor and the myriad fascinations of wilderness country. Like *Rascal* (Dutton, $3.95), this is written with a vigor and skill that should attract even those readers who are not nature lovers. He's done it again. Ages 12 up.

The Rock Revolution. *By Arnold Shaw. Crowell-Collier.* 215 *pp.* $4.95. A composer, novelist, and professional manager in the music business describes not only what is happening in rock today, but how it all began. From Elvis and rockabilly, through the British Invasion, the California Sound, the blues and soul, civil rights and protest songs, to the explosion of electronic-psychedelic-amplified rock, this is a knowledgeable history of rock, packed tight with facts, names, trends, and tricks of the music trade. Almost an erudite book, it is certainly an interesting one. Ages 13 up.

Twelve Cities. *By John Gunther. Harper & Row.* 370 *pp.* $6.95. These are the cities: Amman, Beirut, Brussels, Hamburg, Jerusalem, London, Moscow, Paris, Rome, Tokyo, Vienna, and Warsaw, and what the author has to say about them might have been extended to twelve books by a more diffuse writer. The volume is filled with facts, impressions, political commentary, perceptive remarks about leading personalities, observations about recent changes, the state of the arts, and urban problems. The writing is pithy and articulate, giving a vivid impression of the flavor and aura of each city. For young adults.

A Yak for Christmas. *By Louise Hillary. Illustrated with photographs. Doubleday.* 255 *pp.* $5.95. A family jaunt through the Himalayas is an exciting way to spend the holidays, but Lady Hillary and her three children had experience enough traveling from New Zealand to Nepal to sate the appetite for adventure. The setting is exotic, the small catastrophes and triumphs of the trek entertaining, but the most admirable quality of the book is the friendship and warmth for the many Sherpa acquaintances whose lives and customs are described. Impressive, too, is the work done by Sir Edmund Hillary in building a hospital for the isolated Sherpa community. And the Christmas celebration itself, with a visit to a monastery, fireworks, and Father Christmas riding on a yak, is hilarious. For young adults.

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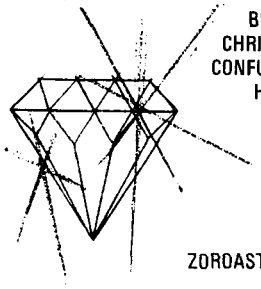

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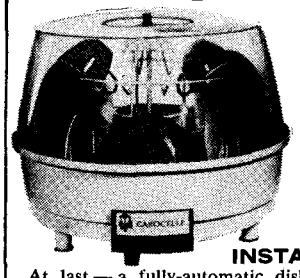

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Travel

A TRAVELER IN SOUTHERN ITALY

by H. V. Morton

Dodd, Mead, 420 pp., $10

THE MEXICO TRAVELER: A Complete History and Guide

by Selden Rodman

Meredith, 264 pp., $7.95

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY travel was an art. It was undertaken searchingly and with grace. The nineteenth-century person of means who chose to travel and who wrote about his experiences examined them with an inquiring mind. Because he had the leisure he lingered a bit, and philosophized. He perceived what it was in the antiquities he visited that had affected his own times, and history was of consequence to him.

Today it is the exceptional travel guide that does much more than shuffle its readers from airport to hotel to museum, or from historic site to restaurant. The less muddle of history and philosophy the book has, the better. Most contemporary tourists are looking for highlights; their vacations are too short and their schedules too rushed for anecdotes and the reflections that make travel more illuminating.

But H. V. Morton in *A Traveler in Southern Italy* and, to a lesser extent, Selden Rodman in *The Mexico Traveler* have journeyed with curiosity and written about exotic locales informatively and with ease.

Mr. Morton is one of those travelers who cannot resist a colorful legend, who is well-versed in history and clearly fascinated by it. In *A Traveler in Southern Italy* he weaves marvelous tales of the Norman conquest of southern Italy in the eleventh century, of the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II with his falcons and his experiments in trying to build a city at Lucera for disgruntled Saracens in order to make them his devoted followers.

Morton's enthusiasm is not only for the distant past. "I thought at the time and I still think," he writes, "that the rescue by air in 1943 of Mussolini by Hitler from the top of Italy's highest mountain was one of the most fantastic stories of the last war." So, visiting Aquila and seeing the Gran Sasso, where the rescue took place, towering into the sky, Mr. Morton set out to find a witness to that extravagant escapade. He succeeded, and writes of the subsequent conversation. For all the baseness of the men involved, the feat was a daring one that makes good telling.

The author defines southern Italy as the part that was subject to the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. It includes the Abruzzi, Campania, Apulia, Basilacata, and Calabria. With the exception of Campania, these are still among the less traveled sections of the country, which makes them some of the most delightful in the author's estimation. He included in his tour such points as Sulmona, home of the poet Ovid, famed today for its colored sugared almonds, sometimes dexterously shaped into petaled flowers.

He writes with affection of several quaint villages, among them the little seaport of Rodi with its blue and pink

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The missing part of each title is the name of the hero or heroine. Edith Melcher of Wellesley, Mass., asks you to complete the title and assign the author. All comes out right on page 125.

1. _____ *or La Nouvelle Héloïse* ( )
2. *The Great God* _____ ( )
3. _____ *the Wake* ( )
4. _____: *A Biography* ( )
5. _____ _____, *a Tale of the Christ* ( )
6. *The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of* _____ _____ *of York, Mariner* ( )
7. _____ _____, *the Radical* ( )
8. *The Life and Opinions of* _____ _____, *Gentleman* ( )
9. *The Mystery of* _____ _____ ( )
10. _____ *the Obscure* ( )
11. *The Ordeal of* _____ _____ ( )
12. _____ _____*'s Apprenticeship* ( )

a. Defoe
b. Dickens
c. Eliot
d. Goethe
e. Hardy
f. Kingsley
g. Meredith
h. O'Neill
i. Rousseau
j. Sterne
k. Wallace
l. Woolf

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houses, cobbled lanes, Arabic-looking archways with the blue-green Adriatic beyond. And he dwells at length—perhaps too great length—on the saints and religious festivals of this region. Some of these accounts are picturesque and rewarding, for example his story of the Festival of St. Nicholas at Bari. Morton tells of the "devout" Bari thieves of the eleventh century who wanted the contents of the shrine of St. Nicholas at Myra for their own city; they raided the sanctuary and came away with the relics.

The book is adequately if not amply illustrated, but its charm lies in its author's intellectual curiosity and generous, unconstrained writing.

Mr. Rodman devotes the entire first half of *The Mexican Traveler* to history, while the second half is travelogue. Perhaps because Mexican history is complex and unfamiliar to most Americans, its summary proves fatiguing. At the end of the 153 pages that lead from pre-Columbian times to the present day one feels a little as if he had been cramming for a final examination. It would have been more entertaining to read about Miguel Hidalgo y Castilla, the parish priest-turned-revolutionary, while being urged to drive to Dolores Hidalgo, where his revolution began with the ringing of a bell, than it is to have to remember the story from Part I or leaf back to it. Similarly, Mr. Rodman's account of Pancho Villa would have been more relevant as part of his description of the bandit's escapades in Monterrey than it is coming after the reader is exhausted from trying to assimilate the last days of President Francisco Madero.

On the other hand, Mr. Rodman has perhaps solved the dilemma of the writer who is trying to produce a guidebook that is both rich in historical content and practical for the modern tourist seeking only such specifics as routes, good shops, museums, forthright opinions ("Checkerboard-square Puebla is a bland city architecturally—unless you like tiles.").

There is a section of black-and-white illustrations. Unfortunately, as in Mr. Morton's book, these are not sufficiently tantalizing.

Phyllis L. Méras

Phyllis L. Méras is a free-lance newspaperwoman and travel writer.

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Emerging Republicans

Continued from page 31

most obvious symptom of a far more deeply rooted malaise.

Consider the elements of the proposed "Nixon coalition." Phillips has identified an important group of voters in the urban Catholics. America's recent political history is, in a sense, the history of the urban Catholic vote. Since the days of Al Smith, the Irish, the Italians, and the Slavs have made up a significant part of the Democratic vote. In 1952 and again in 1956 these Catholic urbanites bolted the Democratic Party to vote for Eisenhower. The Democrats largely recaptured their votes by running John Kennedy in 1960. In 1964 Barry Goldwater's economic conservatism frightened the basically blue-collar and middle-class Catholic voter, and Goldwater received relatively few votes in predominantly Catholic neighborhoods. Last year substantial numbers of urban Catholics voted for Nixon and Wallace. The Democratic share of the Catholic vote was the lowest it had been in many years. These voters defected from their traditional party because they believed that the Democrats were neglecting their needs while giving preferential treatment to the blacks.

Phillips argues that the urban Catholic voting bloc is most sensitive to the Negro socioeconomic revolution, that it resents the Democratic Party, which is increasingly liberal and increasingly black, and that these voters are a prime target for a conservative, Republican appeal. But politics isn't that simple. One can think of at least two ways in which the Democrats can win back the urban Catholic vote. What would have happened, for instance, if Robert Kennedy had been the Democratic Presidential candidate instead of Humphrey? It is entirely likely that Kennedy would have won a large portion of the urban Catholic vote, while at the same time piling up substantial margins in the black community. Perhaps future Democratic candidates will be able to manage Kennedy's unique balancing act by advocating both "law and order" and a better life for the black and poor. On the other hand, some Democratic candidates may follow the lead of Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and Mario Procaccino of New York. Such Democratic candidates would swing the party to the political right and run pledged to law and order. This strategy too might win back urban Catholic votes. What is clear is that for the immediate future the urban Catholic bloc will remain a swing vote.

Phillips says the GOP can win the South's votes without really trying. He believes that a conservative Nixon Administration will almost automatically attract most former Wallace supporters to the Republican Party. But just for good measure, he throws in a truly Machiavellian bit of self-righteousness: "Maintenance of Negro voting rights in Dixie, far from being contrary to GOP interests, is essential if Southern conservatives are to be pressured into switching to the Republican Party. . . ." I'm afraid Mr. Phillips is just whistling Dixie. A recent Harris survey showed that President Nixon's popularity had fallen off dramatically in the South. This decline came shortly after the President had named a "strict constructionist" to be Chief Justice of

the Supreme Court and at a time when the influence of Strom Thurmond and Everett Dirksen seemed everywhere in the new Administration. What was worrying the South at the time of the poll was the federal government's school desegregation suit against the state of Georgia. Many Southern conservatives felt that Nixon was betraying them. (It is not certain that the appointment of South Carolinian Clement Haynsworth to the Supreme Court will allay their fears.) And if Congress passes a Nixon-backed extension of the voting rights act, the President's popularity will decline even further. In fact, it's not hard to see how Mr. Nixon soon could be very unpopular in the South. He must be a "national" President, not just a "regional" leader. And that means the Nixon Administration must be more liberal than either Kevin Phillips or Southern Wallace voters might like.

The third segment of the proposed "Nixon coalition" is the suburbs. Phillips correctly observes that they are a good place to go hunting for votes. America is no longer an urban culture; it has become a suburban society. More people now live in the suburbs than in the central cities. The fastest growing parts of the nation are the suburbs, particularly in what Phillips labels the "Sun Belt" of California, Texas, Arizona, and Florida. In all states the balance of political power is shifting from the increasingly black cities to suburbia, where the voters hide behind "a crab-grass curtain." Some suburbs, especially in the West and Southwest, are overwhelmingly conservative in their politics: Take, for example, Orange County, California, or the aero-space suburbs of Houston. Yet, other suburbs like Montgomery County, Maryland, and the Route 128 suburbs of Boston remain relatively liberal and Democratic.

The long-term political impact of suburbanization is unclear. Racial tensions may be forcing middle-class and blue-collar families out of the cities. But once they arrive in suburbia they are confronted with a new set of public concerns. If the GOP wants to build a lasting majority in the suburbs, it must demonstrate a concern for such problems as environmental pollution, mass transportation, education, and leisure time. It is still too early to tell whether the Nixon Administration will rise to the challenge of megalopolis.

The key to any future political majority lies in the realization that more is troubling America today than just race. The United States is a tired and ill-tempered nation. Its voters are fed up with black militants and their radical student allies. However, the voters are also fed up with time-saving appliances that wear out and can't be repaired, with garbage that isn't collected, with electricity which fails and telephones which don't work. The list seems endless. The quality of life is the most important public issue. Young people were the first to point out the failings of contemporary society. And, as Robert Kennedy wrote, "Self-assured societies, confident of their wisdom and purpose, are not afflicted with rebellions of the young. . . . If the young scorn conventional politics and mock our ideals, surely this mirrors our own sense that these ideals have too often and too easily been abandoned for the sake of comfort and convenience."

Young people are saying, and the generations over thirty are agreeing, that traditional politics seems unable to cope with the complexities of our post-industrial society. President Nixon was elected because he promised to restore order and bring stability. America needed a respite from excitement. Nevertheless the period of consolidation cannot go on forever.

In 1932 the Democrats came to power and promised to set things right. The political momentum of the New Deal is only now beginning to slacken. The current political system must come to grips with today's problems. Kevin Phillips has offered his party one strategy for the future. The rest is up to President Nixon—and the voters.

Mark Levy

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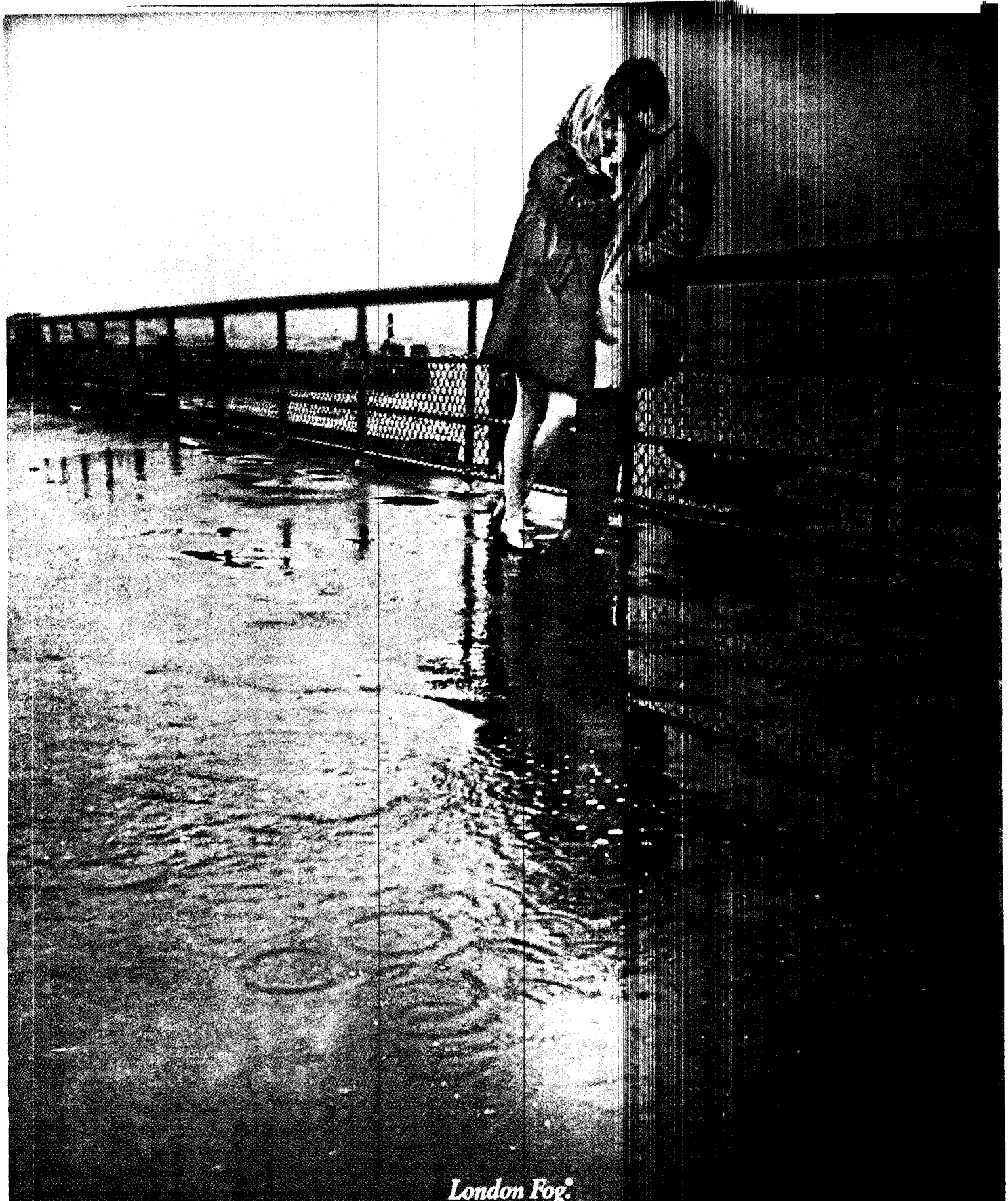

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AN EXPOGOER'S GUIDE TO THE PACIFIC

■ As Osaka hustles toward a March 15 opening of Expo '70—the first time a fair of such import has been staged in Asia—the once forbidding prospect of Pacific travel is floating into reach. With the settlement of the Transpacific Route Case, American Airlines has been granted a broad new web of service that extends all the way from three East Coast cities out through Hawaii to Fiji and New Zealand. Four other carriers—Continental, Braniff, Western, and TWA—have won routes to Hawaii with fare reductions of up to 15 per cent. Pan American and Japan Air Lines are jockeying for faster and cheaper flights to the Orient.

Gradually, then, Expo begins to loom larger on the kitchen calendar than another two weeks at the shore. Few will be rooting harder for that switch than the 3,000 delegates to the American Society of Travel Agents' annual World Travel Congress, off and humming this week in Tokyo. As they'll conclude from the following pages, though, it will be eons before developers succeed in conquering all the far lands, let alone finding them. One hopes so anyway. —D. B.

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MEET ME AT THE FAIR (If You've Got the Yen)

by David Butwin

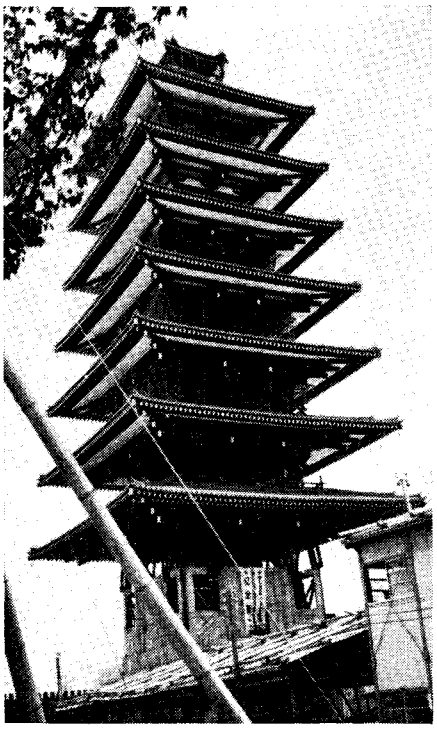
■ Expo '70 can't miss. Frank Sinatra will be there, and Miss Universe, and Babe Ruth's uniform, and a Van Gogh, a Van Dyck, and a Gauguin, and twenty marching elephants from Thailand. What else could the Japanese possibly hope to attract but an Ed Sullivan? He'll be there too. Rearry big shew.

It may in fact be the biggest of all the world expositions since Sir Joseph Paxton unveiled the Crystal Palace at London's Great Exhibition in 1851. Osaka's answer to the Crystal Palace will be a glossy barn of a building with the world's largest transparent roof (three football fields, fans), and through it will rise the 198-foot Tower of the Sun, reflecting Expo's theme "Progress and Harmony for Mankind." Two lesser pillars will pierce the roof on either side: the Tower of Motherhood and the Tower of Youth.

If it all sounds like a double pitch for frivolity and humanity, there will be much more on the line when Expo opens a six-month run next March 15 behind a soft veil of cherry blossoms ten miles northeast of downtown Osaka. Japan has a thing or two to tell the world that it didn't get across at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, and the seventy-five or so other countries, states, and cities now rushing to complete pavilions on the 815-acre grounds will beam messages of varying universal import.

Of course, fair officials deny there are underlying motives, pointing to the Tower of the Sun as the sole embodiment of Expo. Maybe "motive" is too strong a word. Certainly, though, the Japanese, as hosts of the first world exposition ever held in the Orient (Tokyo was getting ready for one in 1940 when the war intervened), will be trying to correct some notions the Occident has harbored about the Orient, and particularly Imperial Japan, for centuries.

"Europe and America have different images of Japan," a Japanese tourist official said in early August. "In Europe, they think of Japan as purely an economic animal. In the U.S. we're still an enormous 5 and 10 cent store. I don't know what Expo will prove, but I hope we can dispel both ideas. You see, we spend only 2 per cent of our budget on the military so we can afford to show off our prosperity. But the prosperity is shallow-rooted. I hope we don't get carried away trying to show it off."



Furukawa pagoda is one of the first pavilions to rise above Expo site.

Next summer, the twenty-fifth year since The Bomb and V-J Day, Japan will still be seeking to disprove the lie that lingers in some dark corners that Japanese are grinning zealots who would cash it all in *kamikaze* style if the Emperor so much as nodded. "I hope Expo will change this banzai image," a Japanese businessman said. "The world thinks of us as tough, humorless people who welcome honorable death."

Then what human qualities will the Japanese expose to 1970 fairgoers? Friendliness? "No," the businessman said on reflection. "I wouldn't call us friendly. You may find a Japanese full of smiles and enthusiasm while he talks to you, but underneath he is thinking his own private thoughts about you that may or may not be friendly. No, it is too simple to say we are one thing or another. You should come with an open mind."

Open mind *and* full wallet. There are three reasons why more Americans haven't visited Japan, and two have to do with the high cost of getting there and staying there. The third reason is the difficulty outlanders have with the Japanese language, but this shouldn't deter adventurous souls. In fact, because the tongue is so foreign and because few Japanese expect an Occidental to master more than the salutatory necessities, a wandering *gaijin* (white man) can feel free to pull down the mask of ignorance and relax. The same tourist, packing one semester of French, might be hounded by feelings of inadequacy on a trip through France.

Even as scores of pavilions rise out of the Senri Hills, corporate and governmental wheels are turning around the world to do something about the almost prohibitive fares between Japan and the West. Until now the cheapest ticket to Tokyo from New York has been a little over $900, but if the governing agencies of the United States and Japan—and more specifically Pan Am and Japan Air Lines—can settle current route and fare differences, the cost will drop to $550 round-trip excursion by Expo time. Package tours (which provide airplane ticket, hotel room, everything but a private geisha) also loom on the Pacific horizon. This would cut the California-Japan fare, for example, to $400 or so.

Shades of the Mexican Olympics, Expo is worrying about where to lodge the fifty million or so visitors it will welcome from March to September. That figure may be a little out of reach, but certainly officials are counting on more than the thirty million they anticipated at first. Included will be close to a million foreigners—about twice the number that took in the 1964 Olympics—and of that total, more than half will come from the United States and Canada. They will stay in hotels extant and on the rise, at Japanese *ryokan* inns, homes, hostels, schools, and—whiff the incense—certain Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines. Osaka, an industrial giant, and Kyoto, as spacious and charming as Tokyo is cramped and hectic, will put up as many overnight visitors as possible in their combined 10,000 hotel rooms.

In some faraway lands the tourist is wise who demands the comforts only a Westernized de luxe hotel can pro-

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FALL TRAVEL:

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vide, but in Japan nirvana is a room in a *ryokan*. Nowadays some *ryokans* show traces of Occidental furnishing —mattresses on the *tatami* floor, legless chairs instead of *zabutans*—but the soothing, understated setting has not been altered. A six-foot Westerner may have to move about with bowed back, but no child's doll house was ever so enchanting. You leave your shoes at the front door, change into a kimono laid out in the room, and begin to question the logic of Western dressing habits. You eat at a low-slung table in your room, served with silent indulgence by a girl in elegant ceremonial robes, and you wonder why people put up with clattering dining rooms and slam-bang waiters.

All of that ease, sadly enough, has a price. Usually it's too high for yen-pinching tourists. Expo claims there will be a number of modest *ryokans* within an hour's train or car ride, charging only $7 a day including breakfast, but to live in sequestered comfort, lulled by the trickle of a cool brook just beyond a bamboo wall, you have to pay four times that much. The Kyoyamata, tucked away on a hill above Kyoto, asks $32 per person, but the two meals included are laid out with such sumptuous ritual, you may never go back to barbecues.

One intriguing thing about these exclusive inns is that they can get along nicely without foreign tourists—and do. It's nothing for them to fill the ten or twenty rooms with discerning, well-off Japanese. Such is the reverse charm of Japan. You arrive expecting to float endlessly on a satiny *zabutan*, attended at every nod by bowing Japanese, until it becomes apparent that this complex nation of boundless hustle and inner reflection has better things to do than make tourists comfortable. A couple of businessmen or cab drivers treat you with giggling deference, and just when you think you have the Japanese figured out, a hotel desk clerk fixes you with an ironic smile; or a commuter, waiting in line to buy a train ticket, nudges ahead of you without a glance.

Officially, though, Japan is trying to mollify the tourist. The government would like to influence hotel and *ryokan* owners to lower their rates for Expo and the future, but short of that, it is asking industrialists to put up less expensive buildings and thus cut back on charges to the tourist. Dining out —always a wallop to the pocketbook— will be a cheaper proposition during Expo. For one thing, the 10 per cent food tax (there's also a 10 per cent service charge) will be waived, as it was for the 1964 Olympics. For another, seventy-three restaurants will offer a special tourist menu with a $4 limit on dinner, a $2 limit on lunch.

By rail or road, surface travel is getting simpler by the day. All one reads about the New Tokaido Line is true, with one asterisk: west of Osaka and in other less-developed parts of Honshu, the main island, a rail trip may recall the worst of U.S. lines. A lungful of diesel smoke awaits you in every tunnel. From Tokyo to Osaka, though, the New Tokaido Line Bullet sings along in what seems half the three-hour-and-ten-minute trip. Leaning back in seats of Golden Fleece, you leaf through *Life* or one of the sensational Japanese weeklies (pictures of Teddy Kennedy, Sharon Tate), or peer through broad windows at shimmering rice fields threatened more each year by housing and industrial expansion along the Tokyo-Kobe megalopolis. The foreground whizzes by at a dizzying clip, the Bullet exceeding 125 miles an hour on some stretches.

There are many Occidental passengers, lots of gray-suited businessmen from both worlds. Some of the public announcements come purring out in English. On open-seat trains you have to queue up on the track beforehand, and chances are there won't be another Westerner aboard; the announcements, preceded by a tinkling music-box refrain, are delivered only in Japanese. Yet the waitresses in the snack bar or those circulating through the cars selling box lunches and cartons of rice and assorted sweets are able to conduct commerce with any reasonably alert *gaijin*. Some speak rudimentary English; others will understand if you add a vowel in the right place, as in "ice-u cream-u."

Japan's auto industry continues to break sales records every month, but highway conditions are just beginning to emerge from the Model-T era. Last summer the opening of a 220-mile superhighway linking Tokyo and Na-

(*Continued on page* 96)

Osaka by neon—"Expo has been laid out to ease the visitor's arches."

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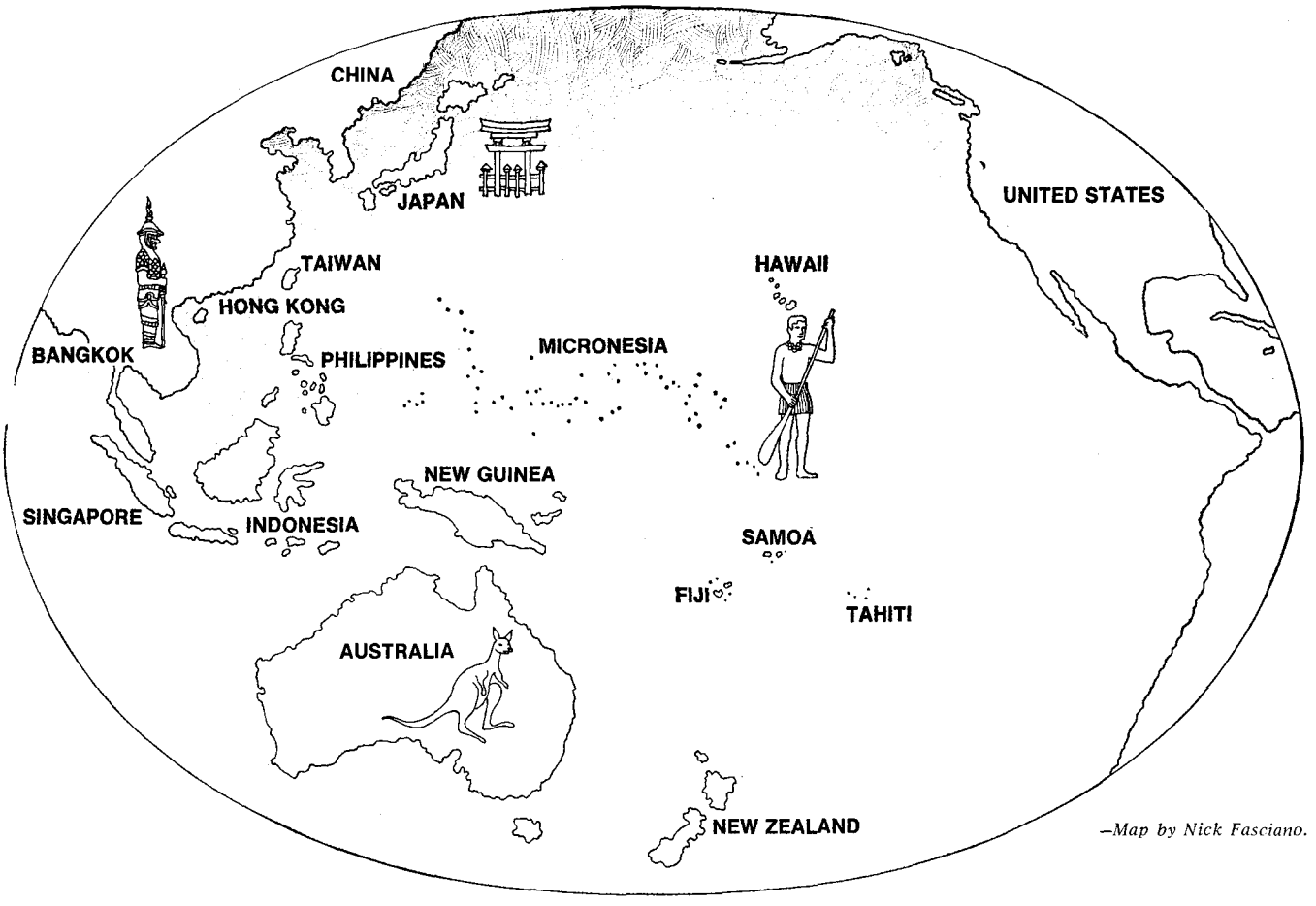
CROSSING THE LONELY LATITUDES



—*Map by Nick Fasciano.*

by Neil Morgan

I know a Californian who accepted a trusteeship with an Eastern university so he can keep up with his reading as he flies back and forth across America. He is unmoved by the prospect of supersonic airline flight. Ordinary jets seem fast enough for an honest man to travel, and for many of us they provide welcome hours of detachment. While airborne on a recent journey around the world, my wife and I made our way through two pairs of Jotto game pads and still had time to learn what each other is thinking about.

But if the supersonic comes, I might fly it over certain routes. Most of them are in the Pacific. The American visits Europe and is astonished by the closeness of everything. In the Pacific he is awed by distance. Even such a worthy group as the Pacific Area Travel Association seems to deal more in airlines and resort hotels than in conveying the nature and scope of a huge part of the world that we scarcely understand.

James Michener's South Pacific is the one most familiar to people everywhere. His Bali Ha'i still exists on islands like Moorea and Bora Bora. But it grows ever rarer. The asphalt landing strip at Bora Bora is just as the American military left it in 1945; its only regular visitor is a weary DC-4, even older than the airstrip, that makes two round trips from Tahiti each day with those visitors to the South Pacific who are seeking out the last lost places. Meanwhile, new societies are emerging on the myriad shores of the Pacific.

Economists and anthropologists talk of the Pacific lake or basin, and yet the Pacific Ocean is the largest geographic feature on Earth — a double Atlantic, 10,000 miles from east to west and north to south, exceeding in area all the dry lands on Earth. About 700 million people live in the twenty-seven lands in and around the Pacific. If we add China and Russia, the total approaches half the world's population. It is already the region of highest economic growth in the world, with at least fourteen of these twenty-seven nations exceeding the growth rate of our own country. In another sense the Pacific is a ring of fire that has helped to create and then to plague its borderlands—a related group of earth faults that forms a loop from New Zealand through the Philippines to the southeast coast of China, to Japan, across the Bering Sea to Alaska, and down the west coasts of North and South America.

Yet one risks pitfalls to think of the Pacific as an entity, however awesome. Incongruity and conflict rage within it. No traveler escapes their portent. The most casual conversations reveal them. Deep in the night on a Los Angeles-to-Sydney flight a bellicose sheep rancher from the Australian outback awoke from a fitful sleep beside me and erupted into an economic discourse. All I remember is that he had paid more for two lamb chops at dinner the night before in San Francisco than he gets for a lamb. On another evening in Pago Pago, I was charmed by a Samoan girl, the daughter of a tribal chieftain, who had divorced her California husband and brought their two children back to frangipani land. Speaking of a town not far from where I live rather happily, she said with feeling: "That is a real hick town.

NEIL MORGAN, a peripatetic columnist and author, sometimes gets home to La Jolla.

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There's nothing to do." Yet another message across the vast Pacific basin came one evening from Hisako Nago, a tall and handsome Japanese woman who, as owner of the Copacabana cabaret, is queen of Tokyo's modern-day geishas. "I have visited America several times," she told me as we sat in her club, "and I know. I tell my girls, 'You cannot win a man away from an American woman but in one way. American women have better proportions than you. But Japanese girls are kinder to men. That is the way you win.' "

Within the Pacific are many worlds, and the Sunday jet from Sydney to Hong Kong is a bridge between two of them: sparsely settled Australia, with its deep fears of the Asian hordes, and tiny Hong Kong, where four million Chinese huddle on their tenuous pedestal between freedom and communism.

The flight is a relatively new nonstop run, Pan Am's 811, and not yet a busy one. When I boarded at Sydney at 10 a.m., there was only one other passenger in first class, Howard Chia. Like the flight itself, he is a bridge between diverse continents. He is one of Australia's few Chinese citizens. He operates a textile business in Sydney, and he comes to Hong Kong to buy. Six miles up in the sky for more than nine hours, Chia and I became friends for a day as we sped northwestward over one of the loneliest and loveliest air routes in the world. It is not on the tourist itineraries, not even those of most round-the-world travelers. Yet to Chia it is a commuter run. For 1,500 miles through bright blue skies the jet pushed across the empty stillness of the Australian bush. Below was the desolation of Australia's hollow frontier, the almost impenetrable interior that frustrates Australians as they try to move inland from their ring of coastal cities.

From the stratosphere, the headquarters of the occasional sheep station seemed to be a cinder on a veinous dry terrain, its color unreal. A washed-out red muslin might have been spread carelessly across the surface of the earth. Herds of cattle drift across these shadeless plains, foraging desperately beneath the hot dry sky. We neared the northern border of Australia about 250 miles east of Darwin, flying over territory where only the aborigine is at home, and on over coastal jungles giving their sudden reminder that the equator is near. Tiny Darwin is Australia's frontier on Asia; almost 2,000 miles distant from the major cities of its own country, it faces across the Timor Sea to the island lands of Indonesia. The dense jungles of New Guinea loomed on our right; on our left were the frothy greenish dots of innumerable islands, their outer reefs drawing sharp white circles where surf smashed against the coral. We flew over mysterious tropical seas with names like Arafura, Ceram, and Molucca. Towering white thunderheads loomed over Borneo at our left, blotting out its highest mountain peaks as we crossed the equator. We banked and weaved around a storm front as we came up on Mindanao and then Bataan and Manila Bay, glittering brightly in the afternoon sun.

Finally we flew out over the South China Sea and began our descent for a straightaway landing at Kai Tak Airport, a strip built on fill out into Kowloon Bay, because there was no more room in teeming Hong Kong for people, let alone jets.

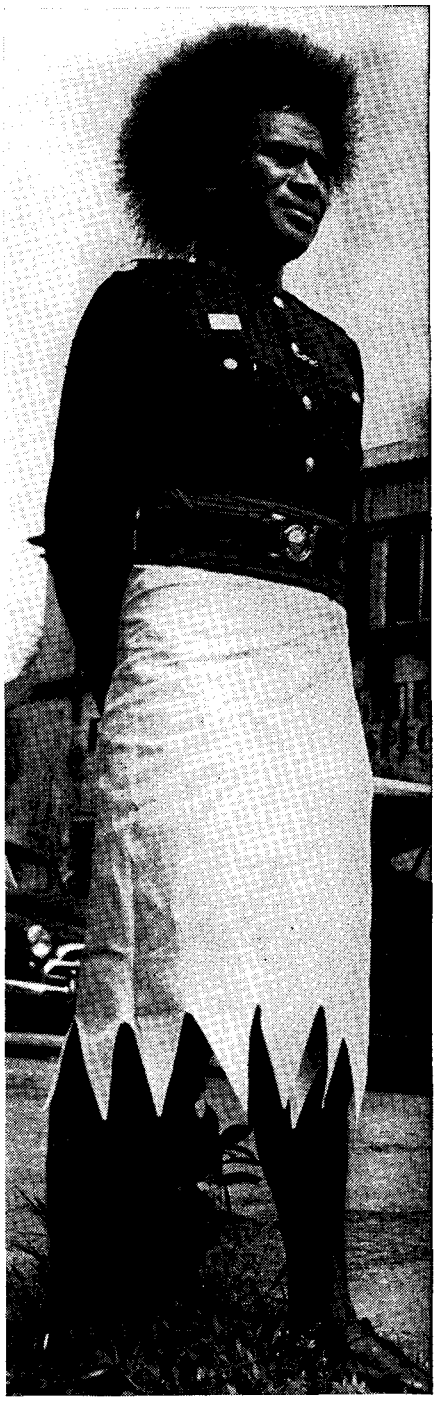
The approach to the airport is through a narrow pass between the mountains of Hong Kong Island and the mainland, opening like beckoning arms. The impression of refuge is instantaneous, and it is valid. On every mountainside rise towering apartment houses and resettlement projects designed to cope with the burden of refugees from the Chinese mainland. There were 900,000 people in Hong Kong at the close of World War II; today that number is more than quadrupled.

Chia seemed to sense what I was thinking as our jet taxied to the Kai Tak terminal. "It is very crowded here, and for millions of these Chinese there is no escape," he said. "We have a desperate labor shortage in Australia but we do not accept the Oriental immigrant. Do you find that interesting?"

"Myself," he went on, "I am fortunate to go and come and to have my own business in Australia. It is because my mother arranged for a temporary visa to visit Australia at just the proper time, and I was born an Australian citizen. She was wise, yes? She helped both to solve the crowding of China and labor shortage of Australia."

For many Pacific nations, tourism presents a major hope for continuing prosperity. This is especially true in the islands of the South Pacific. Phosphate is almost mined out of Tahiti, and gold and silver in the Fijis. Nickel cannot last forever in New Caledonia. The lure of such islands to colonial masters is fading. Their major hope for self-sufficiency is tourism. In this they are finding they must work together, for distances are so great that visitors want to make circle tours and see many parts of the South Pacific in one journey.

The potential is enormous. From the New Zealand Alps to the temples of Thailand's mountainous Chiang Mai, across an expanse of sparkling sea



Fiji policeman patrols downtown Suva.

known to few outsiders, there are new airports, new hotels, and tour guides learning foreign languages. Partly in anticipation of the jumbo jets, hotel accommodations are being doubled and tripled in many areas. The three largest U.S. hotel chains operating in Asia are in the midst of a 50 per cent expansion over a two-year period. The seeds of Pacific tourism are found not only in the American booms in affluence and leisure, but in similar upturns in Japan and elsewhere in Southeast Asia. Then there are the 750,000 U.S. servicemen who have been flown out of Saigon on rest-and-recre-

(*Continued on page 94*)

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CHARTING THE WIDE PACIFIC: FIJI TO THE PHILIPPINES

	AMBIANCE	LODGING	NOURISHMENT	BEST BUYS	DIVERSIONS
FIJI	British raj with Indian flavor. Broad, smiling welcome.	Maughamesque Grand Pacific in Suva. Shoreline air-conditioned native bure-style resorts. Single, $6-14; double, $10-19. European Plan, minimal tipping.	British colonial and Indian pungent in Fiji; superior French and Chinese in Tahiti. Otherwise, cleave to the hotels. All islands drink tongue-numbing, non-alcoholic, indigenous brew, an unholy mixture of water and ground pepper tree roots. Fijians call it yaqona, drink it with much hand-clapping. In Samoa, it's ava, and a sprinkling is offered to the gods. Other Polynesians call it kava. By any name, it can reduce knees to Pablum. Native feast is a merry-go-round of food, song, and dance. Main course is roast suckling pig, backed by breadfruit, baked coconut, poi, and fruits of the sea. Then a song-and-dance eruption.	Quick and inexpensive custom tailoring.	Shelling, band concerts, village songfests.
AMERICAN SAMOA	U.S.-run. Beskirted chiefs and educational TV; South Pacific's only zip code: 96920.	Pago Pago Inter-Continental. Air-conditioned, Polynesian. Single, $15-22; double, $18-25. E.P.; 10 per cent service. No tipping.		$200 duty-free allowance for imported and local wares.	Village sightseeing, deep-sea fishing, frenetic fire and knife dancing.
TAHITI	French tropical. Lazy, lax, and delightful despite buzz of 14,000 motor bikes.	Luxe hotels on lagoon with luxe prices. Single, $12-26; double, $13-32. E.P. Tipping forbidden.		French luxuries, hand-blocked pareu cloth, Orientalia, paintings.	Sunbathing, swimming, sightseeing, shopping, sidewalk-cafe loafing. Island-hop to Moorea, Bora Bora, Raiatea. Bars swing, hips swivel.
NEW ZEALAND	British Commonwealth with minimal style, limited elegance, glorious scenery.	Inter-Continental and South Pacific Hotels tops in Auckland; slim pickings elsewhere. Single, $8-14; double, $13-21. E.P.	Edible to tasty. Better hotels are no risk. Eat before 7:30. Rock oysters, local clams, Chinese gooseberries are seasonal delicacies but seldom on menus. Lamb anytime. Pubs open till 10; licensed restaurants to 11:30. Hotel guests served anytime.	Sheepskin rugs, Maori carvings. Wrinkle-proof deerskin coats are inexpensive, soft as suede.	North Island: golf, horse races. Waitomo for glowworms, Rotorua for Maoris, a flight over gurgling thermal landscape. South Island: Christchurch for garden-viewing. Sheep stations. Milford Sound by boat; Mt. Cook by ski plane. Cook Islands: Be the first on your block.
AUSTRALIA	Cosmopolitan capital of South Pacific, but still rough-edged.	Hotels luxe to opulent. Single, $5-18; double, $10-25, E.P.; scattered motels, minus liquor licenses.	Recent European waves brought batterie de cuisine. Say "rare" or expect cinders. Beer cheap, wine surprising.	Woolens, opals, kangaroo and sheepskin rugs, aboriginal crafts. A parrot?	Move around, travel's easy. Great Barrier Reef has Pacific's best snorkeling, scuba-diving, fossicking. Seven o'clock penguin-walk on Phillip Island. Gold Coast glitters like Miami Beach.
HONG KONG	Throbbing British Crown Colony of five million Chinese, Europeans, and Americans hard by the Bamboo Curtain.	Some of the Orient's most luxurious hotels. Single, $12-27; double, $16-32. E.P. plus 12 per cent service and tax.	Western, Continental, and 57 varieties of Chinese. Out of sight in everything but price. Even British tastes good. Arrange a private Chinese feast, minimum ten courses, for an all-evening show. Discover your own small, unpretentious restaurant. Try a do-it-yourself Mongolian barbecue.	Prices are 10-15 per cent lower than any other shopper's paradise. U.S. citizens now allowed to bring home $100 worth of Communist China goods, so a new world of hand-embroidered silks, jade, and art objects has opened wide.	Between fittings—do have them—try the view from the Peak, the New Territories, Repulse Bay. Have a look into Red China from Lok Ma Chau. Hydrofoil to Portuguese Macao.
JAPAN	The Emperor symbolizes constitutional state; the, Prime Minister and Cabinet run it. Floor-oriented society. Hectic, but still thoughtful.	Western-style metropolitan hotels are English-speaking, Saran-wrapped functional, but service with a bow. Single, $13; double, $16. E.P. plus 10 per cent service, 10 per cent tax. Best tranquilizer is traditional ryokan inn, $7-32 per person for a tatami-matted room, or two, with veranda and two meals.	Seafood and noodles are staples. Western and other dishes available in major cities. Try hand-massaged, beer-fed Kobe beef, Ise prawns, Tabara crab, a Buddhist vegetarian meal, a Mongolian barbecue. Sake is local painkiller. Beer is tops; local Scotch good.	Other than cameras, transistors, mini-TVs, silks, and pearls: inexpensive plastic surgery, prints, swords, screens, secondhand kimonos, lunchboxes (bentos), porcelain, art pottery.	Go temple-hopping, take an ikebana lesson, have a bath. Cruise across Inland Sea to Beppu for hot-sand sauna and a look at community run by monkeys. Learn the tea ceremony, go moon-viewing, tour a silk factory. Marvel at rebirth of Hiroshima. Climb Japan Alps.
PHILIPPINES	Pearl of the Orient. Malay/Spanish elegance and no-strings hospitality despite pistol-packing vigilantes.	Inter-Continental, Hilton, and Sheraton have landed at Manila Bay. Single, $12-21.50; double, $16-21.50. Other inns and resorts cost somewhat less. 10 per cent service added to bill.	Corn, camotes, and purple rice. Lechon, roast suckling pig, is piece de resistance; marienda, a very high tea. Adobo, spicy mix of chicken, pork, beef; sinigang, meat or fish stew with vegetables. Mangoes, papayas, bananas, and the marble-sized, sweeter-than-lemon calamansi.	Shells from Zamboanga, blue osmena pearls from the chambered nautilus, antique Moro brassware. Cigars and Panama hats. Tissue-thin Kapa shell place mats.	Sunsets in very Spanish Zamboanga, rapids-shooting at Pagsanjan Falls. Barrio fiestas, Sunday cockfights, weekend racing, the white beaches of Bataan. —LYNN BEAUMONT.

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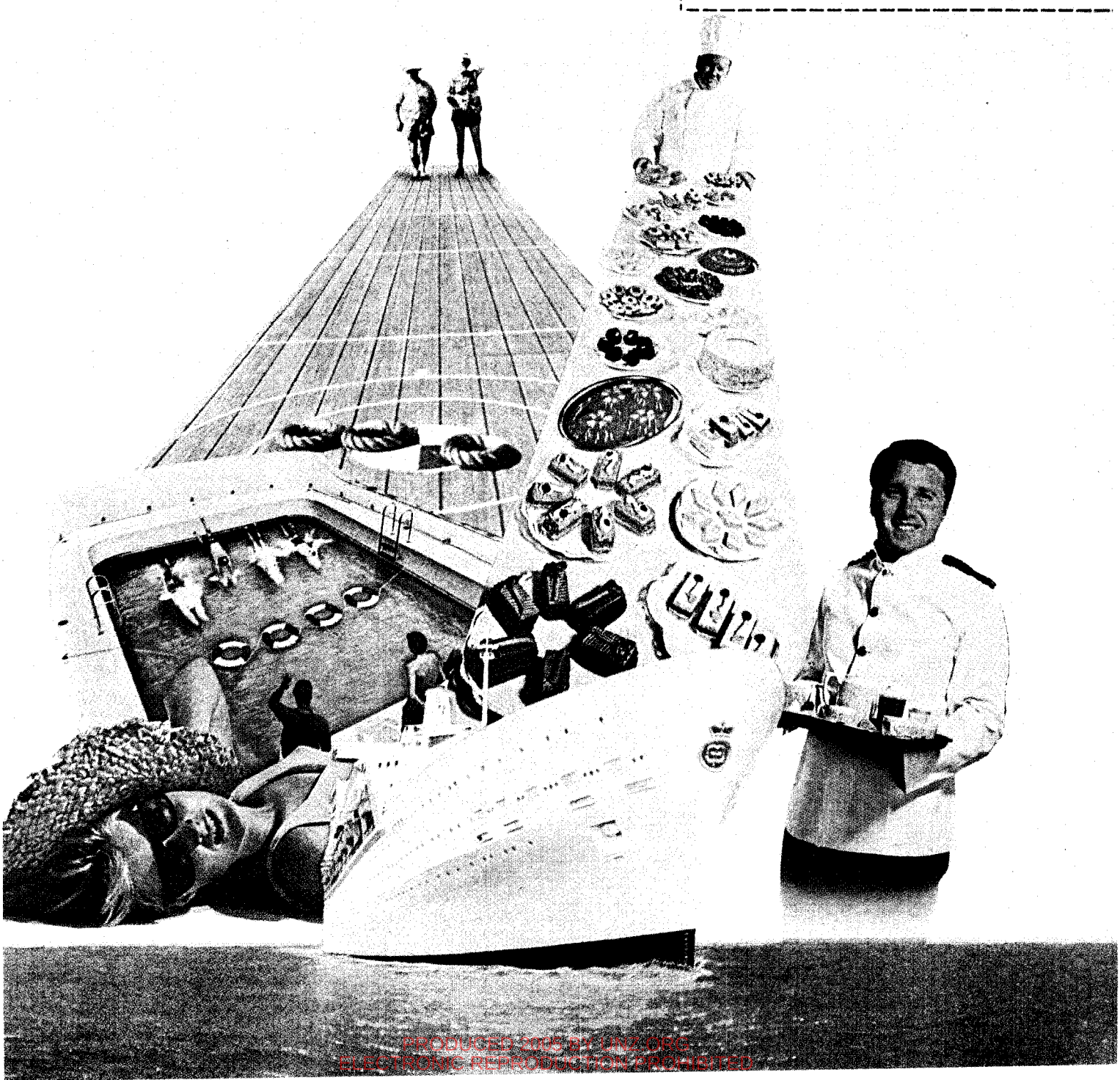

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Act 1, Scene 1: The Changing of the Guard, Buckingham Palace, 11.30 a.m.

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Where Churchill spoke

Act 2: A debate in the House of Commons. Most visitors are content to stare at the awesome Gothic pile of the Mother of Parliaments from the outside. *You* be a little adventurous and go inside. Listen quietly to the debate from the Strangers' Gallery where Clemmy Churchill watched her Winston not so very long ago.

Where Elizabeth was sceptred and crowned

Act 3: The great abbey at Westminster, the family church of English kings. This glory of early English architecture

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continued from previous page

comes alive several times daily when services are held. To hear the great organs roll Bach's Toccata in D around the vast nave is the experience of a lifetime.

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*(Subject to ratification by Governments concerned.)

A color party of Her Majesty's Foot Guards pacing the forecourt of Buckingham Palace.

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HAWAII '69:

Beauty and the Bulldozer

by Scott C. S. Stone

■ Hawaii, whatever you've heard to the contrary, is a fable for our time. It is a mood, a poem, a slow dawn, stars reflected in the water. It is a smell, a sigh, the curve of reef. It is a taste, a look, a sound of palm leaves in the wind.

Hawaii is old men with watery eyes playing checkers under the hau trees at Kuhio Beach; it is sun-baking dowagers breakfasting on eggs Benedict at the Halekulani before going onto the hot sand. It is flashing young surfers at Makaha, dreaming of world championships, and it is four talented Hawaiians ("a thousand pounds of melody") making magic at dusk with languor and charm in their voices. Hawaii is an indolent day blending swiftly into a night so beautiful it pings, like crystal.

Yes, and Hawaii is the maddening traffic jams at 7:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.; it is the clangor of jackhammers in early morning Waikiki, and steel skeletons jutting up at every turn. It is a bulldozer, baring the land for a new subdivision, and it is the pile driver hammering pillars into the basalt that lies beneath the surface of the islands.

It is variety. From the bleak and desolate slopes of volcanic Mauna Kea, which wears a white cap of snow in winter at its nearly 14,000-foot altitude, the wind sweeps down across a lush rain forest in Puna, or moves gently across the tropical Kona Coast or toward the rugged ranch country of Kohala—and all this on one island. As with the land, Hawaii's people are so varied that there is no such thing as a typical Hawaiian.

Like James Cook, I saw the islands from the deck of a ship at dawn. They were north and northeast, high islands, blue in the backlighting of a brilliant sunrise. My discovery was made in 1954, 176 years after that great English navigator went ashore on Kauai. In the nearly two centuries since Cook, the islands have experienced diseases that reached epidemic proportions, revolt, annexation, the whalers from New England, the missionaries, the tyranny and paternalism of the sugar barons, statehood, war, the hefty clout of a big labor union, monarchs who ranged from the brilliant to the stupid, and the division of land that left a disproportionate share of the islands under the control of a handful of early families.

In the fifteen years since I discovered Hawaii, the islands have experienced two massive shock waves. One was the sudden and swift building boom encouraged by developer-oriented state legislatures and Honolulu city councils. The other was the deluge of thousands of tourists into islands not quite ready for them. The two explosions are related in the effect they have had on the islands.

Which came first, the hotels or the tourists, is arguable. The result was visible though: In 1968, more than a million tourists (the Hawaii Visitors Bureau prefers to call them visitors) came pouring into Hawaii to sample the sun and sand and the much-touted carefree tropical indolence. Some of them found it. Others looked out of their hotel rooms and saw a gang of workmen building a hotel beside their window.

Many tourists took away unfavorable impressions. Their disappointment, spread by word of mouth, combined early last summer to send a ripple of fear throughout the hotel and tour industries in the islands. At the start of the summer there were 23,000 hotel rooms in Hawaii, most of them in Waikiki. Within the next two or three years there will be another 8,000 rooms. But for the first time since the great hotel boom began, the occupancy rate dropped from 1968's 80 per cent to about 70 per cent. It was the first spring when there seemed to be room in the hotels for the coming summer.

Another reason for the drop is the tremendous amount of speculative building based on earlier occupancy rates. A third reason is the "See America First" campaign pushed by the Johnson Administration, which brought tourists to Hawaii who might have gone to Europe. Now that the pressure seems to be waning, the tourists *are* going to Europe. Price is another factor. The high cost of living in Paradise is felt by all. Hawaii residents live in the most expensive state in America, according to all recent surveys. They

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also pay the highest taxes. Much of that tax money goes into facilities designed primarily for use by the tourists, and this has produced a rumble of discontent from residents. One who is attempting to do something about it is Frank Fasi, who last November became the first Democrat to be elected mayor of Honolulu in fourteen years.

Mayor Fasi, whose political specialty is keeping his ear tuned to his constituency, has suggested a tourist tax be imposed to relieve local residents of some of the tax burden. He called for a tax on hotel rooms, such as that imposed in some other American cities. Most hotelmen bellowed with rage, the city council was notably unenthusiastic, as were people in the hotel-building business. At this writing the tourist tax seems about as remote as a blizzard in Waikiki, but Mayor Fasi has no penchant for surrender, and such a tax could come about. If and when it does, there will be shards of political careers strewn about the state.

This year the hyperactive Hawaii Visitors Bureau, one of the most efficient publicity outfits in the country, is facing, Januslike, in two directions. It is looking toward the continued low-budget tour business, but also has started after the more affluent tourists, the jet-setters, by advertising in the top magazines. The HVB finds no contradiction in this approach. Steadfastly it denies trying to "save" Hawaii from the flood of economy-tour visitors, but one HVB executive said candidly, "We want a better mix."

Tourism and the accompanying hotel boom have brought about a new milieu for Hawaii's 700,000 residents. To get away from an urban environment, many of them are forced to go to the outlying islands of Maui, Kauai, Molokai, and the "Big Island" of Hawaii. The residents of Honolulu become tourists themselves. For those unwilling or unable to get to the other islands, Honolulu has become a sort of tropical San Francisco. It is often charming, occasionally frustrating. It has most of the advantages of many other large cities, but the HVB and potential tourists might as well know the truth: It is not the South Seas anymore.

Only the islands' Pollyannas claim tourism hasn't hurt. The fact is that so much room has been given over to development that Hawaii's people are becoming concerned about green space. Local daily newspapers have full-time planning writers, and editorials frequently are full of alarm about new encroachments on what is left of the verdant landmarks of Oahu. A number of high-rise buildings have gone up in the vicinity of Diamond Head, that extinct volcano that has become Hawaii's symbol to the world. The Honolulu City Council got so worried about hotel development that it voted to buy thirty-two acres of private property on the slopes of Diamond Head and turn the area into a park. The council acted only after much pressure, and only when the problem became acute. But when it did act, it gave the city a blank check to buy the land at whatever cost, and at this writing the cost ranged from estimates of $13-million to $58-million.

Other landmarks have suffered. There is a high-rise building on the slopes of Punchbowl, the extinct volcano whose caldera contains the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific. There is a task force to save historic buildings in Honolulu, but the hour is too late for many of them. Ironically, one hotel that has become a landmark, the pink and prominent Royal Hawaiian Hotel, will itself be overshadowed soon by a new building development that will put a thirty-one-story 1,800 room hotel right next door.

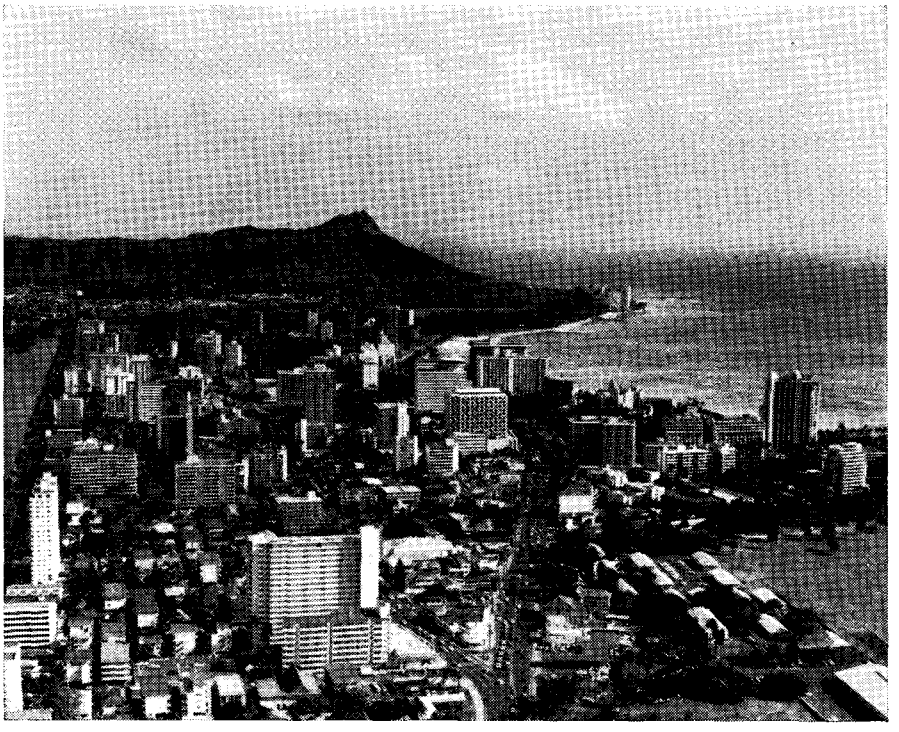
Incredibly, there is the beginning of a pollution problem, both in air and water. Housing is scarce and new housing can cost as much as 50 per cent more than the same house would in the continental United States. Public schools are not as good as they could be, and traffic problems stay just ahead of all attempts to catch up with them.

So the tourists of 1969 look at less greenery and more concrete than they did in 1959. The cost of living has brought out the avarice in some local merchants, whose markup of goods and services far outdistances the shipping costs of materials to Hawaii from the West Coast. Tourists who have fled from smog are sure to be disillusioned occasionally, when the prevailing winds have died and exhaust fumes hang over Honolulu.

Yet, many of us could not imagine living elsewhere. No amount of building can disturb the rhythmic surge and ebb of the tide, or the white curling surf that glows like frost in the moonlight. No high-rise developments can completely shut out the great yellow sun, nor permanently block the northeast trade winds that stir the fragrance of pikake and plumeria about the green hills.

To enjoy these islands today demands a certain amount of realism on the part of resident and tourist alike. Both must accept the passing of the South Sea atmosphere, like the passing of one's youth. It was a marvelous time while it lasted, but it is gone. There is a new maturity about the islands now. Hawaii has grown up and taken its place in our time. In its maturity, it has become a place that can be enjoyed if approached without illusions. Hawaii is not Bora Bora, but neither is it New York. It is something in between, a tapestry of old and new, East and West, woven into a slightly abstract pattern that delights the eye.

Hawaii is no Xanadu, despite the pleasure domes etched against the vast sky. It is, in the end, just what the tourist wishes it to be if he has reached the realization that it is 1969 in Hawaii as elsewhere. He will find the superb beaches, but must be prepared to share



Worried city planners hope to rescue Diamond Head from concrete invasion.

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them with an ever-increasing number of fellow tourists. He will enjoy the vast spaces of the big island of Hawaii, if he remembers to reserve a rental car well in advance. He will be challenged by any of the eighteen golf courses, but may have to wait his turn on the tee. He will luxuriate in the tropical climate of the Kona Coast, but may have to sleep somewhere else if he has not reserved a room. He will delight in the great variety of restaurant food, but may get a mild jolt when he looks at the check. He will be moved by the majesty of some remote parts of the islands, but may not find them unless he has a friend in the islands who will take him there, because tour buses ignore many of the finer scenes and vistas on practically all islands. If he is a discerning tourist, he will be struck by the kaleidoscopic aspects of Hawaii: One turns from the serenity of lonely Kalalau Valley to the kinetic pace of urban Honolulu, from the aloof beauty of Maui's Haleakala to the ennui of Hilo.

Captain James Cook found many delights in the Hawaii he discovered, but no more than I found in my own discovery. For me, Hawaii's high islands still loom out of the sea, a landfall to be welcomed by any explorer.

BEST BETS IN A LINGERING PARADISE

OAHU—The hub of things in the North Pacific, 600 square miles notable for Waikiki and Honolulu, two great harbors, pineapple, and sugar. Honolulu hums and buzzes, glitters and sparkles. It has the best restaurants. It is the island for the urbanite, for the sophisticate, and the gourmet. Waikiki is not yet a Miami Beach, with which it constantly is being compared, but is on the way. Enjoy it soon, before the charm is gone. Recommended: the Kahala Hilton, picnics in Kapiolani Park, the Makaha Inn, Sea Life Park, the Bishop Museum.

MAUI—Only twenty-eight minutes by air from Honolulu, Maui is populated by chauvinists who, at the drop of a coconut hat, will exclaim "*Maui no ka oi*," meaning Maui is the best. It does have good beaches and a towering, 10,000-foot volcano called Haleakala, the House of the Sun. While the crowds go to Lahaina, the whaling-plantation-tourist town, you could pack a lunch and go on up the Napili coast, or hole up at the Napili Kai Hotel, where sun and swimming make it all worthwhile. Hana, the resort at the other end of Maui, is one of nature's finest moments, green and tropical, yet accessible. Probably the Sheraton-Maui at Kaanapali is the best known hotel on the island, but I shall stay with the folks up at Napili, because that's what the islands are all about. Recommended: dining at Pineapple Hill restaurant, golfing at Sheraton-Maui's championship course, browsing just once through Lahaina, overnighting in the cabins inside Haleakala, after going in via horseback.

KAUAI—Captain Cook landed here and was treated as a god; the tourists meet almost the same reception. They seem to be genuinely liked here instead of merely tolerated, as on Oahu. There are two great attractions: Waimea Canyon, a sort of small-scale Grand Canyon, and the lovely, lost valley of Kalalau. The latter can be reached only by helicopter, after a heart-pounding ride along the rugged Napali Cliffs. The helicopter can put you on a broad, sandy beach at the foot of the cliffs, where there are several caves caused by sea erosion and a 200-foot thundering waterfall. You can count on being alone almost all of the time. The affluent fly in for lunch, but you can stay as long as you like in this ideal camping spot. Deep in the valley are terraced lava rocks that mark the site of a native village, abandoned long ago. The valley is alive with goats and wild pig, lush with tropical fruits and trees. Towns on Kauai are entirely forgettable: it is the countryside that makes it popular with other islanders. Recommended: the Kalalau Valley helicopter trip (hotels can arrange it). Waimea Canyon, Hanalei for gracious hotel living, the bar of the Kauai Surf for local color, and a visit as far as you can get up the slopes of Mt. Waialeale, so you can say you've seen the world's wettest spot, with an average annual rainfall of 486.1 inches.

MOLOKAI—Once known as the Lonely Island, still not visited by many tourists. The new Hotel Molokai is plush but not vast, and the venerable Seaside Inn, while a Molokai institution, can't handle more than a few people at a time. This is an island for campers and sportsmen, though, ranging from the convenient beach parks to the rugged Halawa Valley, surrounded by cliffs that reach up 3,600 feet and accessible only to the hardy. There are deer in the mountains, and wild pig. The island is crossed by dirt roads that lead from hunting area to hunting area, but should be avoided by the casual tourist. Recommended: Go to the Motel Molokai to sleep, read, and catch your breath. Sit on the peaceful *lanai* (terrace) of the Seaside Inn and watch for whales that sometimes play off Kaunakakai Harbor.

HAWAII—The island is Bali Ha'i if there ever were one, and four times the size of Oahu, or as big as all the other islands put together. Five volcanos built this ruggedly beautiful land, and it still is growing, with volcanic eruptions averaging one a year and occasionally adding new land to the shoreline. The Puna district is a rain forest; Kau is a lava desert; Kohala is the Wyoming of the Pacific, replete with Hawaiian cowboys and its own folklore; Kona is tropical coasts and coffee plantations. And up between the volcanoes Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa lies a lava-scarred desert so desolate and bare the Army uses it for artillery practice and infantry training.

This island can be overwhelming and should be seen leisurely. One of the best ways is by camper or in a rental car. If you choose a car, make sure you have hotel reservations, or take along a sleeping bag. Campsites are frequent and first-rate. The night life, primarily in Kona, can be deadly, but so what. Recommended: marlin fishing off Kona, brunch at the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, a Jeep trip into remote Waipio Valley, a long look at Kilauea volcano and the surrounding countryside, an outing on the Hamakua Coast, especially at Laupahoehoe Point. There are sheep in the mountains and whales off Upolu Point. Those in shape for it can tackle Mauna Kea, nearly 14,000 feet of rugged mountain, but worth the view from the top. Most hotels are excellent, among them the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, Volcano House, the Naniloa, and the King Kamehameha. —S.C.S.S.

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STORM OVER MICRONESIA

by Frank Riley

■ Pernell said to Matt Mix, "Let's pound tonight." Matt asked, "Where?" "Let's pound at the Mayor's house," Pernell suggested. "We'll be there," Matt said. And that's the way a sakau party begins on the rain forest island of Ponape, in the Eastern Carolines of Micronesia.

Pernell is a Ponapean. Matt is a Peace Corps volunteer much beloved by the Ponapeans. I was a wandering journalist befriended by Matt and other volunteers who had found me a place to sleep on the floor of a native family's home. People had come that day from villages all over the island—by boat, on motor scooter, and afoot—to cheer for the Kolonia Comets or the Sokehs Sluggers in the Ponape District's World Series.

Late that night, in a clearing of jungle behind the Mayor's house, sakau root was pounded to a pulp on a flat stone and squeezed through hibiscus bark. Properly prepared, sakau has the consistency of old gray egg yolk, with some of the more salubrious properties of novocain and marijuana. The first euphoric squeezings were collected in half a coconut shell and respectfully given to the Mayor. He cupped the shell in both hands and brought it to me. "*Kaselehlia*," he said.

Kaselehlia is a word of subtle nuance. It can be hello or good-by, a greeting to a friend, a word of peace to a stranger you pass on the trail. Essentially it expresses the spirit of hospitality and graciousness bred into a Ponapean child. The Mayor of Kolonia, capital of the Ponape District, was saying: "Welcome to Ponape, welcome to my home."

Kaselehlia is a fragile word, fragile as the flower petals of the thoughts it expresses. Like other delicate words of the Pacific world, it can be so easily perverted, commercialized, destroyed.

At home in Palm Springs, I often think of *kaselehlia* as I see threatening clouds building on the horizons of Micronesia. It is a micro world of some 97,000 people scattered across three million square miles of water on islands that add up to only 700 square miles of livable land. Fewer than 100 of 2,141 islands are inhabited. This is the strategic trust territory the United States has held under U.N. mandate since the end of World War II.

FRANK RILEY, traveler, adventurer, and writer, has a soft spot for the Pacific.

Ponape women's association convenes meeting outside a church at Kolonia.

The clouds are being seeded now at a frenetic rate to meet the onrushing needs of such disparate interests as the U.S. military, the $60-billion a year world tourist industry, and Micronesia's own desperately thin economy, one almost totally debilitated by the zoo keeper philosophy that characterized most of the first two decades under the U.S. Trust Territory Administration.

This fall the jet landing strip on Ponape, an on-again-off-again project, is scheduled for completion. This would mean four stops a week by the Boeing 727 jets of Continental's Air Micronesia. They've provided dependable service for over a year now between Honolulu and Saipan, but have had to overfly Ponape on the leg between Kwajalein and Truk. Air Micronesia's old SA16 flying boats have maintained schedules with remarkable regularity between Truk and Ponape. They fly low through the weather, landing in lagoons at both ends of the run with fifteen passengers and whatever small items of freight and/or mail can be squeezed under the cargo net in the cabin area just aft of the copilot's seat. Dub Bedford, a rugged-looking master mechanic from Abilene, Texas, is third man of the crew and the one who is supposed to inquire, "Coffee, tea, or me?"

The SA16, with as many passengers wait-listed as it can carry, has been costly for Continental but beneficent for Ponape. The spirit of *kaselehlia* is not necessarily compatible with mass tourism, or with tourism of any significance that comes to Micronesia before the island peoples themselves are able to control it for their own needs. Dwight Heine, a Marshall Islander and the first Micronesian to achieve district administrator status under the Trust Territory Administration, warned a couple of years ago: "We know we're going to be invaded by tourists, but the question is—will we have time to prepare for the coming storm?"

For a while most of Air Micronesia's passengers will continue to be government, military, business, and Peace Corps personnel, with a minor but steadily growing percentage of tourists. Nearly 17,000 tourists are expected for the current calendar year, compared to 12,500 last year—a boomlet, but manageable. By 1974, on the basis of present trends and planning of facilities, the number could grow to 97,000 a year. They would bring in approximately $7-million, an aid to the economy but by no means the magic panacea too many Trust Territory officials still wistfully expect tourism to be.

The number could leap beyond present estimates, and so add to the clouds of a threatening storm. Japanese tour operators, who are expected to provide most of the traffic during the early phases of touristic development, have ambitious plans to become active again in the islands controlled by Japan between World Wars I and II. The U.S. Trust Territory Administration apparently doesn't intend to give them too much of a head start, having just approved a unique, exclusive, long-term contract with Micronesia Tours, Inc.

Micronesia Tours, Inc., is headed by the enterprising Kent Harris, whose Travelworld, Inc., of Los Angeles has been the Pacific area's biggest tour wholesaler. Harris's plans are in the full-blown tradition of mass tourism. They envisage assistance in hotel development, operation of cruise ships, air-conditioned buses, and even glass-bottomed boats so that tourists can drift across luminescent lagoons and ogle the sunken, rusting horrors of World War II. Part of the rarity of this contract is that it was negotiated so soon after President Nixon dispatched Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel to ascertain how the Microne-

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sian people wanted to develop their own future.

There is unquestionably a new urgency to do something about Micronesia at highest government levels in Washington and Saipan. When President Nixon took office, Trust Territory High Commissioner William B. Norwood turned in a courtesy resignation. He had been appointed by Lyndon Johnson in 1966 and had built a reputation as a concerned administrator who was forced to spend half his time trying to persuade Washington to give him a more adequate budget. He'd hoped to stay in office until June 30 in order to effect a smoother transition of administration. On February 25, he received a radiogram from Secretary Hickel advising him his resignation had been accepted, effective in three days.

Nixon's choice of a replacement, one of two recommended by Hickel, was Edward E. Johnston, Hawaii State Republican Party chairman, successful Honolulu insurance man, onetime lieutenant governor of Hawaii. Almost immediately, Johnston went before the United Nations to help other administration spokesmen outline "bold new plans" for Micronesia: road building, health services, communications, freer trade and travel relations, more Micronesians in responsible positions of the Trust Territory Administration. The annual Trust Territory budget, originally projected to reach $38-million by 1971, has been raised to $41.6-million for the current fiscal year.

The new urgency comes at a time when two forces that will profoundly influence present and future generations of Micronesians are on what easily could become a collision course. One is a thrust for independence, mounting as inevitably in Micronesia as it has everywhere in areas of political and economic colonization. The other is the reality that the U.S. military may soon have to give up bases in Okinawa, the Philippines, and South Vietnam. With major military installations already deeply rooted in Kwajalein and Guam, the Pentagon is looking over Micronesian islands, especially those in the Palau District, as likely replacements for its next ring of Pacific bases.

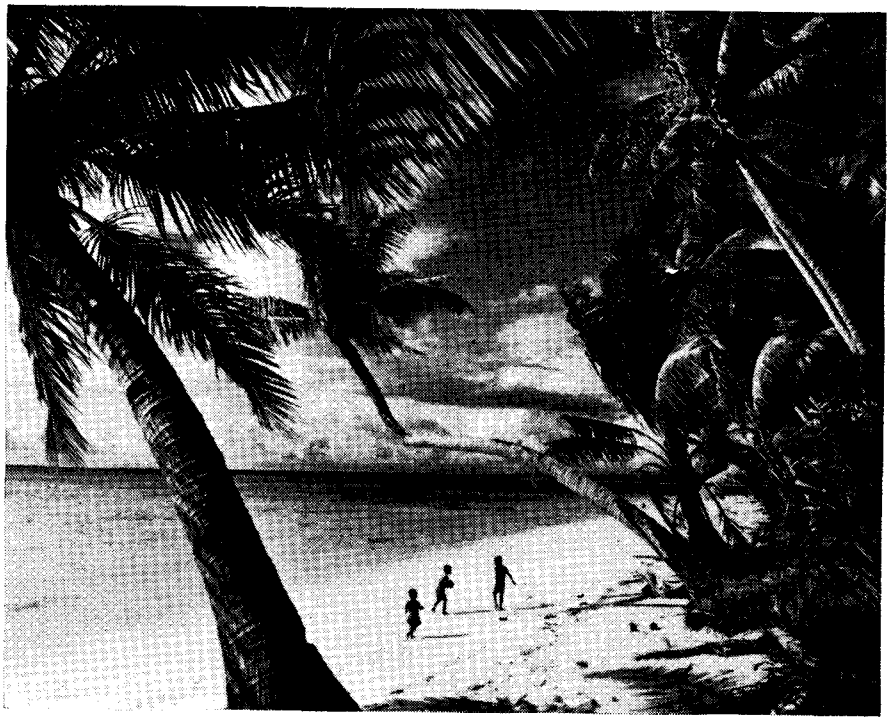
Secretary Hickel managed to arrive in Saipan as emissary for President Nixon during the first week in May, precisely when a six-man commission of the Micronesian Congress was to present its long-awaited recommendations and requests for future political status. The Secretary brushed aside questions about possible military sites. "I don't know if the Defense Department wants bases out here," he said. "I'm out here to find out what the Micronesians want and what we can do to help solve their problems."

With Hickel on his fact-finding mission were three military representatives: Al Kuhn, international security affairs official with the Defense Department; Tom Stockton, associated with the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and Navy Captain Larry Budnick. Lt. Gen. Lewis W. Walt, former commander of the Marines in Vietnam, had conducted his own fact-finding mission a few weeks earlier. The General was particularly impressed with Babelthuap, largest island of the Palau District, with varied terrain for airstrips, open maneuvers, and jungle training. "It's 500 miles from the Philippines, 1,000 miles from Australia," Walt said, "and there are hundreds of islands around for amphibious maneuvers. It might be just what we need."

Palau District legislators don't agree. They feel that islands still littered with scrap iron from World War II can't be improved by further military maneuvers. They've unanimously adopted a resolution that a military base would not be in the best interest of Palauan people.

Secretary Hickel heard the six-man commission of the Micronesian Congress present a moderate compromise proposal based on "two inescapable realities: the need for Micronesian self-government and the fact of long-standing American interest in the area." Along with internal self-government, they asked for continuation of U.S. aid and agreed in return to "enter into responsible negotiations with the military, endeavoring to meet American requirements while protecting our own interests." Secretary Hickel promised "a full partnership that begins today," and the thousand people crowded into Saipan's Mt. Carmel High School departed in an aura of goodwill.

The rising generation of Micronesians, and many of their over-thirty elders, won't bend so easily. Many Americans died on their islands in World War II, but to Micronesians they came not as liberators but simply as the latest in a succession of occupying powers that began when Magellan arrived in 1521, and they brought bloodshed and destruction on a scale the islands have seldom known. Early Spanish padres and their military co-



Though progress threatens, there is still a paradise to be found in Micronesia.

proselytizers did at one time kill off most of the men on Guam, sparing the women in order to convert them, among other reasons. A whaling ship did wipe out the entire male population of Ngatik, without even the rationale of converting the women. The Germans, who succeeded the Spaniards, used force to put down a rebellious or warlike island now and then, but in centuries when communications across this vastness of the Pacific often took years, and sometimes never were received, isolated historical instances soon melded into folklore and mythology.

There was nothing mythological about World War II, though. Toadao Ngotel, a Palauan now studying at the East-West Center in Honolulu, was thirteen years old when U.S. troops

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hit the beaches of Peleliu. "Who decides," he asks, "whether my children will have to face the same experiences I went through? Does General Walt's tour signal another war to be waged on our shores and in our jungles?" Commenting on the compromise proposal for self-government with its quid pro quo of military bases, he protests: "Our land area is too small. It's the most valuable asset we have. Take any of it away from us for bases or any other reason, regardless of method of compensation, and to that degree you have weakened our culture, destroyed our potential for economic and political independence."

Francisco Uludong, Palauan journalism senior at the University of Hawaii, speaks for many when he says: "Patience and hope are ebbing together in Micronesia. America must begin at once to decolonize our lands. Some say it's economically impossible for us to become independent, and maybe it's been planned that way. But it's a big lie, *the* big lie. We can't support what you call the affluent society, but we do have the human and natural resources to provide a life of dignity for our people."

Ngotel and Uludong represent the intellectual dissident in Micronesia. There are others more militant. I've heard Che quoted and seen Mao's little red book, carried by frustrated, angry young people whom America has educated and miseducated through what is loosely called an eighth-grade level, then dropped without much hope of further education or even a job into a limbo of nascent violence. "How high can you build the fences along your runways?" they ask. They're not about to settle for a future as bellhops at a Micronesian Hilton, or messboys at a Marine base.

You don't hear these voices in Saipan. The Congress of Micronesia represents to a considerable degree the old high-clan point of view, and its powers at best have been severely limited. Any legislative action can be vetoed by the high commissioner. One is blind to history if one fails to realize that a Vietnam could germinate swiftly in the lovely islands of Micronesia. It could happen if political decisions are hurried before the new generation can express itself, or before an economy is developed that will allow at least for realistic consideration of possible options to limited self-government and subsidies in exchange for military bases.

For me, the Palau District synthesizes the beauty, the promise, the hope, the despair, the challenge of Micronesia. There you'll find some of the best fishing and skin diving in the world. The white sand beaches of Peleliu, Kayangel, and other atolls are overwhelming enough to make you forget for a moment, and then never forget, the ultimate madness of war. Just under the surface of one tranquil lagoon, under water that shimmers with the jades and blues of coral and sky, is the nearly intact configuration of a Japanese Zero fighter plane. When a breeze ripples across the lagoon, the sharp details of the plane blur into the macabre shadow of a cross. One morning, after walking for hours along beaches tangled with the wreckage of U.S. tanks and landing craft, I found a stone marker on a grave in a cool, quiet cluster of trees and vines. The stone had been carved by a German settler just after the turn of the century, to mark the grave of his wife. It gave her name, the date of her birth in a faraway land. It recorded the date of her death on this lonely Pacific island. The epitaph was a one-word question: *Warum*? Why?

Micronesian boys grab a free lift.

For almost a quarter of a century, Micronesians have been questioning many phases of the American occupation and trusteeship. Glass-bottom boats designed to reveal the graveyards of war might well turn a profit for a tour operator, but this could be the quickest way to repel people of another culture.

There is much more to see than rusting scrap iron. The rock islands of Palau are sheer marvels of nature, carved into emerald mushrooms by the action of water on limestone and by a shellfish with magnetite iron teeth. Babelthuap, like Ponape, is a high island with one peak or another always crowned with rain clouds and rainbows.

Babelthuap represents far more than a potential military base. It could supply food to all of Micronesia, but has produced almost nothing since World War II. The roads and agriculture developed by the Japanese have long since disappeared under our trusteeship. Only a few scattered villages remain, subsisting on the sea. With roads gone to jungle, there would be no way to get produce from central valleys to the district center of Koror. I've gone around the entire island in a shallow-draft catamaran and could find no channel markings through the coral reefs. By contrast, there's a marked channel around Ponape, but only because young Peace Corps volunteers drove mangrove poles into living coral. Gordon and Patty Mote, an attractive young couple from Loma Linda University in Southern California, took me around Babelthuap. They are skin diving and studying poisonous fish for World Life Research, Inc., and their only navigational aids are a chart of the coral beds and a hand-held pocket compass. The rivers of Babelthuap teem with man-eating crocodiles that have multiplied unchecked over the decades.

The war-destroyed bridge that once spanned the narrow gap between Babelthuap and Koror has never been replaced. An aged landing craft churns slowly and irregularly back and forth to link traffic between Koror and the Air Micronesia landing strip on Babelthuap. It's easy to understand why Polycarp Basilius, a Palauan member of the Congress of Micronesia, can say with resignation: "We're frustrated with the Trust Territory government, and we accept the military because we think they can help us build roads."

After a typhoon hit Koror, children went to school without a roof for eighteen months. Much of Koror is an overcrowded corrugated tin jungle of a town. Youthful street gangs copy their weaponry from the old American movies. One month it's a length of chain; the next, a long knife that serves as a Roman sword. In the 1930s, Koror was a Riviera for well-to-do vacationers from Japan. The Japanese were often harsh occupiers, treating the Micronesians as *tomis*, a word which means both "natives" and "nothing." Yet many older Palauans would vote without a second thought to link their futures with Japan instead of the United States.

Nothing really happened out there, under either the Navy Department or the Department of the Interior, until John Kennedy became President. The biggest single expenditure up to that point was for a lavish $28-million CIA complex on Saipan, where for thirteen years Nationalist Chinese from Formosa were trained in top secrecy

(*Continued on page* 90)

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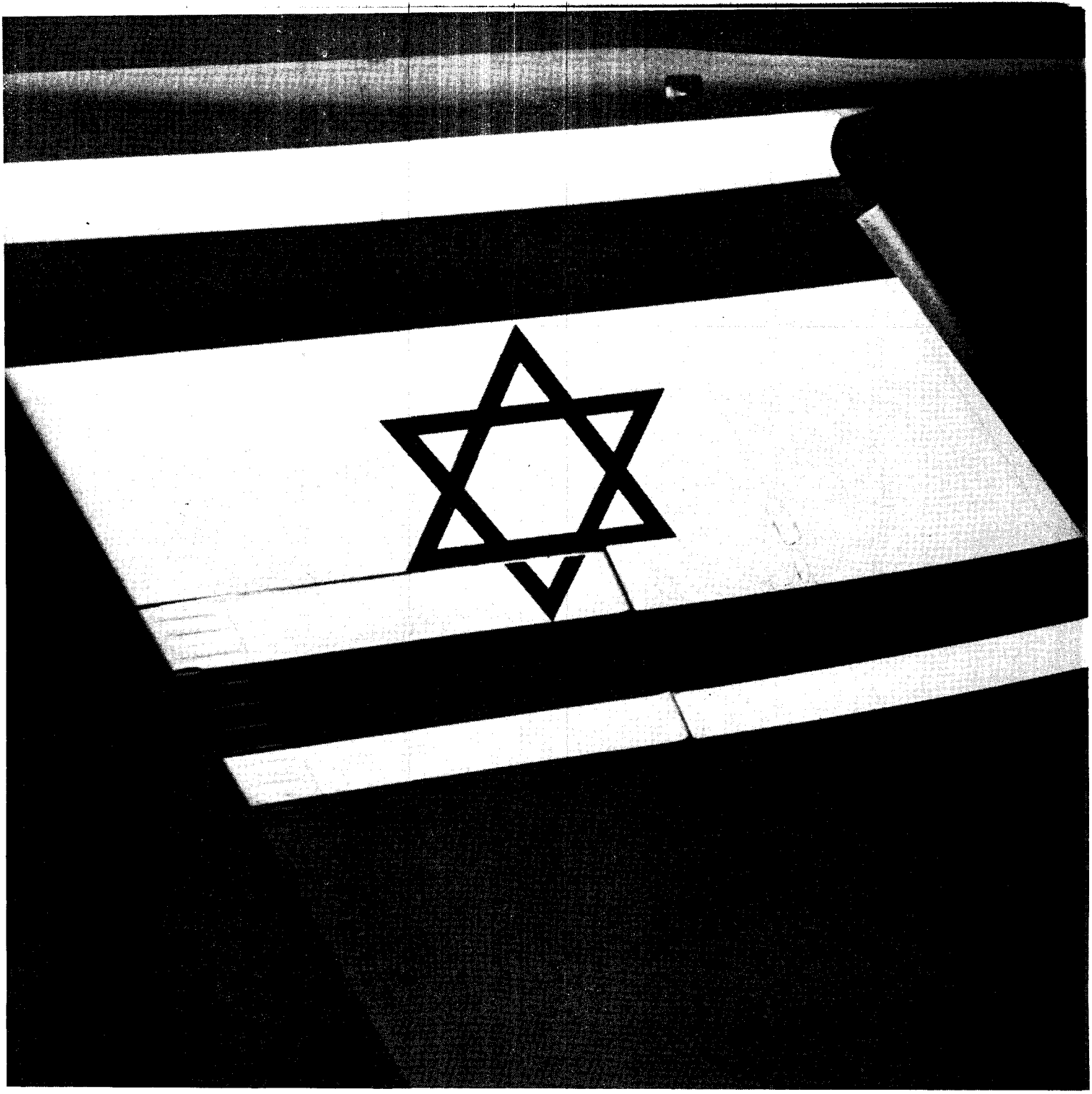

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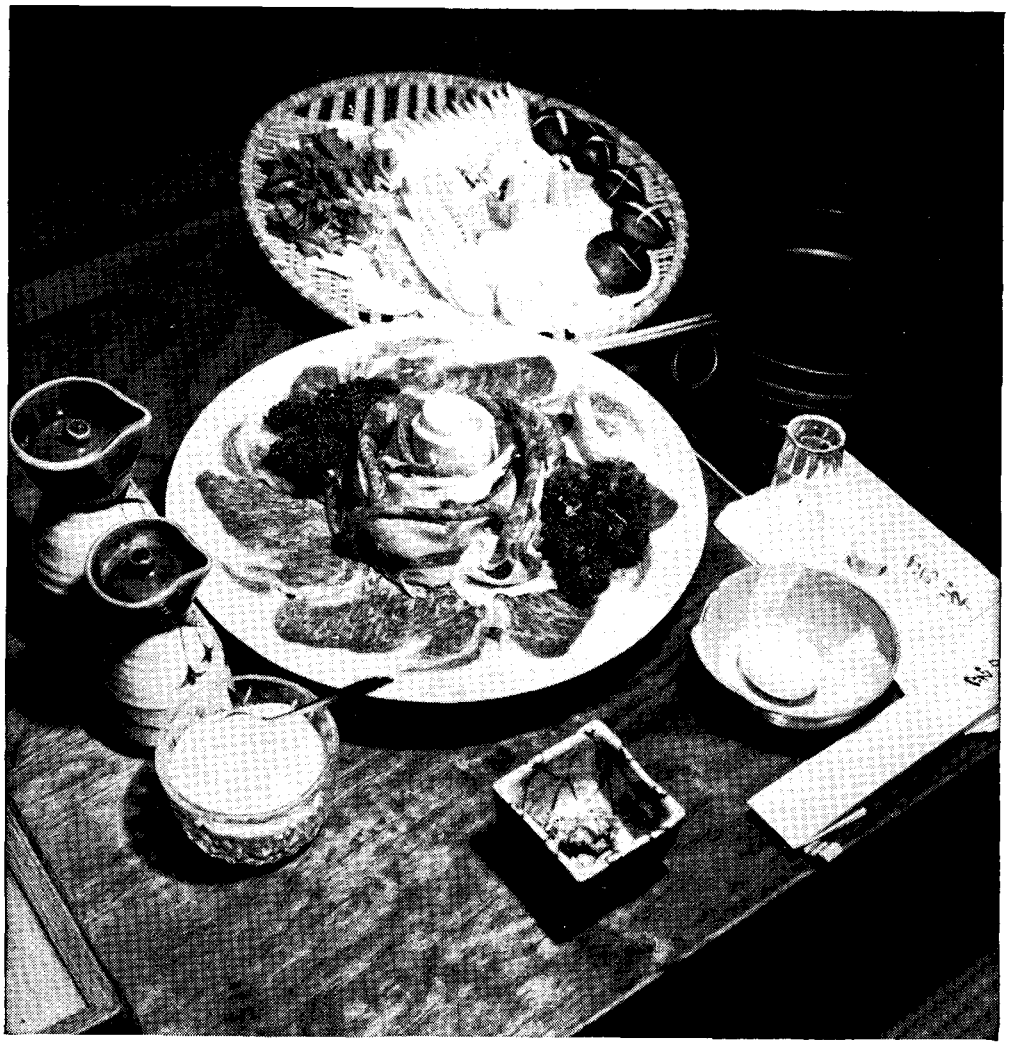

by Patricia Brooks

■ "S'kiyaki, spaghetti, steak?" I was struggling to keep communication channels open with the smiling waitress at an inn just outside Osaka. Our mutual efforts, due to my limited Japanese and her three-word command of English ("S'kiyaki, spaghetti, steak?"), were as bogged down as the Okinawa talks. Finally, after much gesturing and murmurs of "*hai*" ("yes"), my husband and I felt the point had been made.

When dinner arrived, and both of us were served sukiyaki, spaghetti, and steak, along with a gratuitous helping of giggles, we realized that there is something to be said for a quick course in the rudiments of Restaurant Japanese.

Many foreigners play it safe and stick to restaurants specializing only in sukiyaki, but that's missing half the fun and many fascinating dishes of Japanese cuisine. It's like a steady diet of coq au vin in France: good, surely, but hardly an index of the scope of dishes available.

Japan is a country of culinary specialization. You want *sushi*, the raw fish rolled in rice? There are restaurants just for *sushi*. Are broiled eels your weakness? Keep walking, and you'll find many small eateries specializing in *unagi* (eel) cookery. If you are hung up on *soba*, there are numerous noodle houses. Sardines, prepared a dozen different ways, are available too, packed under one roof in a restaurant specializing in nothing else.

You seldom need to know the language to enjoy an unusual meal. Many of the small specialty restaurants have a glass display case outside the door, with wax models of the food served inside. All that is required is a good pointing finger. Just beckon the waitress, show her what you would like, then follow her inside. Within minutes it's yours, tentacles and all.

Some of the most popular eateries are *tempura* bars. At pristine wooden counters, one can fill up on succulent shrimp, fish, and fresh vegetables, dipped in a delicate batter and lightly fried crisp. While *tempura* dining is usually informal, it can have its fancier side, as we discovered recently at the Inagiku, a slightly pretentious Tokyo restaurant. After a lengthy waiting period in a formal anteroom, we were ushered into the *tempura* "hall" and seated at an enormous circular bar. While we watched, the chef dipped, stirred, and fried an intriguing assortment, including crisply delicious chrysanthemum leaves. When his performance was finished, he turned to each of us and said, "Well, you enjoy selves? Good! Well, good-by now!" With that, the "magic" platform on which he was standing descended and he sank quickly out of sight. The other

PATRICIA BROOKS, a far-ranging gastronome, is coauthor of *The Presidents' Cookbook*.

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patrons witnessed this disappearing act with great solemnity.

Some restaurants serve only *tonkatsu* (grilled pork cutlet); others, such as the elegant Akahane, are famous for game in season and exotic wild mountain vegetables. Then there are the turtle restaurants. When an Old Japan Hand (OJH) threw down the challenge, "You can't claim to know anything about Japanese food until you've eaten turtle," I accepted, and we hustled off to a turtleorium on the outskirts of Kyoto. It was obviously an elite establishment. (Touchstones of the more rarefied restaurants are quickly evident to the trained Japanized eye: size and accouterments of the private *tatami*-matted dining rooms, exquisiteness of the garden and its visibility from each private room, elegance of the scroll and flower arrangement in the *tokonoma* [alcove].)

After a prolonged contemplation of the garden, a nodding and bobbing kimono-clad waitress entered our room, straining under a huge tureen of black bubbling liquid that looked as though it had been scooped up from the hot mud springs at Beppu. "Ah, the stew," burbled my friend, the OJH. "Ah, the pond," thought I. But I sloshed in, helping myself with real banzai spirit. Not bad. Not good, but not really bad. Hidden in the murkiness were two or three blubbery chunks of semi-chewable substance, which, I was assured by the OJH, was the turtle meat. Mud turtle, no doubt. That, with rice and *ocha* (Japanese green tea), was all. The bill at $18 for two was a pittance, according to OJH, for such a delicacy. I can't remember the name of the restaurant. I've repressed it, along with any desire for additional turtle testing.

Seafood, the national favorite in Japan, is served broiled, boiled, sautéed, grilled, or raw. *Sashimi* (raw fish) is a culinary revelation that no foreigner should miss. The best trial run for novices is probably *maguro* (lean tuna). Its delicate flavor and firm, pleasing texture make it extremely palatable. Thin slices, ultra fresh, of course, are dipped into a seasoned soy sauce with grated hot radish.

I am adventurous about seafood, but I draw the line at cuttlefish, raw or otherwise. This rubbery inner tube is a substance that defies my taste, teeth, and tender sensibilities. Yet its presence pursues me. Every time I turn around, some demonic waitress has slipped it to me in some guise or other —raw, smoked, and tinted apricot, masquerading as an exotic radish. I have yet to swallow it without a strong sense of gagging. My husband, on the other hand, insists that cuttlefish is an acquired taste, a delicious specimen. Maybe.

Bean curd is another matter. Strolling along the back lanes of the Ginza in Tokyo, trying to decide which of the many inviting little restaurants to pop into for a late post-Kabuki repast, my husband and I finally chose a tiny den. The chef, a cheerful young man, presided over a particularly aromatic collection of bubbling pots and grilled tidbits. We sat at the traditional long, unpainted cypress counter and, with our well-developed point-and-prod technique, dined happily on what turned out to be a full five courses of bean curd—grilled in soup with chopped scallions, custard (slippery and a bit bland), mashed with chopped shrimp and broiled, and formed with—yes—cuttlefish into steamed balls. For $2 each, with rice, tea, and beer, that's not bad for Japan these days.

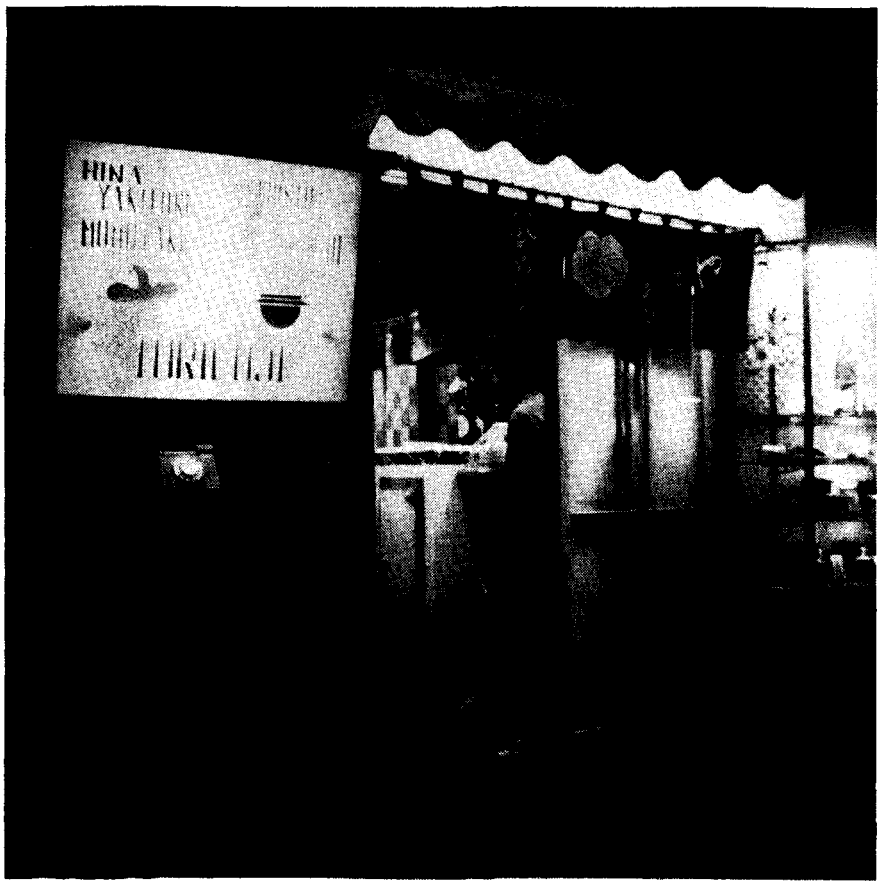
Along with the surprising variety of dishes come the equally surprising prices. Having been away for four years, I was forewarned by a friend who makes frequent business stopovers in Tokyo, "You might easily spend $100 for dinner for two. It's expense-account living all the way."

I was shocked to discover he was right. Our first few meals at old familiar haunts were astonishing. We paid far more for far less service and attentive presentation than in the past. We soon began to tread more carefully and discovered that it is possible, though difficult, to eat for $6 to $12 (for a complete meal with sake and/or beer) at a number of Japan's fairly well-known restaurants. (Since service charges and taxes usually amount to 20 per cent of the bill, there is virtually no tipping.)

First-time tourists would do well to forego the precious, little-known hideaways specializing in *Daimyo* (nobleman) cooking, which the Japanese so dearly love—unless one has the good fortune to be invited by a Japanese associate on the ubiquitous expense account. Such places—the Fukudaya in Tokyo, for instance—are as exclusive as New York's Brook Club. A recommendation by a Japanese patron is necessary to get a reservation. If one manages to secure a table, but arrives unaccompanied by a Japanese, one won't get the de luxe treatment anyway and will end up feeling frustrated and annoyed at the fantastic outlay of yen.

Despair not. Many fine restaurants exist where reservations and credentials are not important, and where a visitor may enjoy a pleasurable dining experience at not too great a cost. Some of the most appealing are the

(Continued on page 90)



Yaki-tori café—"some of the friendliest, most casual dining in Tokyo."

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THE SHIFTING SANDS OF BATANGAS

by P. J. Kersten

■ Whenever I was beset by a case of the Februaries, I consoled myself with memories of my own Shangri-la, an isolated half-mile stretch of fine white beach, accessible only by sea, on the Batangas coast in the Philippines.

Bamboo Beach, as it was called by the fishermen in the nearby village of Nasugbu, faced the China Sea, with steep, unscalable cliffs on three sides—a veritable sanctuary from the world. A decade ago, when I lived for a time in Manila, it was always a favorite Sunday diversion to drive with my husband and friends to Nasugbu, hire a fisherman to transport us, then spend a leisurely day swimming, shelling, and sunning on our very own preserve.

The drive from Manila south to Nasugbu took two hours, over the bumpiest road in Christendom. By banca, the native dugout canoe with outriggers and improvised sail, we glided around the jagged coast, past huge portrait rocks thrust upward from the sea, like Neptune's answer to Mount Rushmore. If the wind was with us, billowing the ragged sail, the ride to the serene cove of Bamboo Beach took fifteen minutes.

Fortified with a bottle or two of sparkling Burgundy in an ice bucket, a picnic hamper, swimsuits, and a beach umbrella, we were ready to play Robinson Crusoe for a day. By arrangement, the fisherman would return just before dusk and pilot us back. The wind was less accommodating in the evening, and the ride sometimes took forty-five minutes. We didn't mind. We were still savoring our solitude. Flushed from the sun (and perhaps a little from the wine), we relished the sea breezes and the beauty of the coral sunset. Manila Bay sunsets are prized as the most beautiful in the world, but I think they are matched by those we watched in our sails from Bamboo Beach.

When I revisited the Philippines this summer, I was soon straining to get away from scheduled appointments in Manila. Finally, I managed to corral a quartet of friends, and with beach bags and picnic lunches, we drove to Nasugbu. None of them had been there before. Like many sophisticated Manila Filipinos, they eschew beaches, preferring the private pools that now dot Manila's residential areas.

Though Manila has changed radically in ten years, the countryside is still much as it was. The nipa huts by the roadside look as shaggy as ever; children still ride the stubborn carabao joyously through the rice fields; the elderly farm women wear their colorful *pata diong* and *camisas*. The road to Nasugbu has been paved, though, making the trip less than half as long.

Nasugbu is still the sleepy fishing village I remembered. There are more bancas clustered at the water's edge now, and their sails look newer and less faded. There was one big change, though: motor launches. "Where do they go?" I asked with some dread. "Bamboo Beach," was the delighted response of the villagers. "We have many excursioners now." Indeed they do. As we swept round the still ruggedly beautiful shoreline into the familiar cove, I could see great splashes of color clustered along the once deserted beach—beach umbrellas by the dozen. While the beach isn't yet a Coney Island, it certainly is no longer my golden retreat from the world at large. Tom Wolfe was right: You *can't* go home again.

Perhaps my loss is the Philippines' gain, for Bamboo Beach is just one of many such sheltered shores that are being "activated" for tourism. The Philippines is a country of many-splendored beaches, and it is high time that they are explored and exploited. Great expanses of sandy privacy, shores full of the rarest and loveliest shells in the world, and an ideal sand-and-sun climate make this island country a natural for beach buffs.

La Union, northwest of Manila, where American troops landed in 1945, has mile after sunny mile of white sand beach. Enterprising Filipinos have been building resort hotels there recently, and a Philippine Air Lines jet-prop plane makes frequent stops nearby. The resorts are still pretty simple—no competition for Miami Beach hotels, thanks be—but they do have air conditioning, comfortable rooms that front right on the beach, and a pleasantly unhurried atmosphere. One resort, the Naliñac, has several thatched-roof cottages right near the water that are ideal for family rentals. At $22.50 a day for two double bedrooms, kitchenette, dinette, balcony, and bath, right on the water, this might well be the beach buy of the year anywhere. The beaches are particularly inviting in this area, with betel palms growing near the water, making romantic nocturnal silhouettes when the moon shines on the usually gentle sea.

Farther south, on the large island of Mindanao, the liveliest of all the beach resorts has been built in a serene little inlet just outside Davao. The Davao Insular Hotel, designed by one of the Philippines' leading architects, Leandro Locsin, is handsomely decorated with *Moro* (Philippine Muslim) designs and artifacts, paying homage to the region in which it was constructed. It offers numerous facilities for its guests—a large pool, boats, sports, immaculately tended grounds and gardens, and enormous guest rooms, each with a private balcony overlooking the water. Popular with honeymooners, it is just a one-hour PAL jet flight from Manila. With all its modernity and good design, I was much taken with the simple typed sign in each room: DURIAN FRUITS NOT ALLOWED IN ROOM. The durian, a native of Mindanao, has an aroma that would scare off the most tenacious mosquito—if the hotel hadn't already taken care of that with screens and air conditioning.

Newest of the burgeoning resorts is Balesin, an island off Quezon Province on Luzon, a real hideaway for those who want beach and seclusion. It is thirty minutes and $20 by private plane (with a quick side trip to Taal volcano for a peek at the crater from topside). Balesin is more or less a private club, but arrangements can be made for tourists to stay there.

P. J. KERSTEN, a New Canaan, Conn., freelance writer, formerly lived in the Orient.

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—Drawings by Susan Perl.

YES, THE ORIENT HASN'T CHANGED

by Michael Berry

■ A New York couple I know insist that the Orient has lost its mysterious edge. No novices, they have made at least thirty buying trips to the Far East, never failing to come back with the treasures they sought. "Doing business in Hong Kong," said the woman, "is like doing business in Jersey City. Except, when I make a business decision over there, they look to my husband for confirmation. Women still don't count."

Her pronouncement, coming as it did before a voyage of my own to the Pacific, left me wondering if the twain had finally met. I hoped not. Since the 1930s a now-and-then observer of the Orient, I had seen technological progress, modernization of business methods, and the evolution of a new social pattern. But the magic was always there, the mysteries always very much alive.

I needn't have worried. After five weeks on the far side of the Pacific I can report that the old magic is still intact, if a little harder to find. Where it once appeared suddenly, uninvited and unexpected, it now has to be searched out patiently, tracked down beyond the beaten path, listened for above the din of rock 'n' roll. Once the mystery was served on every tray, along with green tea and gooey blue rice cookies. Now, to find it you must have the urge to wonder, the impulse to marvel.

One of the time-resistant enigmas of the Orient is language—Chinese, Japanese, Korean. Most visitors have little occasion to get tied up by these tongues, except for a few handy clichés, but I find that their enchantment carries over into English translation. A sign at the entrance to The Daiwa Bank, Ltd. in Tokyo reads SOFT TOUCH—certainly an endearing slogan for a bank. What it means is simply that the doors are operated electronically and require little effort to be opened. A booklet entitled *Theatre and Cinema in Japan* contains the following passage: "There are the Shochiku Revue consisting of 400 fresh show girls and the Revue has been awfully gainning popularity since these few years." Small wonder.

The same publication says about the *onnagata*, the traditional Kabuki actors who play all female parts: "They are trained to imitate the manners of women and on account of their long exertion of imitating the female, they have aquainted the skill to act more womanly than the real actresses can perform." A report about the motion picture industry begins: "Before the appearance of Shochiku, Japanese cinema industry was an infantile state of paralysis."

Many signs in the streets are in English now, but they retain an exotic flavor, as Oriental as the sound of a gong. A few I jotted down in Japan, Taiwan, and Okinawa: LOWEST PRICE OF THE HIGHEST MOOD; NEW SECOND-HAND BOOKS; SUB ROSA COFFEE SHOP; TAILOR MADE FATIGUE; NO SWEAT BUTCHERY; CHINESE RESTURANT ISLAM; MATE—WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR VITALLY MEN.

One of the most startling signs I came across said: HILTON HOTEL. This was in Kadena, Okinawa. The hotel, one flight up, directly over the Okuma Hard Ware Shop, rents its eight rooms for $3 to $4 a day. When I asked the family in charge how they settled on the name, they said Hilton had seemed an appropriate title.

Some of the strangeness of Japanese English is due to a reluctance to use negative replies. Well-bred Japanese try to avoid saying no by simply saying yes. This is easy if the question is phrased negatively. Example: "Weren't there any calls for

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MICHAEL BERRY is a free lance travel writer and illustrator now based in New York.

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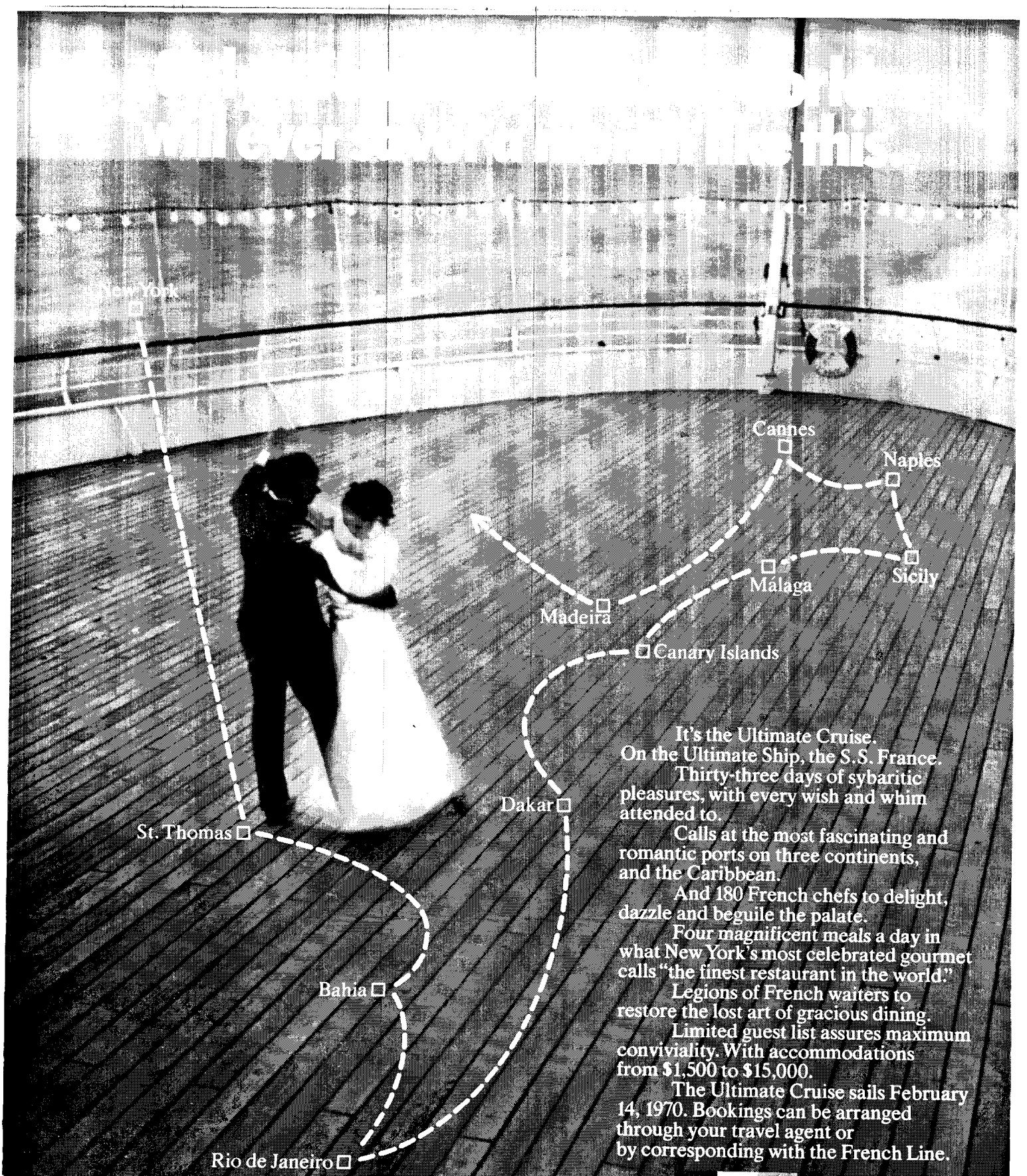

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me?" "Yes." This means, yes, there weren't any calls for you. "Yes" can also be a disheartening reply to "Won't you have dinner with me tonight?" (Yes, I won't have dinner with you tonight.)

I was first exposed to this puzzling speech pattern when, at an earlier age, I was employed as a cartoonist by the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* (now Tokyo *Mainichi Shimbun*). If I picked up a great deal of misinformation in those days, it was because I asked so many questions without realizing that people were ashamed to say "I don't know." This is still true today, and it is possible to get detailed and precise misinformation at any street corner when asking directions.

Kanesada Hanazono, my editor on the paper, introduced me to those face-saving devices so important in all human contact. One day I was called upon to do a certain sketch while the entire staff was looking over my shoulder. I was nervous and the drawing showed it. I knew I had missed, but I also knew that Hanazono knew. Picking up my drawing with great delicacy he said: "Excellent, most excellent. And much too high art for low-brow pages of newspaper. Please do me the honor to autograph this picture as personal gift for my art collection." I was grateful to Hanazono-san. He had saved my face while neatly getting around the disagreeable task of rejecting an unusable piece of work or—worse—having to pay for it.

Money, as popular in the East as anywhere else, is still treated with a certain coy reserve. "Jade is bought with the heart," sing the merchants of Hong Kong to explain away the wild divergence of prices and to lift the product into the realm of priceless poetry. But, just the same, they do accept cash or travelers checks.

Many restaurants in Japan still don't itemize their bills. The diner merely receives an oblong slip with a nice round figure like 5,000. To question the amount would be most indelicate, especially since your sake cup has been wrapped in a napkin as a gift, and, what's more, your cab fare to the hotel has been prepaid by the restaurant.

"Setsuko took my measurements. Emiko wrote them down."

The giving of little souvenirs or *omiyage* is a charming Japanese game, enthusiastically played by friends, acquaintances, and total strangers. I once voiced some interest in a cigarette case made of frog hide. The next day its owner sent one just like it to my hotel. This taught me to be more guarded with my praise. Often shopkeepers will add small unexpected bonuses to your purchase, such as a paper chrysanthemum or a tiny pot of glue. An American friend admired one of the waitresses at his favorite restaurant, and next day the owner of the place sent her to his hotel, wrapped as a gift.

The elaborate care devoted to the wrapping of even ordinary articles can go too far at times. About to board the train at Shizuoka, I learned there was no dining car and quickly bought a ham sandwich. It was lovingly enveloped in waxpaper, placed in a box that was wrapped in tastefully designed blue-and-white paper, and tied up in a red ribbon with a bow. The ceremony almost made me miss my train.

If you ask 100 Japanese what the word *shibui* means, you would probably get as many different answers. Interior decorators in the United States use the term to describe elegant simplicity of design—not austere, but lacking in fuss and frills. The Japanese usage of the word is more comprehensive. Anything can and should be *shibui*. Briefly, it is the essence of exquisite taste, achieved with utter economy of means. The flag is *shibui*. So is the symmetrical two-character ideograph that stands for "Nihon," the name of the country.

I was a guest in a Tokyo home that couldn't have been more *shibui*. All was controlled harmony and beauty—the solitary scroll hanging in the alcove, the artfully twisted plant underneath, and most *shibui* of all, the couple who lived there. But they had a teen-age son who had profited from the broadening influence of world travel. In the course of the evening he pulled conspiratorially at my sleeve. "Let's blow this scene," he said. "Wait till you see *my* pad."

His room was Japanese camp, a wild collection of tourist junk from America and elsewhere. On the wall were a rye bread poster and clippings from girlie magazines. A golden Empire State Building, hotel ashtrays, and seashells datelined MIAMI BEACH and FORT LAUDERDALE crowded his desk. On the couch was a pink acetate pillow with the slogan MOTHER.

I bowed to him, deeply. "*Shibui*," I smiled.

"You bet," he said.

Among Japan's great tourist attractions is the cultured pearl. Earrings and brooches are shrewdly conceived to appeal to the tourist market. This means that the jewelry is designed to represent recognizable things, such as flowers, fishes, owls, or pussycats. I was looking for a straight bar of five pearls, equal in size, but it was not available. "We can make it up for you," the saleslady said. "Please to come back in three days."

When I returned she greeted me with

(*Continued on page* 88)

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The connoisseur's guide to Paris.

le Voyage par Air France

We not only rely on a connoisseur's good taste, we cater to it. We invite you to sit in judgment aboard one of our nonstop flights to Paris. Is the caviar frais fresh enough? The coq de Cornouailles aux girolles Cornish enough? Is the Pouilly-Fuissé chilled properly? The Aloxe-Corton properly decanted? Do you find the music sufficiently recherché? The movie* sufficiently meaningful? And our stewardesses sufficiently charming? In short, is everything absolutely to your satisfaction? Ah, très bien. Air France knows where you're going. And, we like to fly you there in the style to which you're accustomed.

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les "Auctions"

Acquire rare pieces at rare prices from the Hotel Drouot 9, rue Drouot, the biggest auction room in Paris. Auctions are also held by the municipal pawn shops or "Monts-de-Piété" at the headquarters of the Crédit Municipal 55, rue des Francs Bourgeois. Not too long ago a Renoir was sold here. For exact dates and times of all sales, see the posters in front of all Crédit Municipal depots. Or subscribe to Gazette Drouot, a catalogue of important sales. Small auction rooms can also be found on the rue du Commandant Pilot in nearby Neuilly-sur-Seine.

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oil: peinture à l'huile
gouache: gouache
underripe: pas assez fait
ripe: fait
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silver: argent
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vermeil: vermeil
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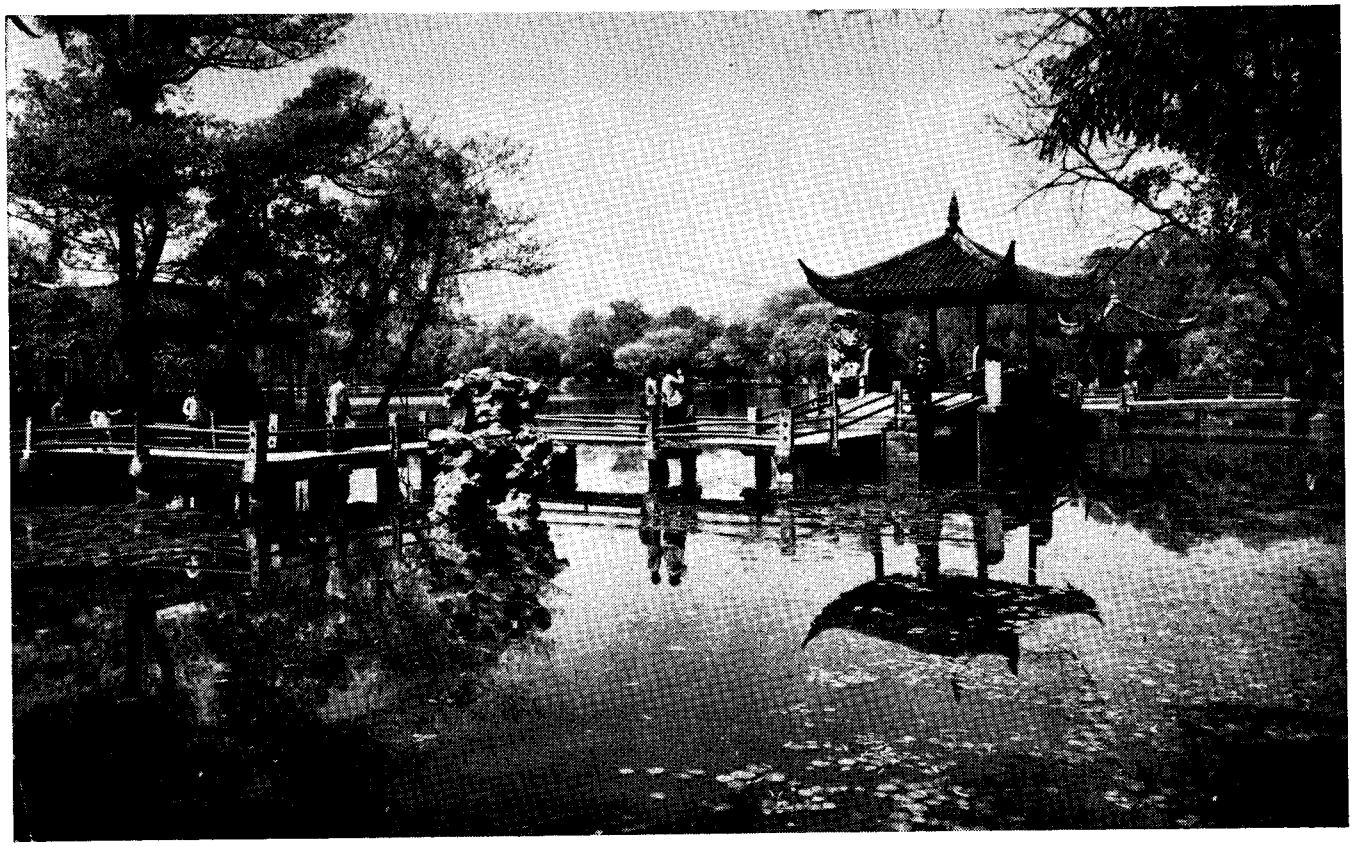
"THAT'S MOTHER WITH THE RED GUARDS."



Hangchow's Bridge of Nine Turnings—China may invite a mixed bag of Americans to see October's anniversary fireworks.

by Fred Sparks

■ Since the Communists won China in 1949, promoters of Pacific travel have been teased by a recurring dream:

Suddenly the great icecap between Peking and Washington melts away to nothing. The ancient Flower Kingdom is thrown wide open: cruises down the Yangtse . . . Hangchow's templed hills through an Instamatic . . . the Forbidden City by moonlight . . . the Lhasa Hilton . . . "That's mother, on the Great Wall!"

In mid-July the dream was shot with a spark of reality when the State Department, to "facilitate contacts between the people of the U.S. and Communist China," said it no longer objects to scholars, students, scientists, physicians, and newsmen visiting the Chinese mainland. And, it was hinted, in the misty tomorrow *all* Americans might be free to go.

Alas, Mr. Nixon's blessing doesn't bring us one step closer to Peking. On past performance it's easier to crash Fort Knox than to get a visa. Even that rigid anti-Communist, John Foster Dulles, once offered to allow X number of Chinese to come to America, if X number of Americans could go to China. No deal.

Along with several other journalists, my passport has been validated for Red China since July 1957, and I've met a lot of interesting Chinese—in Chinese consulates. I've applied for visas in Hong Kong, East Berlin, Algiers, Belgrade, and Moscow, and—talk about inscrutable!—I haven't had so much as a post card in response.

Anyway, in October Peking will celebrate twenty years of power—with fireworks, mass calisthenics, and insults—and visas to witness the events *might* be issued to a mixed bag of Americans, as categorized by the State Department—perhaps SDS members, professors writing on Ming vases, doctors interested in herbology. Who knows? In the decade ahead Sol Hurok might bring the entire Peking Opera Company to Madison Square Garden.

Since 1949 perhaps 200 Americans, not including CIA agents, have traveled inside China, with or without U.S. approval. Some, Chinese-born, were allowed by Peking to pay their respects to dying relatives; others, such as Edgar Snow, knew Chairman Mao in the good old days of the Long March. But even with "friendly" countries, China has done nothing to encourage tourism while the rest of Asia has profited from the postwar wanderlust. Most foreign visitors have been those on official business—such as the now defunct Soviet Advisory Group, hopeful Indian and Japanese trade missions, and a "solidarity" committee from Guatemala, which confused everyone. There's also been the odd Frenchman, Canadian, or Englishman, such as Field Marshal Montgomery. Monty, by the way, committed a frightful gaff one day when he complimented Chairman Mao for winning a World War II battle against the Japanese. It had been won by Chiang Kai-shek.

Even this trickle of tourists dried up almost completely during the Cultural Revolution, when a kind of madness prevailed and some foreign bystanders were abused. A very pro-Mao French lady and her Chinese companion were surrounded on the streets of Canton by scissor-wielding Red Guards, who cut off her "decadent" long hair. The Frenchwoman had further cause to reconsider her dedication to Chairman Mao when, then and there, she was

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FRED SPARKS is in New York awaiting his China visa and writing for magazines.

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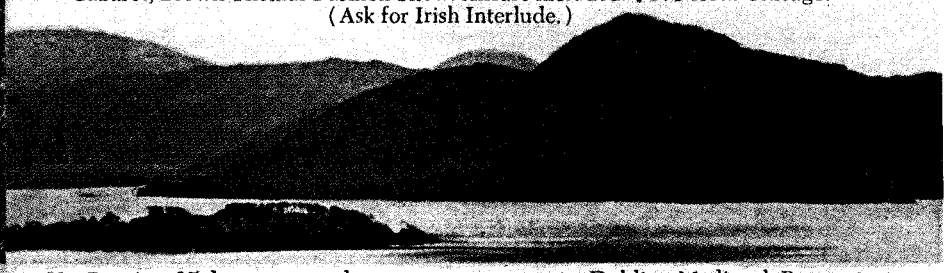

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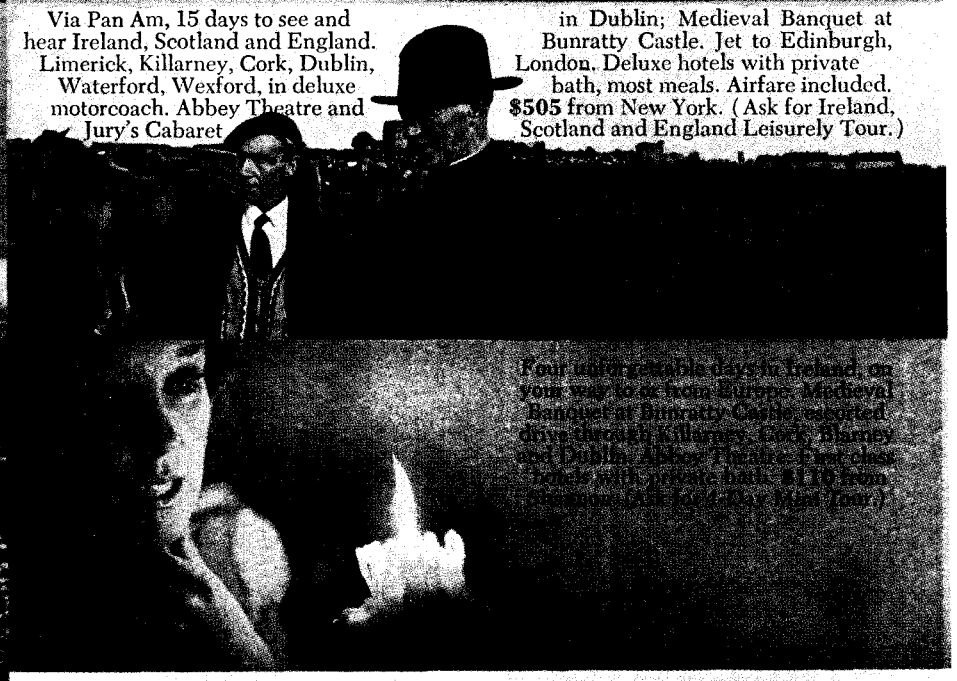

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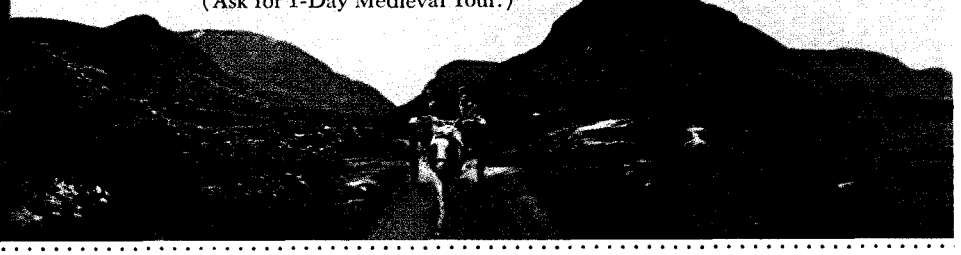

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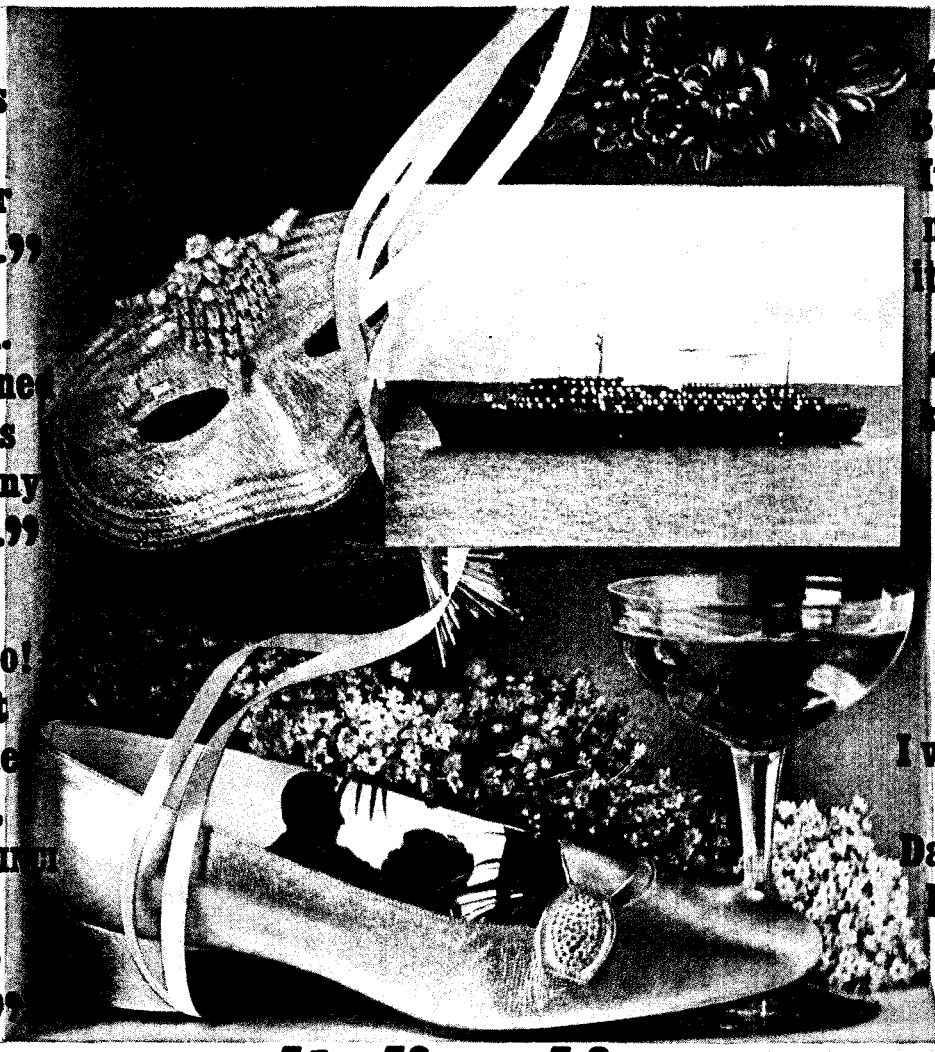

"I asked for a Beef Wellington. It wasn't on the menu, but I got it. Marvelous."

"I didn't know the sky could hold so many stars."

"I kept forgetting I was traveling. Movies. Dances. Bridge. Deck sports."

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forced to divest herself of her "bourgeois" brassière.

Americans began visiting China as missionaries, journalists, tourists, businessmen, and soldiers-of-fortune early in the nineteenth century. Many who came to China as tourists in those days, particularly bachelors, extended their visits indefinitely. It was the height of the *pukka-sahib* era, and European firms always had an opening for a reasonably intelligent white man. So did Chinese businesses; they felt that a Caucasian on the premises improved their image. Young men with little education, but with physical agility and a knowledge of handguns, readily found employment as guards at the countless Chinese gambling casinos along the coast.

Of all the Yankee drifters, none made more of an impression than Frederick Townsend Ward, of Salem, Massachusetts, who landed in Shanghai on a clipper ship 100 years ago. The imperial government was fighting a Taiping insurrection; rebels held nearby towns; and defenseless Shanghai was on borrowed time. The flamboyant Ward, twenty-seven, who wore his hair "like a Red Indian," and had fought in Mexico, convinced Shanghai's merchants to back a mercenary army under his command—shades of Steve McQueen. To further assure logistical support, he married Chang Mei, the attractive (despite bound feet) daughter of the multimillionaire Taki.

"General" Ward commissioned as officers sailors, navy deserters, and other young tourists with time on their hands, and they put together a well-stocked 3,000-man army. The opposition was somewhat primitive, often carrying spears, and in good time Ward cleared them out of a fifteen-mile area around Shanghai.

Ward wore a Prince Albert frock coat into battle, and the day his troop scaled the walls of Tsingpu, an orchestra he had hired from a cabaret played Western tunes. An arrow silenced the drummer.

Ward and his band received a bonus of $45,000 to $133,000 for every town liberated according to size. He acquired great wealth but was killed, at thirty-one, assaulting Ningpo. Shortly before, he had offered President Lincoln 10,000 (silver) taels to "maintain the Union." By today's standards, Ward appears to have been a meddlesome bounder, but in truth he served China well. The Ch'ing dynasty decorated him and he was buried in Chinese fashion at Sungkiang, his coffin overground. Someday the site, with proper plaque, might be a tourist attraction.

During this century, most American tourists went to Shanghai, "The City of Sin." With its foreign-controlled territories, Shanghai was to Asia then what Hong Kong is today—a shoppers' paradise, with suits made on the double. A lesser number of travelers favored Peking, with its Temple of Heaven and statue-guarded Ming Tombs, also Nanking, Canton, and Hangchow, which, with its superb canals and hand-carved bridges, convinced no less a traveler than Marco Polo that it was China's most beautiful and historic city.

In the best of times travel in the interior probably would not have been endorsed by the National Safety Council, although it had its romantic aspects. For instance, there *was* a Shanghai Express (Peking to Shanghai), but Marlene Dietrich and Anna May Wong were never aboard, and it was not directed by Joseph von Sternberg. However, as in the classic movie, the Shanghai Express did make unscheduled stops from time to time. Accompanied by a cat, Kathleen Norris was a passenger on one such occassion, and later wrote: "We heard of bandits ahead. . . . The train stopped short; we stood still for hours while the little brown soldiers skirmished about. . . . A spy was dragged through the train, his bloody hand curled into his stained shirt."

Miss Norris and her feline companion were more fortunate than those who were aboard the crack Blue Express of the Tientsin-Pekow Line when 700 outlaws cut the rails. The guards were overwhelmed, and the passengers —300 Chinese, ten Americans (including a member of the Rockefeller family), and fifteen other foreigners—were held for ransom in caves. There commenced ceremonial if tedious negotiations between the bandit chief, Swen Miao, and representatives of the foreigners in Shanghai. After six weeks, Swen Miao, tired with the whole business, agreed to accept $100,000 for the lot of them. Their release, unharmed and unwashed, was further delayed several weeks while the ransom was delivered by rail, auto, and, finally, coolie caravan. It was a cumbersome delivery because Swen Miao, shy of paper money, had demanded 100,000 silver dollars.

Indeed, Chinese train travel was seldom a drag. Old China hand Carl Crow, author of *Four Hundred Million Customers*, was traveling through Shantung Province during an anti-crime drive with a friend who had just arrived from New York. "As breakfast was being served in the dining car," recalled Crow, "our train stopped in front of a station, from which no fewer than twenty-one decapitated heads were in plain view, ranged along the track so as to create as much of an impression as possible." To Carl Crow this was how things were done East of Suez, but the New Yorker's appetite was impeded.

The curious few who wandered off the beaten track with a servant hired for the journey made their way by camel, a sedan chair, or on foot. Because Chinese country inns were notoriously infested with insect life, every traveler carried a light folding cot. After dinner, the servant would set up the cot in the middle of the room with each leg immersed in a shallow pan of

Red Sales Open to U.S. Shoppers

IT WAS ALWAYS an adventure to case the Chinese Communist emporiums in Hong Kong and Taiwan, knowing the objects were technically as forbidden as mainland China itself. Now, however, Americans can buy. An amendment to the Foreign Assets Control regulations, which came down from the State Department on July 23, permits a traveler to bring back Red goods valued up to $100.

Before, a certificate of origin from the government of Hong Kong was required so you could prove the purchases hadn't come from China. The certificate has been waived for things valued below $100; if the total exceeds $100 you have to present the certificate to show that the excess didn't originate in China.

Travel restrictions from this end were softened somewhat by the July 23 decision. Scientists, scholars, and newsmen thus find the gates to China opening a small crack. There is still the matter of obtaining a visa from the other end, and China seldom feels so moved.

One of the few paths an American can follow into mainland China is through the Portuguese colony of Macao, a hydrofoil spin from Hong Kong. An unofficial but recognized Chinese Communist organization issues entry permits on separate slips so that the telltale Chinese visa won't appear on American passports. Once you're past the Chinese bobby who guards the Macao-China border, you're on your own. "*Woh nun chien nee da ling siu mah*" means "Take me to your leader."

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kerosene to discourage crawling things.

But even this was not enough to ensure sleep for Arnold Cohen of Chicago on the first night of his journey across Honan Province. After climbing onto his cot, Mr. Cohen heard rats scampering about. He complained as best he could to the innkeeper who solved the problem by putting a cat in the room. On departing in the morning, Mr. Cohen found the cat's services added to his bill. This happened at several other hostels he visited before Mr. Cohen figured that the rats, as well as the cats, were in the innkeepers' employ.

The colonial atmosphere of prewar China, where the white man was ever the undisputed master and a single dollar bought the most erotic pleasures, had its effect on many usually restrained tourists, and their conduct was often a scandal. Foreigners took advantage of microscopic liquor prices at the tax-free ports. It was said that a man could get the DTs for half a pound.

When Prohibition was in effect back home, it was not uncommon to see visiting Americans engaged in wild rickshaw races down major boulevards. One night, an American tourist, invited to a dinner at an all-white club, found himself seated next to a silent Chinese, the only native in the hall. As the meal was served he leaned toward him and asked: "Likee soupee?" The Chinese nodded, but said nothing. Then to the visitor's surprise, the Chinese, apparently a local dignitary, was asked to say a few words. He made a short speech in impeccable English. When he sat down he turned to his neighbor and asked, "Likee speechee?"

Sometimes even official visitors did little to cement Sino-American relations. During Franklin Roosevelt's Administration, Vice President Garner, Speaker Bankhead, several Senators and Congressmen, and their wives, visited China and were honored at a luncheon by Wu Teh-Chen, mayor of Greater Shanghai. The next day, it was learned that the mayor was in a pet, to put it mildly. His distinguished guests had carried off as souvenirs almost all the solid silver chopsticks and most of the silver condiment dishes.

Actually, there has been no significant American tourism to mainland China for thirty-two years. Tourism *and* the Western presence ended for all practical purposes on August 14, 1937, when Chinese Nationalist planes tried to hit the Japanese flagship *Idzumo*, anchored 200 yards off Shanghai's waterfront. Two bombs fell into the Whangpo, one plowed through the roof of the Palace Hotel, and another landed on Nanking Road and the Bund—the heart of the busy foreign section. American tourists were among the 700 killed and the 1,000 wounded. Symbolically, one died when a sharp-tipped flagpole, carrying a Union Jack, was flung like a lance by the explosion and pierced his chest.

After the war, Shanghai, Tientsin, and several other ports were occupied briefly by American troops; a few tourists wandered in, but things were not the same. Instead of being kowtowed to, the white man was bullied. One day two Americans were in a small car that brushed against a rickshaw. The puller, barely dusted, fell down with full theatrical violence and moaned loudly. While a policeman looked on yawning, an "angry" crowd surrounded the Yanks and demanded for the "dying" coolie ten American dollars, a fortune in that time and place. It was blackmail, pure and simple, but the apprehensive motorists gladly paid off. As they drove away the stricken rickshaw man got to his feet, healthy and happy.

On February 3, 1949, Marshal Lin Piao, now Mao Tse-tung's official heir, whipped the Nationalist armies and marched through Peking's exquisitely ornamented Great South Gate. By October, Chairman Mao was the ruler of all China. The next year he entered the war in Korea, and the United States and China haven't spoken a civil word to each other since.

Today, visitors are escorted by guides from the China Travel Service, a carbon copy of Intourist. Every moment is accounted for and propaganda is laid on with the relentless and equally painful consistency of the old water torture. If, for instance, you're on a plane nearing Shanghai, the stewardess says: "Please fasten your seat belts, we are now approaching Shanghai, where the imperialists first began to oppress the Chinese people."

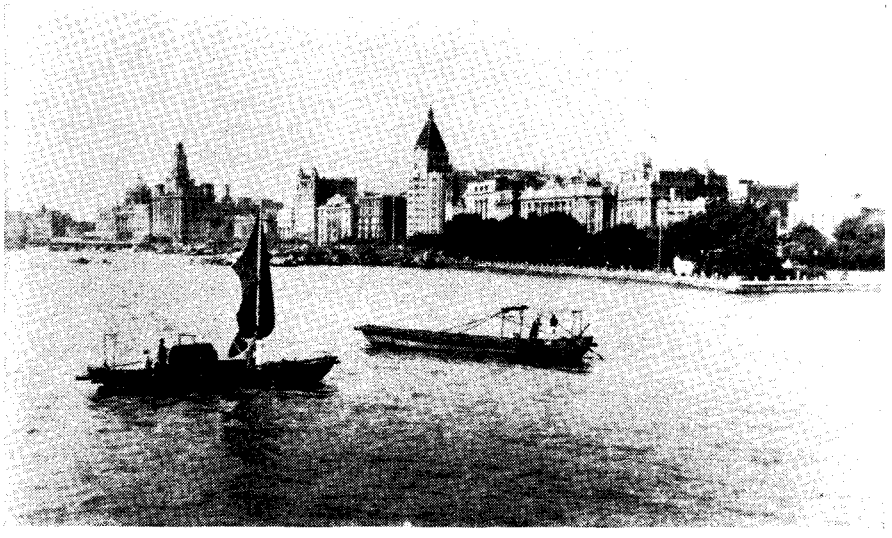
A Japanese businessman who recently toured industrial areas sighed on his return to Tokyo: "From morning until night, our hosts made speeches at us. One day I could take it no more, and I blurted out: 'I've come to buy your products, *not* the collected wisdom of Chairman Mao.'"

Certainly, Old China hands who found life there a sybaritic delight, would be appalled at today's austere, puritanical atmosphere. The Shanghai Club, with its 100-foot bar—"the longest in the world"—still caters to foreigners as a "reception center," but there the similarity ends. The strongest beverages available are light wines and beer, and the joint closes at 10 o'clock. There are, however, ping-pong and free movies. A recent feature, which must have captivated tourists, was *Premier Chou En-lai in Albania—A Colorful Documentary*.

Prostitution is forbidden even in Shanghai; there are no cafés or dance halls, and female companionship is as impossible to obtain as it is in Antarctica—a far cry from the Shanghai of yesteryear, when ladies of every nationality were available to make any normal male feel nine feet tall. *Everyone* remembers those White Russian dolls. A while back, when an anxious South American visitor asked his guide to get him a date, he was told: "Sir, remember this is socialism!"

In his book *Reporter in Red China*, Charles Taylor, correspondent for the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, wrote that when an East European freighter visited the new port of Hsinkang, outside Tientsin, a Chinese official went abroad to ask how the crew would care to be

(*Continued on page* 88)



In freer times, tourists were sure to visit Shanghai, China's answer to Fun City.

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3, 4, maybe 5 times longer than a mini skirt.

Saris are six yards long, 700 years old, and very beautiful.

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INDONESIAN RHAPSODIES

by Bernard Kalb

■ It took a tourist—a very special tourist—to put Indonesia back on page 1 where it used to live regularly and turbulently. That tourist was President Richard M. Nixon.

"It's just like a visit to the moon," a friend at the Indonesian Foreign Ministry told me cheerfully when Nixon set foot in Jakarta, July 27. What he meant, it turned out, was that the President would spend only twenty-four more minutes in Indonesia than the astronauts spent on the moon—or twenty-two hours in all. It may have been the least ambiguous and most optimistic stopover on his itinerary. By including nonaligned Indonesia, the President was zooming the American lens back from Vietnam, giving the U.S. a wide-angle view of Southeast Asia. "Vietnam," one of his aides said, "pales in comparison with Indonesia in population and land size. By visiting Indonesia, the President was looking at the bigger picture." They hit it off well, the President and Indonesia. Peking regards Indonesia as a "military-fascist" state: Moscow regards Indonesia as an anti-Communist disappointment. By the time the President left Jakarta, he was even more exhilarated than when he touched down, which was plenty. "Exciting" and "spectacular" were the words he used to describe Indonesia in chatting with newsmen aboard Air Force One on the flight from Manila to Jakarta. Apparently he sees this underdeveloped giant as a pivotal country in his dream of a resurgent, flourishing non-Communist Asia.

Indonesia was always page 1 copy in the days when President Sukarno was running down the country, the *Partai Kommunis Indonesia* was tearing up, and Vietnam was hiding on page 24. Then, on September 30, 1965, Indonesia more or less vanished from the American consciousness.

How is it possible for the world's fifth most populous country to drop from view, a country whose 3,000 islands play touch and go with 3,000 miles of the equator, a country filled with unforgettable names like Bukittinggi and Bali? Two coinciding events made it possible: the Indonesian military put down a PKI-backed coup attempt that night of September 30 and then went on to crush the Communists about the time the U.S. military was escalating its coonskin war to try to crush the Vietnamese Communists. Indonesia vanished. Vietnam became Asia.

Mr. Nixon was the latest in a long list of admirers from the West. Marco Polo was the first. He was there in the late thirteenth century before visas were required, and he described Java, the heart of the archipelago, as an island of "surpassing wealth. Indeed the treasure of this island is so great as to be past telling." Tome Pires, an apothecary to Portugal's royal family, visited early in the sixteenth century. "It is a land with beautiful air, it has very good water," he wrote in his *Suma Oriental*, perhaps the most complete account of Southeast Asia of that time. "It has high mountain ranges, great plains, valleys—a country like ours." The great English naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace, who visited Java in 1861, was moved to superlatives. "Taking it as a whole, and surveying it from every point of view," he reported, "Java is probably the very finest and most interesting tropical island in the world . . . and equally interesting to the tourist seeking after new and beautiful scenes, to the naturalist who desires to examine the variety and beauty of tropical nature. . . ." And so the rhapsody has echoed through the centuries.

"Tanah Air Kita"—"our land and water"—the Indonesians call their glittering islands. Kingdom, colonialism, revolution, *merdeka* (freedom)—Indonesia has lived through them all. Only now, with former President Sukarno on the outside, and, a new generation of generals and scholars on the inside, does Indonesia have a new life.

Indonesia, under President Suharto, is hurriedly exploiting the country's historic real estate sites to attract tourist money, and has already constructed three additional modern hotels—two on Java, one on Bali. The temples of Bali, Borobudur, and Prambanan are swimming in a froth of publicity now that there are air-conditioned hotels in the neighborhood. A 300-room, ten-story behemoth has risen on the beaches of Sanur. It may be a desecration of the terraced landscape of Bali, but it is only the beginning. An international jet airstrip has just been opened; there are surveys for more hotels; and that lovely splash of greenery that Nehru once called "the morning of the world" is on its way to becoming the newest tourist rage in Southeast Asia.

It is possible to exhaust yourself strolling on the ledges of the world's most spectacular Buddhist temple, Borobudur, or to watch a Ramayama ballet at the nearby Hindu temple ruins at Prambanan, both in central

(*Continued on page* 86)

BERNARD KALB, CBS correspondent in Hong Kong, was formerly stationed in Jakarta.

Borobudur temple—From Marco Polo to Richard Nixon, tourists have flipped.

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7:43 p.m.
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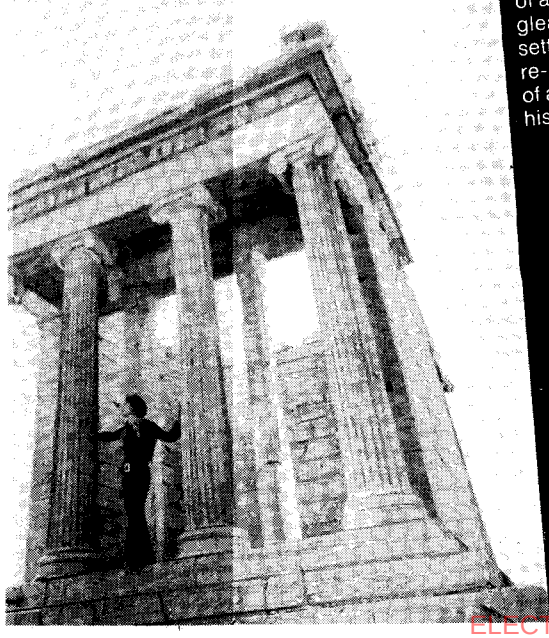

3:35 p.m.
This is the moment to drop anchor in a picturesque island harbor, to go ashore and explore. Then later, return, hoist the cocktail flag and relax as you watch the sunset.

1970. This is the moment.
Your moment.
To discover Greece.

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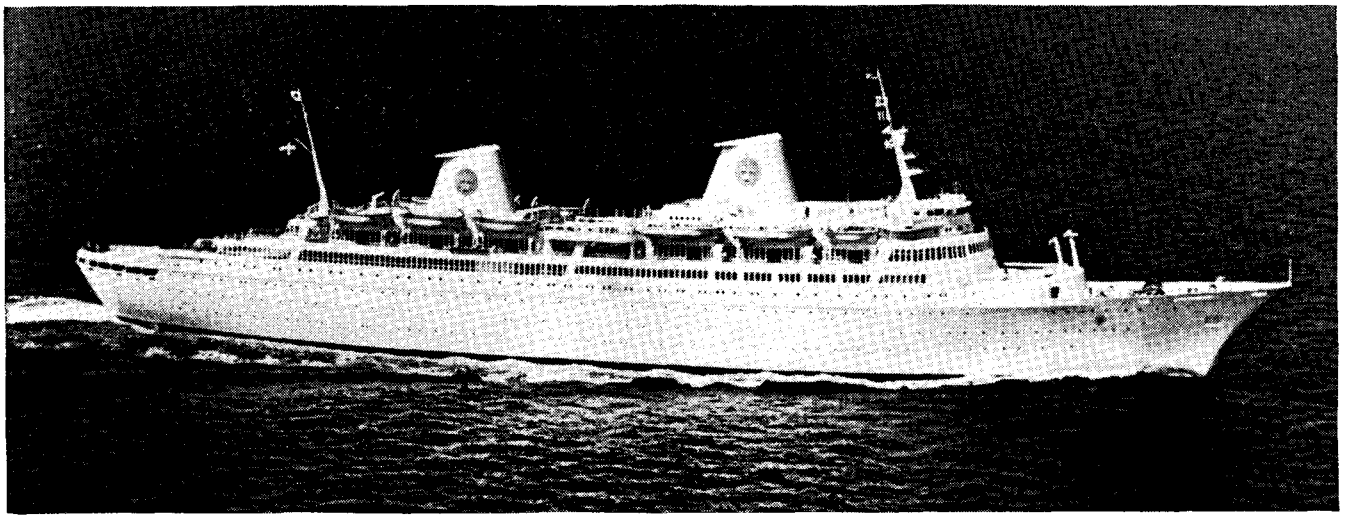
NINETY-THREE DAYS ON A CAVIAR BUCKET



Swedish liner "Kungsholm"—"There are reunions among the 128 women passengers, members of a unique sorority."

by Marc Connelly

■ The ship's departure from New York is like a gala midnight sailing in the Thirties. Dinner jackets and evening gowns are common garb. Despite the cold of the January night there is an unusually thick tangle of paper streamers between the upper deck and the pier, and the music doesn't quite drown out the noise of shouted farewells.

A half-hour later those who have not gone directly to bed are greeting old shipmates from earlier cruises and sizing up the strangers who will be their neighbors for the next three months. When the *Kungsholm* returns to New York it will have spent most of its ninety-three-day voyage circling the Pacific.

The ship's company is completed by the ninety passengers boarding at Fort Lauderdale. There are many more reunions among the 128 women passengers traveling alone. They are members of a unique sorority: widows or divorcées, all over fifty, most of whose recent years have been spent at sea, on cruise after cruise, escaping the boredom and loneliness at home in the company of others of their floating sisterhood. All are wealthy. They have to be to spend so much of their time on de luxe voyages. The most desirable rooms on this one cost at least $8,000. Most of the sorority are in rooms they've occupied before and booked at least a year in advance. They know the good life they will be enjoying and are already appreciating the cookery of Anders Strömblad, among the world's outstanding chefs, and his fourteen lieutenants. One learns that a special refrigerator contains a ton of Iranian caviar.

There are three areas for eating lunch. There is the main dining room where the menu includes special dishes such as Jansson's Frestelse, Köttbullar, and Plättor med Lingonsylt—and, if you wish, a big portion of that caviar. In the forward lounge there is a hot and cold buffet, and in the sunny snack bar on the top deck you needn't get out of your bathing suit to enjoy hamburgers, frankfurters, salads, ices, and the best waffles this waffle-lover ever put in his mouth. At 11 every night there are, of course, long tables of smörgasbord.

The service is also de luxe. The best stewards, stewardesses, beauty parlor, and social staff are eager to work a cruise like this. Besides other advantages, they know tips will be lavish. There are 436 in the crew—a complement that outnumbers the passengers.

We traverse the Panama Canal, and the ship's printer is almost swamped turning out invitations to private cocktail parties. Most nights two or three are concurrent, each attended by 100 guests or more. There is always a formal receiving line. Every woman has brought along an extensive wardrobe. One confesses that her day frocks and evening gowns require seventy-four clothes hangers. Now that we are in tropical waters, the men are wearing varicolored evening jackets, never appearing in the same one two nights in succession.

The most conspicuous feature of the Galápagos Islands is not their famous wildlife. You approach their principal habitat, Tagus Cove on the island of Albemarle, in a ship's tender, but long before you see the flightless cormorants, the iguanas, the big turtles, and little penguins, whose species somehow moved to the equator from the Antarctic, your eyes observe strange markings on the faces of the high rocks that rise perpendicularly from the water. While still too far away to identify the fauna, you see that the markings are foot-high English letters applied in white ships' paint. They inform you that the cove has seen other visitors than Darwin and Beebe. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dickinson, Akron, Ohio;

MARC CONNELLY, a Pulitzer winner, writes and travels nonstop at seventy-eight.

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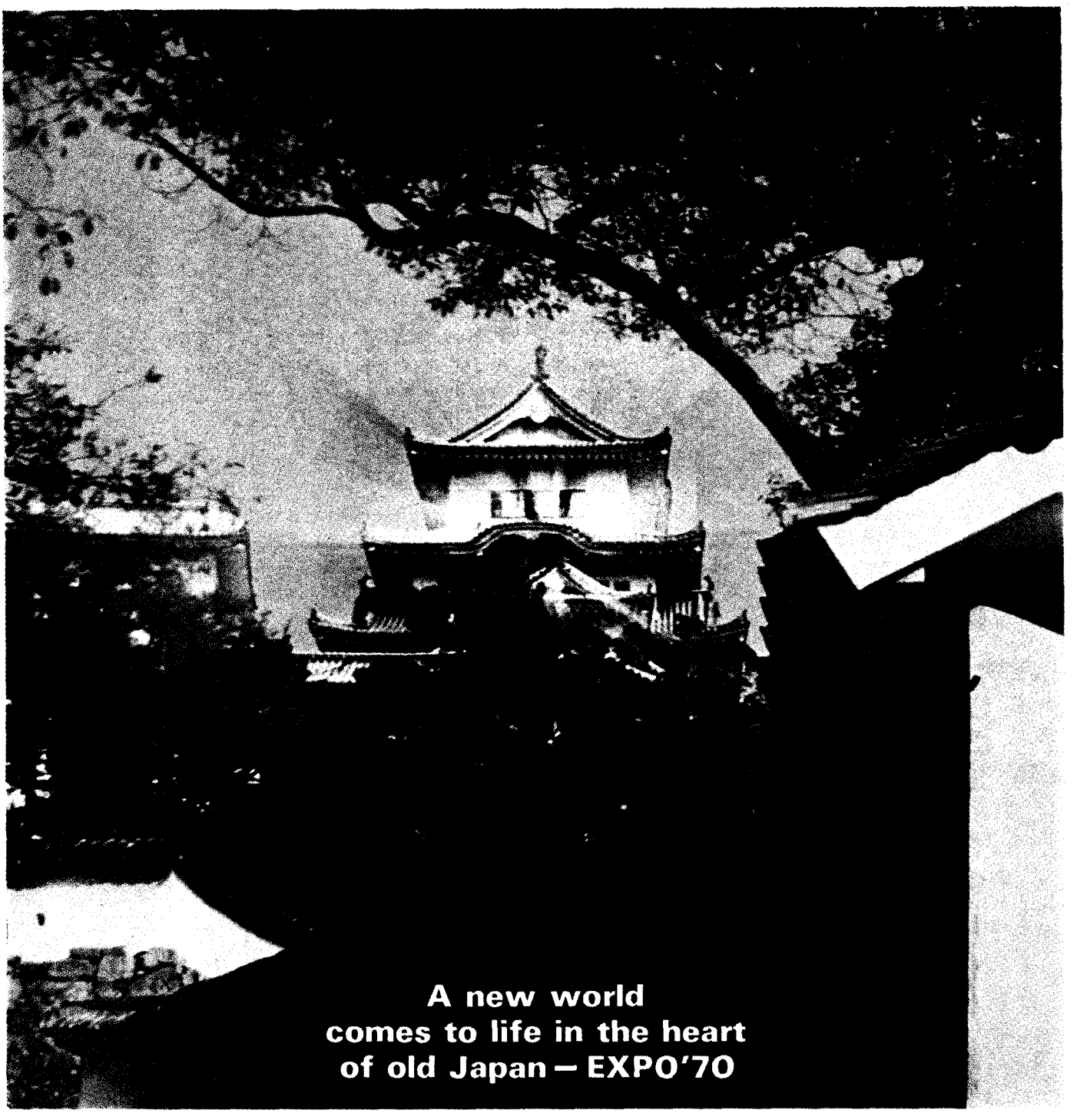

A new world comes to life in the heart of old Japan — EXPO'70

More than 70 nations will be on display at EXPO'70 with the finest of their arts and sciences. Ranging in size from Tanzania to Russia and offering a rare chance to meet interesting people from every part of the world. East and West. North and South. You'll be able to see what the world will be like in the next century. Enjoy great art and entertainment from around the world. And let yourself go at Expoland, a 41-acre recreation area that includes a unique five-route roller-coaster with almost three miles of track. In addition to the fascinating pavilions, there will also be 64 serene acres of Japanese gardens showing the transition of this traditional art through the centuries. And almost 7,000 fully grown trees are being planted to shade your walks through EXPO'70. The great art, drama and festivals of Japan will also be gathered at EXPO'70. But that's only part of the story. Osaka is in the heart of the lovely Kansai district, the cradle of Japanese culture for more than a thousand years. Within an hour's ride from your modern hotel are the ancient glories of Kyoto, the treasure houses of Nara with perhaps the greatest collection of Oriental art in the world, and the verdant beauty of the Inland Sea along whose shores you can see such splendors as 400-year-old Himeji Castle shown above. Even Tokyo, the world's largest city and a fascinating blend of palaces, shrines and skyscrapers is only an hour away by air — or three hours on the Bullet train that glides past Mt. Fuji at 125 miles per hour. There will be only one EXPO'70 in our lifetime. Can you afford to miss it, and Japan? For all the exciting details, see your travel agent or American Express — Exclusive General Agent for EXPO'70 admission tickets in the U.S.

EXPO'70
the year of Japan

"Progress and harmony for mankind"

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T. J. Wickers and family; Dave Greer, Denby, Colorado, are among a dozen other Kilroys who were there.

The cruise mostly calls at places visited by Captain James Cook 200 years ago. His wax statue is seated at a desk in a corner of the veranda deck, lifelike enough to startle those seeing it for the first time. His greatest biographer, Captain Alan Villiers, is giving a series of lectures about Cook and the Pacific. His brusque manner is anything but that of the conventional lecturer. His voice is blustery but clear, his cadences rising and falling like the sea.

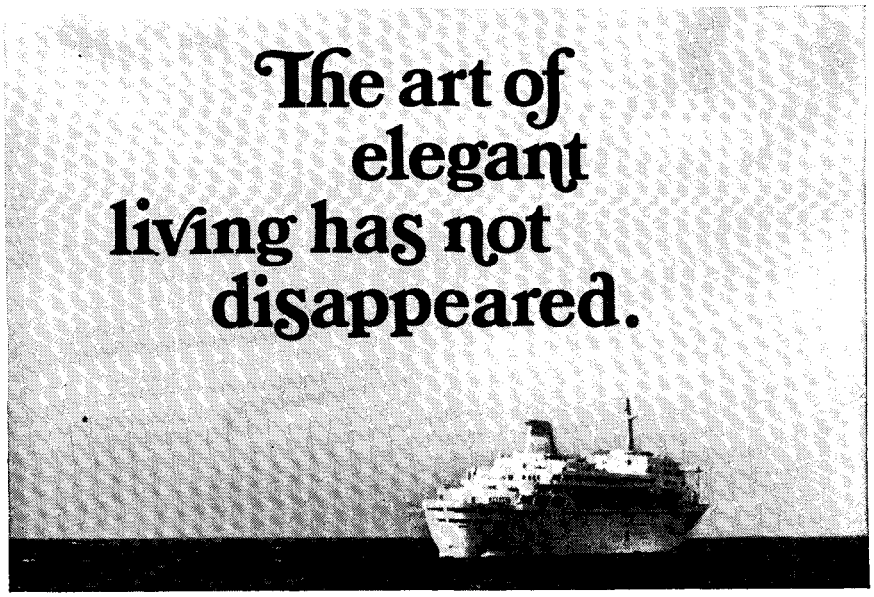
Nuka-Hiva, the largest of the Marquesas, hasn't changed much since Herman Melville came here in the 1840s and wrote of his sweetheart Fayaway in *Typee*. Later, when Gauguin first stroiled on the great, curving, palm-lined beach, he saw what catches your eye and heart today. However, he did not encounter these clusters of Marquesan ladies who sit in the shade of small thatched pavilions behind little piles of variegated sea shells. The piles vary slightly in size. Point to any one and you will invariably hear: "One dollah."

It is possible to find secluded corners on Tahiti where there is ancient idyllic tranquillity. But don't look for it in Papeete. The descendants of the nymphs who offered themselves to the mutineers of the *Bounty* are not as alluring as their ancestors. You find them behind checkout counters in the supermarkets, waiting on tables at the tourist hotels, and crisply selling cosmetics, post cards, and trinkets in the souvenir shops. Papeete's traffic lights, motorcycle cops, drugstores, and movie houses recall any drab American town.

In all its history Tahiti has never suffered from a typhoon. Nor has Moorea, twelve miles away. Moorea has not yet been commercialized, and its two small hotels are pretty and comfortable. Whether one is approaching or leaving, its Maxfield Parrish mountains are enchanting to behold.

Island choirs and dancers entertain in the ship's main lounge. Ashore we watch the ancient ceremony of the coronation of a Tahitian high chief. On Fiji, where barefoot firewalkers casually tread white-hot stones, the men's traditional fuzzy hairstyle has disappeared. Today's haircuts are what you'd encounter anywhere in America, but heavy sideburns have not yet become fashionable.

The Maoris of New Zealand, who come aboard to entertain and have lunch, now use greasepaint to indicate the old facial tattooing. Some are delighted to learn the words and music of "Ragtime Cowboy Joe" and the "Oceana Roll." Virtually all are Sev-



It has merely gone to sea on the great OCEANIC
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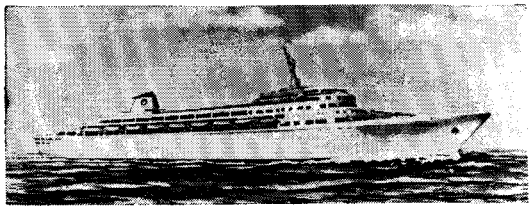

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enth-Day Adventists and have the family name of Robinson. Last year, a clan reunion was attended by 5,000 Robinsons.

White New Zealanders are proudly patriotic and keenly competitive with Australia. It's a rare citizen of Wellington, a beautiful, bustling city, who doesn't consider it the ideal metropolis in which to work and live.

"I came from England twelve years ago," said a taxi driver, "and it's the best thing I ever did. Life here is wonderful. Where else in the world could my wife and I rent a nice furnished flat for what would be twenty American dollars a month?"

Melbourne reminds one of Cleveland or Minneapolis. In its good restaurants you discover excellent Australian wines. A Riesling from the vines above Victoria would find eager buyers in the United States.

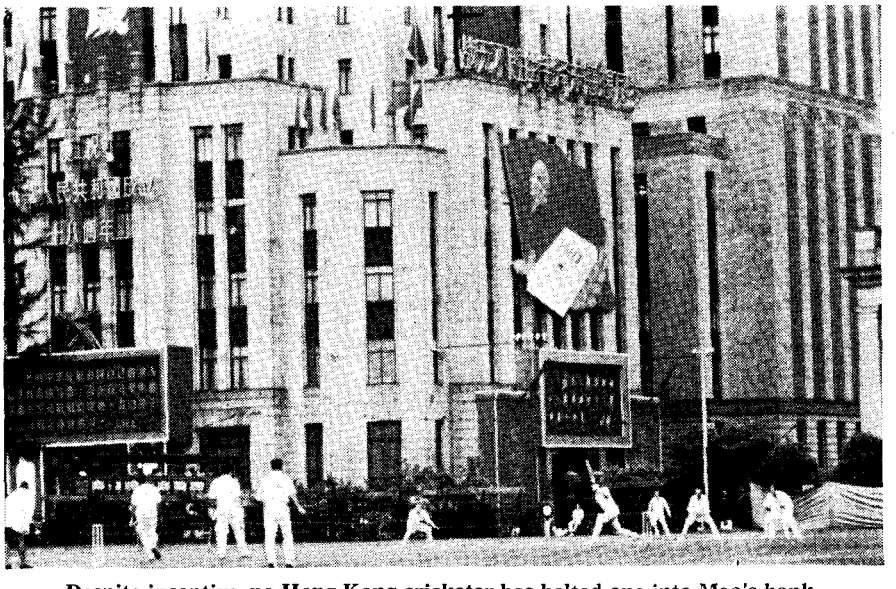
The last dance group to visit the ship has come 200 miles in open boats from New Guinea to board the *Kungsholm* as it emerges from a quiet two-day passage behind the Great Barrier Reef. They are Melanesian and perform colorfully on the open deck. The audience finds it preferable to watch them from the leeward side.

The staff lecturer has briefed us on what one may do, points of interest, what to buy before visits ashore. "In Bali," he says, "we are forbidden to offer American money, so you must acquire rupiahs." We debark at Benoa to find the pier crowded with Balinese travel agents. Signs naming tours to Dan Pasar, Samur, Ubud, and other points of interest are all in English, the prices stated in American currency. The cost of dishes on the menu in the coffee shop of the Inter-Continental Bali Beach Hotel are all marked in dollars and cents, and in Jim Pandy's native art gallery and the smaller souvenir shops American money is preferred.

American Express has an office and a large staff aboard offering special tours at ports of call. In Singapore, more than fifty passengers leave on the longest one. They travel nine days by plane, automobile, and motor coach, visiting Bangkok, Delhi, Jaipur, Agra, Fatehpur Sikri, Benares, Katmandu, and Calcutta, rejoining the ship in Hong Kong. The price for the tour is $996.

Hong Kong is Red China's one great commercial entrepôt with the West. The huge Communist Bank of China building stands not far from the outer reaches of the Hong Kong Cricket Club. For more than a century the club has occupied some of the most valuable real estate in the colony. Next year its lease expires and the site will be converted to a public park. Which means an end to the long-whispered offer of a magnum of champagne to a player able to bat a ball through one of the bank's windows. It has never been done, even when the award was stepped up to £1,000 during last year's match with a team from Australia.

The ever fascinating Star Ferry ride across the harbor between Victoria and mainland Kowloon has suffered a material change. The first-class fare used to be 20 cents Hong Kong, which is 4 cents American. This year it went up to 25 cents Hong Kong. The second-class fare remains unchanged at 10 cents Hong Kong. There are two differences between the classes. One relates to personal prestige; the other is that second class is on the ferryboat's lower decks, which you enter directly from the pier without having to climb and descend stairs and runways as you do to reach first class. The East is still mysterious.



Despite incentive, no Hong Kong cricketer has belted one into Mao's bank.

Indonesia

Continued from page 80

Java and both ninth-century, and then sip a martini at pool side of the Ambarrukmo Palace Hotel in Jogjakarta.

About 80,000 tourists are expected this year, compared to about 4,000 in 1959, when Sukarno's militantly leftist soliloquies produced an official atmosphere in which foreign visitors, especially Americans, were regarded as subversives out to topple the Republic. Actually, Sukarno changed his attitude a couple of years later, but the lucrative aspect of tourism bored him. "Indonesia is not merely a country, a nation, that is searching only for money," he proclaimed. "No, indeed. We are promoting tourism to make Indonesia better known abroad." The post-Sukarno Indonesian leaders don't mind Indonesia becoming better known abroad, but they don't mind the money either. They can't issue visas fast enough.

Jakarta, celebrating its 442nd birthday, used to be a jumble of villages but recently has taken on the profile of a big city. Some of this is due to Sukarno. When the country's economy was in tatters, Sukarno, who once said he wanted to show the world that "no more are we 'dumb natives good only to spit on,' as the Dutch repeatedly told us we were," went about building water fountains, monuments, and multistoried buildings that split the Java sky. He hoped to make Indonesia the tallest country in Southeast Asia. It was, of course, his ego he was building. After his ouster, a twenty-six-story building, Sukarno's prize, was stopped in mid-construction. Today it's a steel skeleton, a grotesque testimonial to Sukarno's order of priorities.

In any case, the Sukarno splurge—plus the renovations and new construction undertaken during the new order—has given sections of Jakarta so much of a new look that even Jakartans are having a difficult time coexisting with the changing environment. A friend of mine once dropped in at the Hotel Indonesia, let his eyes roam over fifteen stories of marbled modernity, and confessed that he felt uprooted. "Where am I?" he asked. "Las Vegas?"

As for Las Vegas, you can also now catch a statuesque stripper in her act at a nightclub atop the Hotel Indonesia—this, in a country of Moslems who take a dim view of *any* statues. Down the street at a gambling casino atop the Sarinah department store they'll take your money just as seductively. Mr. Nixon was seen in neither establishment.

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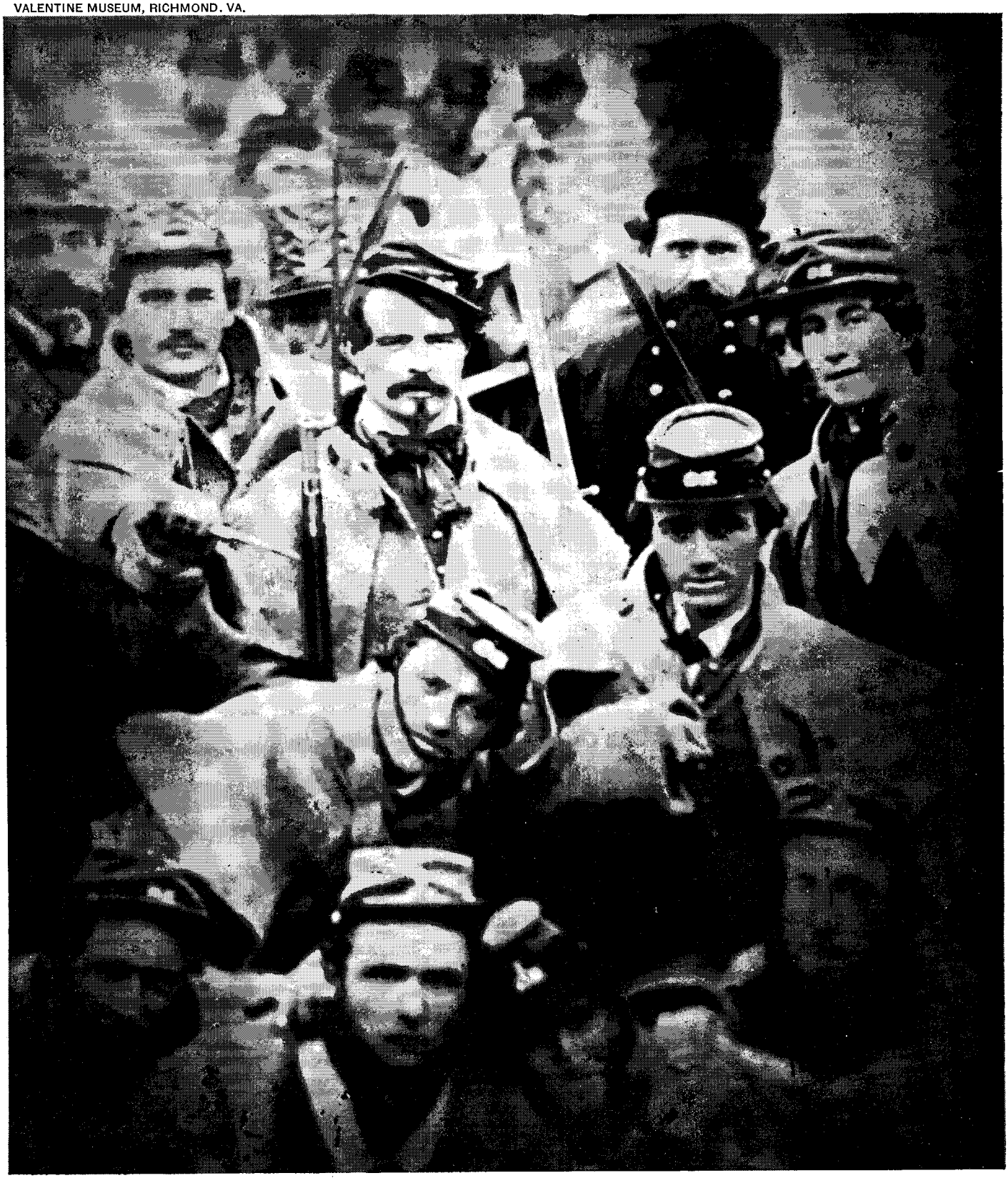
VALENTINE MUSEUM, RICHMOND, VA.



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China

Continued from page 78

entertained. A dance was requested, and the Chinese arranged one for the next evening. Wrote Taylor:

> Several dozen husky seaman put on their best clothes and went ashore. In the seamen's club they found a bar well stocked with Chinese beverages, an orchestra tuning up, and some polite Chinese officials—but, 9 o'clock and still no girls.
>
> "When does the dance begin?" one asked.
>
> "In a minute," beamed the Chinese.
>
> Then the band struck up a martial strain and each sailor was solemnly approached by a Chinese man. "Will you dance?" they asked. The sailors wrecked the place.

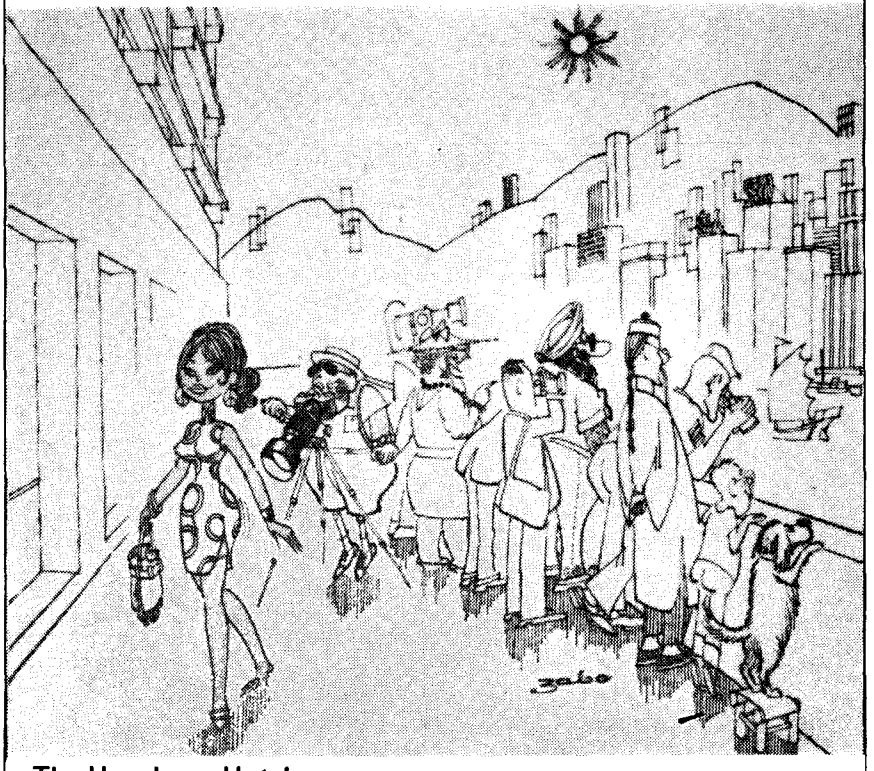
On the positive side, it is true that banditry largely has been eliminated along the primary routes of travel. Also, 700 million people, armed with flyswatters—plus the introduction of DDT—have crushed insect life. There are fixed prices in stores—no more hours of bargaining about items over cups of tea. But the European food is utterly odious, as it always was.

New construction, as might be expected, is as functional as a toothbrush. But the riches of the past are still there, if covered with an occasional banner showing Uncle Sam *and* Russia's Bear skewering babies. You will still see an elderly gentleman, on his morning stroll, with his pet bird perched on a polished stick. The most delicious and fragrant smoked ham on earth still comes from Canton, and Peking duck—a challenge to any worshiper of Escoffier—is still presented by the proud chef as if it were the first-born heir.

Despite their oft-expressed disdain for "curious, pleasure-seeking tourists," there are indications from time to time that the Chinese Communists are not completely blind to the possibilities of tourism. British journalist James Cameron traveled to Shao-Shen to visit the new shrine, the farmhouse where, allegedly, Chairman Mao was born. The house sits like a picture post card in a fertile valley guarded by an elegant mountain and a bubbling stream. Mr. Cameron, a Fleet Street cynic, asked the man in charge: "Is it true that the government had to search the province for two years to find such an ideal spot for the birthplace?"

"Oh, no," the man replied, seriously, "not nearly as long as that."

From all points of view . . .



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The Orient

Continued from page 72

"I'm sorry, sir, but your pin is ready."

"Why are you sorry?"

She took the pin out of a box. "It looks cheap and tawdry, sir."

"No, it doesn't look tawdry. I rather like it."

"Yes," she said decisively, "it is not made very good. I shall send it back to the factory. It must be made more better."

The guidebooks tell visitors to the Orient how to deal with shopkeepers and how to bargain successfully. But they rarely mention the importance of time and patience. In Taipei, an unusual jewel case caught my eye. It was a beautifully carved boat with an oarsman under whose movable seat the jewels could be hidden in a bed of red velvet. The bargaining began, but ended inconclusively. There was more pushing and pulling at the price the next day and the day after. I took Sunday off, spending the day at the village of Wu-Lai. Monday I returned to the shop. The owner looked at me reproachfully. "Where were you yesterday? I waited for you. We must continue our conversation." When I told him that this was my last day he named a mutually acceptable price and wrapped in chopsticks as a gift.

Following the success of *Teahouse of the August Moon* many years ago, a splashy establishment by that name was opened at Naha, Okinawa. When I last visited Naha, I found the "Teahouse" boarded up. In its place there was the neon-lit Body Plaza Night Club with a Sexy Mood Bed Show. Turning away from the bright lights I strolled through dark and quiet back streets. Then I heard the ping-ping of a samisen. I followed its sound until I dis-

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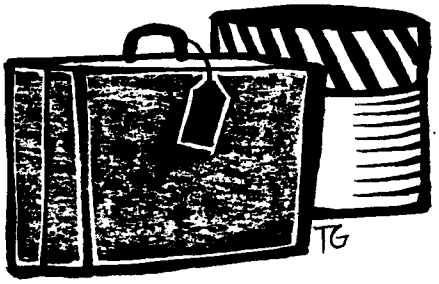

covered, at a dimly lit corner open to the street, another kind of teahouse. Sitting on a *tatami* were several burly men with sake bottles. Others, bottle in hand, were dancing by themselves, like Greeks, while a lone woman played the three-stringed samisen and sang in a thin, reedy voice. The men, dressed like dock workers, motioned me in with wild, sake-induced gestures.

I removed my shoes and, squatting uncomfortably on the *tatami*, prepared to watch the floor show. At first I was reluctant to join in the dance, but when they urged me to participate, I took a big swig of sake and did my part. I had no previous experience dancing with a sake bottle as partner, but the audience cheered my attempt.

For years I had heard a great deal about miracles wrought by Hong Kong tailors. Mine was an invisible tailor who labored in some backroom, hidden from the eyes of all but his team of pretty aides, Setsuko and Emiko. Setsuko took my measurements. Emiko wrote them down. Setsuko pinned the suit on me. Emiko made the corrections. Setsuko delivered the finished product. Emiko brought the bill.

It is a beautifully made suit, with an inside change pocket and trouser legs lined to the knee. Each sleeve has four buttonholes with buttons that really unbutton. Unfortunately, the suit doesn't fit very well, but that's probably because I'm a bit ticklish and not used to being fitted by a girl tailor.

Many Westerners feel that a little Kabuki goes a long way, that sitting through an entire evening of classic Japanese drama can be a trying experience. I am no exception. But having seen several Japanese men leave their seats to watch a baseball game on TV in the theater lobby, I no longer feel guilty making an early exit.

In the mood for some lighter entertainment, I went to see *Violinist on the Housetop*, a musical about a Japanese milkman with five unmarried daughters living in a village in Czarist Russia. I didn't understand it all, though I could have rented earphones with instant translation. After seeing the Japanese version I find it hard to visualize a Jewish actor playing such an intrinsically Japanese character as Tevye.

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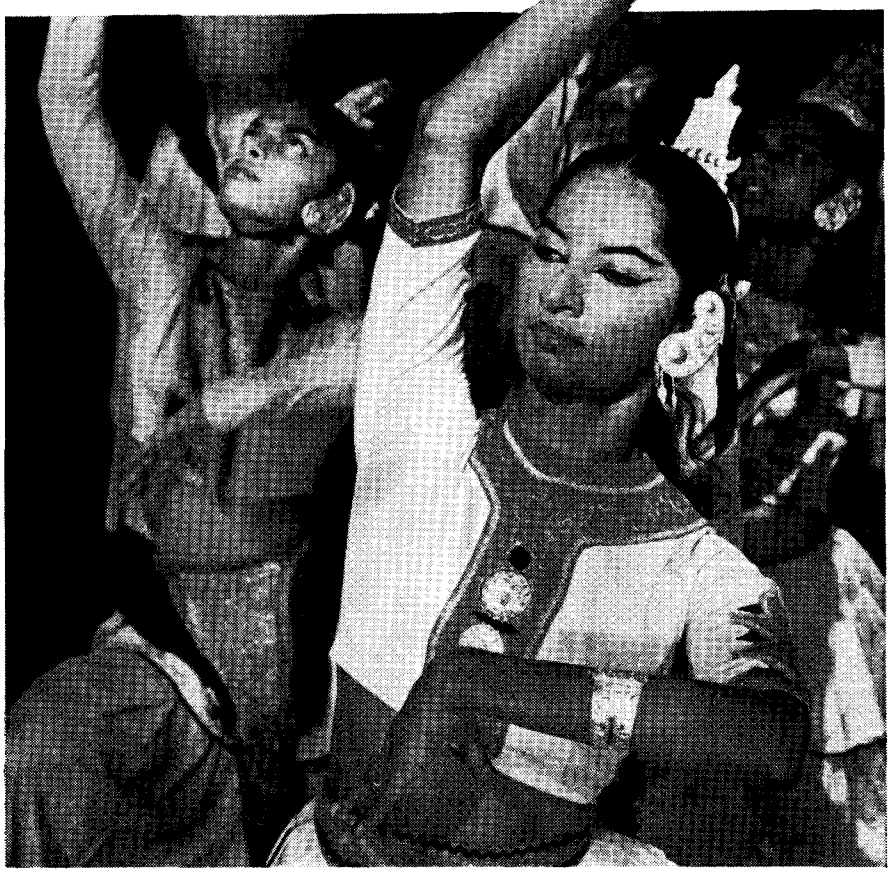

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Teppanyaki

Continued from page 64

mingei, or folk art, restaurants in all the major cities. With décor drawn from Japan's rich folk tradition, handmade plates and bowls by master potters, the Zakuro restaurants (there are four) in Tokyo are among the most attractive, though the menu is limited to sukiyaki and other beef dishes.

An especially handsome *mingei* restaurant, my favorite, is the Junidanya in the Gion section of Kyoto. The proprietor is a collector of rare *mingei* treasures, which are displayed in all the private *tatami* dining rooms. We sipped our *miso shiru* (bean curd soup) from the lacquered bowls. Our beautifully presented *sashimi* appetizers were served on plates by Shoji Hamada, a potter who has been declared a "National Living Treasure." As we dipped our chopsticks into the hot pot to snare tidbits of beef in the *mizutaki,* we could admire the Munakata woodcut in the *tokonoma.*

A less esthetic but livelier evening was spent in Tokyo at the Furusato, a 300-year old farmhouse transported to the bustling Shibuya section. The menu was country style, with dishes not commonly encountered in Tokyo (though cuttlefish was there, of course, disguised as long, cucumber-like strips). The huge, dark wooden ceiling beams made a perfect setting for the folk dancing and singing that accompanied dinner.

Some of the friendliest, most casual dining in Tokyo is at the *yaki-toris,* where grilled, skewered chicken is the specialty. The popular Tori Cho, near the Ginza, is especially cheery. Sitting along the beautiful, curved wood counter, it is fun to pick and choose the uncooked goodies. Great bowls of skewered wings, legs, livers, hearts, along with gingko nuts, green peppers, luscious mushrooms, and pale pink slivers of ginger—all await only a nod. The chef grills them to order. When the saturation point is reached, he totes up the number of skewers at the plate, then bills accordingly.

The current rage in Japan is *teppanyaki,* and *teppanyaki* restaurants are decidedly "In." The tenderest of Matzuzaka beef is chopped with virtuoso precision before your eyes, then grilled as you like it—along with bean sprouts and sometimes enormous plump mushrooms—then served right from the grill. It may be the tenderest beef in the world, but by no means the least expensive.

Shabu-shabu (pronounced "shab-shab") also popular, is a variation on the *mizutaki,* or Mongolian fire pot theme, and a wonderful party dish. We found it especially good at, of all places, the Genji Room of the Tokyo Hilton, where the ambiance is surprisingly authentic—there's even a tiny, impeccable Japanese garden visible through the restaurant windows—and convivial. After cooking the beef slices and vegetables in the steaming pot, one dips them into one of two sauces: a light, spicy, ginger-flavored sauce or a thickened sesame sauce with a sweetish flavor. At the end of the meal, one customarily sips the broth in which the meat and vegetables were cooked.

The discerning Japanese will judge a restaurant by the superiority of the sauces accompanying each dish. Foreigners may miss such subtleties, but certainly they will appreciate the décor, quality of serving bowls, attractiveness of presentation (even the most hectic *yaki-tori* makes a bid for beauty by embellishing each plate with a slice of radish or carrot carved in the shape of a flower), freshness of ingredients, and attentive service—even if they do get s'kiyaki, spaghetti, and steak.

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Micronesia

Continued from page 60

for chimerical invasions of mainland China. Today the complex is Trust Territory headquarters.

Kennedy had a feeling for the Micronesians. They never met him, and they still love him. On remote Kapingamarangi, so isolated you can get there by field service boat only a few times a year, boy and girl babies are even now being named Kennedy and Kennedia. But as late as 1966 a World Health Organization survey team shocked at least a segment of the American conscience with a report of "deplorable" health conditions. Since then, the Trust Territory health budget has been increased from $1.3-million to $4.2-million for the coming fiscal year, which means the United States can provide good health service to about 50 per cent of the Micronesian people.

The word "paradise" has become the most overworked of contemporary travel clichés about Micronesia. True, it is a physical paradise, but beyond that the term should be used guardedly. The people are not simple natives "emerging from the Stone Age," as one reporter has written. They represent ancient and richly varied cultures, some dating back 3,000 years. They come from at least nine distinct language groups, though English is becoming the lingua franca among the young, as Japanese was to some of their parents. The old clan structure is changing, but is still a potent and cohesive force within a culture. The aged are cherished, cared for, not ghettoized in retirement homes. A child is loved simply because it is a child, regardless of whether it is "legitimate" or "illegitimate"—this despite the current influence of some fundamentalist Protestant groups and the residual impact of the old Boston Missionary Society, which tried to cover female bodies with Mother Hubbards and succeeded in stamping out a considerable tradition of songs and dances.

Contrary to travel literature, focused most often on Yap, all women and girls do not leave their breasts uncovered. This is done mostly outside of district centers, or when in small groups of family and friends. The girls are not—as one well-known reporter has written—ready to "engage in sexual intercourse" at "practically any time with practically anybody." This is no more true in the multi-level social structures of Micronesia than it ever was in the similar society of Polynesia, in spite of a sex mythology dating back to Captain Cook.

There is no simplistic profile of a Micronesian. They are highly sensitive,

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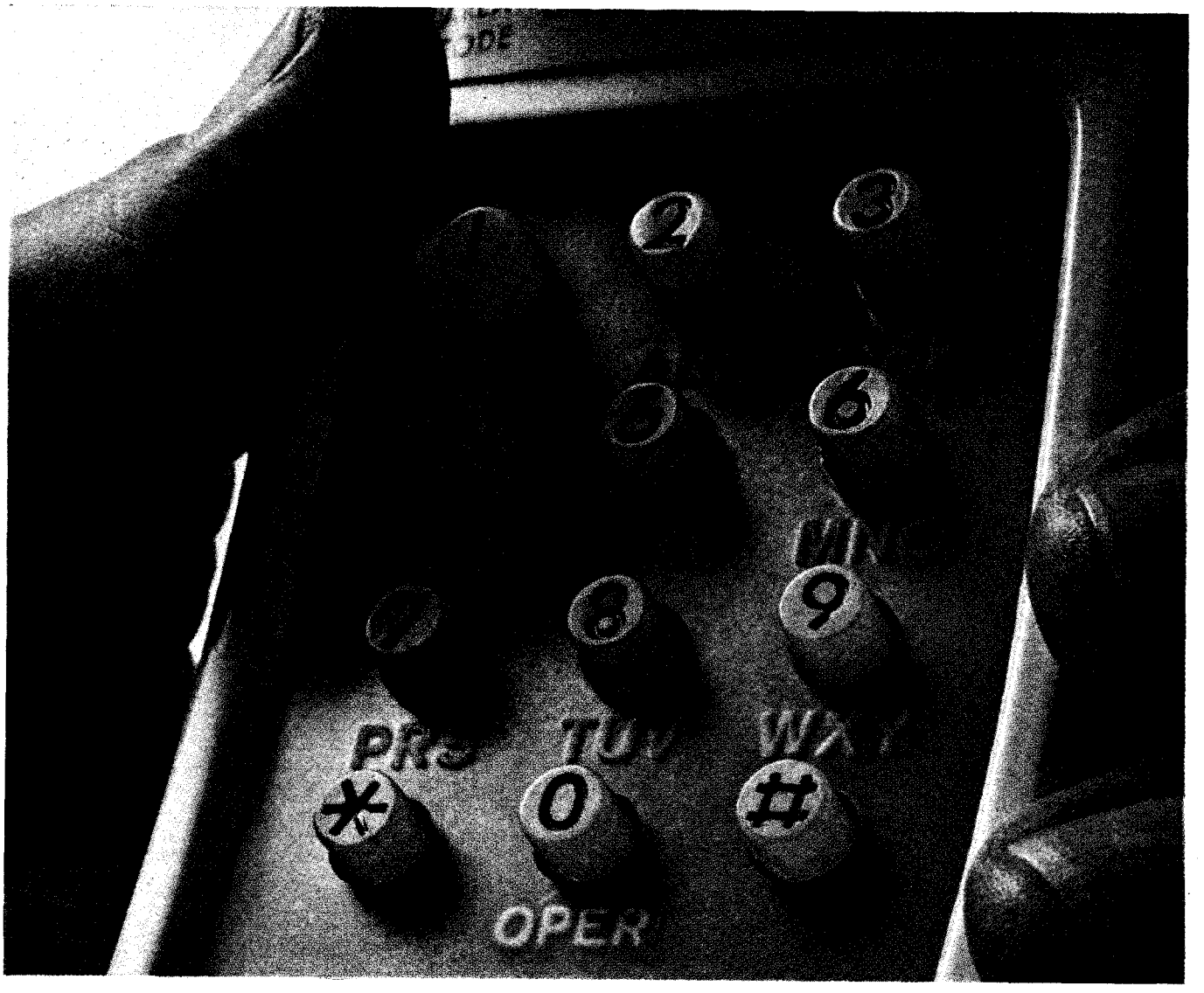

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infinitely complex, with a limitless unwritten lexicon of rules for proper conduct or conversation under any conceivable social situation. As an outsider, you are always doing or saying the wrong thing, or saying it in the wrong way, but if you come as a friend you will always be forgiven because they understand you don't know any better.

There are fishermen who will die at sea in outrigger canoes, corrupt old clan chiefs, women who die in an interminable succession of childbirths, women taking community leadership roles and teaching others about the pill. There are gifted sculptors such as Stanley Kenrad on Yap; editors and poets such as Valentine Sengebau on Koror, who in a poem called "Compassion of a Fellow Man" asks for a chance to prove "to the world and to my ego, and to you, if I may, that my soul isn't as dark as my skin."

Most businesses are just getting started. The Truk Trading Company, founded by Petrus Mailo, chief of Moen, and managed by Henry Chatroop of Chicago, has assets of more than $1-million. At a chamber of commerce luncheon I attended on Moen Island a merchant asked whether he should gamble with a trial stock of miniskirts. The recommendation was affirmative, but it was also suggested he stock an equal supply of panties, not normally worn by Trukese girls.

Jesuit missionaries stand tall among those who have come as friends to Micronesia. Peace Corps volunteers call them "the first Peace Corps." They're a million miles from Rome, go about in open-neck cotton shirts, are more concerned with genuine education and vocational skills than in obscuring female bodies or in interfering with a morality as natural as it is moral. Bill Gleason, a school supervisor on Ponape under contract to the Trust Territory Administration, came out from an elementary school in Oregon and tuned in quickly to Micronesia. "We have a chance to start over out here in education," he says, "to change it to meet the real needs of students. But we have to stop importing what's being rejected at home. We might even have to admit that our way of life isn't necessarily the best."

Some Trust Territory officials could never admit this. They're obvious misfits, civil servants putting in pension time. But others do get close to the islands, are deeply respected, and are contributing in exciting ways once thought impossible to rebuild at least the beginning of a viable economy.

Peace Corps volunteers, nearly 800 of them, have been the real yeast in the Micronesian mix. They live with the people, work with them, teach them, make love with them, and, not infrequently, marry into their families. Individually independent of stated and unstated Trust Territory policies, they concentrate on small, workable projects that will help prepare Micronesians to handle their own future, whatever it may be.

Dominic Renda, president of Continental's Air Micronesia, has a deep concern for the cultures his jets inevitably must influence. A business and law graduate from Ohio State University, a man who travels around Micronesia to see for himself, he believes "everything must be done to present the cultural values that make these islands so distinctive." He also is committed to economic development, the training of Micronesians to take over airline jobs and a "cautious" policy on tourism until adequate preparations have been made.

As part of its Air Micronesia contract, Continental will build six hotels in the Territory. The first two, of fifty rooms each, are scheduled to open next June on Truk and Koror. Construction of two more, on Ponape and Saipan, will begin during 1970. Hotels on Majuro and Yap are being held off at least until early 1971. "Yap would have to be last," Renda says. "Yap leaders have made it clear they are opposed to tourism as they now know it. It's our responsibility to show them we're concerned about their culture and want to do business their way."

All Continental hotels have been designed by Hawaiian architect Ned Wiederholt to blend into the islands. At present, there are only about 180 rooms "suitable for international tourists" in all of Micronesia; eighty-three are on Saipan. The others are mainly in small Trust Territory hotels on Koror, Yap, and Ponape. Truk was without any hotel for about a year, until the fifteen-room Marmar opened this summer. The most rewarding accommodations will continue to be with Micronesian families. Lack of beds will hold down tourism by air for another couple of years, although Guam, as one terminal and departure point, has ample facilities. The first impact of tourism will most likely come to Micronesia, as it did to Tahiti, with the cruise ship.

One hopes that before then all concerned will take the time to read and think about some words written by Father William McGarry, philosopher-priest on Ponape:

"Whenever you become an agent of social change, you should either retain the old values with new forms which still employ and protect those values. Or you might possibly introduce new values with new forms. But nothing should be simply destroyed without being replaced with something of value."

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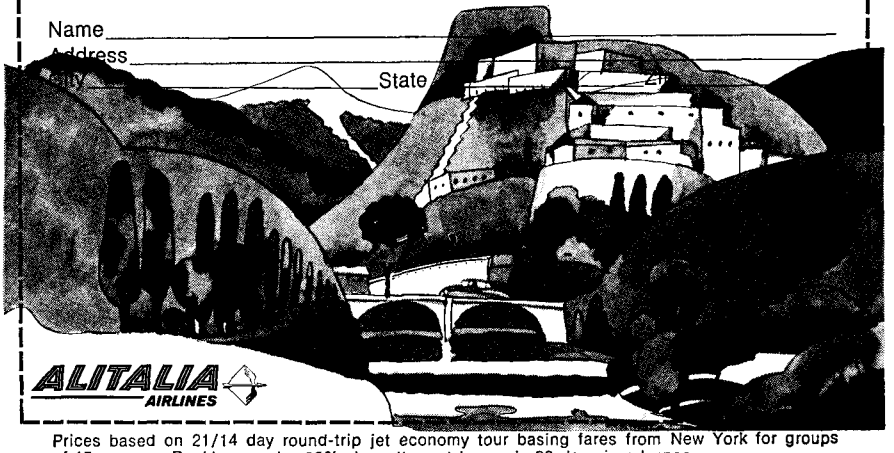

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Lonely Latitudes

Continued from page 47

ation leave to Sydney and Hong Kong, Tokyo and Honolulu, Penang, Bangkok, Taiwan, and Kuala Lumpur. Many of them will seek out these cities again, and some will be holding hands with new brides as they walk resolutely past the saloons and dance halls where they once tried to drown their loneliness.

I know a tall, roguish Australian, an airlines flack, who goes to work almost anywhere within a 5,000-square-mile area of the Pacific and considers it home. More than that, he thinks of it as the new playground of the world. It is the jet age, just now born, and it belongs to everybody who will ever take a vacation trip. Australia is the anchor for his Pacific, but it is only the largest of the thousands of islands that range from Hawaii south and west to New Zealand and Australia and northward to Southeast Asia. He moves around it as casually as a dairyman makes his rounds. "There are moments," he confided not long ago, "when I consider myself the finest bass player in the South Pacific. One thing I like about Fiji is that no matter when you roll in off a flight, there's always a party. I got into the Fijian Hotel at 3 the other morning and they greeted me at the desk with a bass fiddle."

Fiji is a striking example of change on these far, lonely shores. A group of 300 Melanesian islands, this colorful British crown colony is thirteen jet hours southwest of California. It had been a historic stopover point between the United States and Australia, but nothing much happened until the British laid out a jet runway and some amateurs who loved the islands began to build hotels. Fiji is one of those rare South Pacific settings where the locals bestirred themselves; on most islands outside investors have convinced the natives that they had a future. Now Fiji tourism leads the South Pacific in rate of growth.

By that standard, tiny American Samoa runs a close second. Six years ago, it was literally necessary to receive the permission of the territorial

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governor to disembark from an airplane at Pago Pago. There was simply no place for visitors. A woman named Aggie Gray ran the island hotel, but even honeymoon couples found themselves doubling up with other guests; some nights there were six and eight in a room. Three years ago came the Pago Pago Inter-Continental, a source of great pride to Samoans; it is already being doubled in size.

But it is typical of the still primitive state of tourism in much of the South Pacific that one can hardly get from Pago Pago to Apia in independent Western Samoa, less than 200 miles away. When I was in Pago Pago last spring, the inter-island air service consisted of a DC-4, but the plane had been broken down for weeks, and there was a twelve-day wait for passage on a DC-3. Such isolation is not uncommon, and it has been a key to the slow opening of the South Pacific to tourism. Tahiti was an example. Anyone who tried to fly to Tahiti ten years ago went from Honolulu to Fiji and then to the Cook Islands, crossing and recrossing the International Date Line over a period of three days before landing by seaplane in the Papeete lagoon. Today Papeete is a nonstop jet flight from Los Angeles. Resort hotels are changing the face of the island, and commuter-hour traffic on the airport road moves no faster than on the Los Angeles freeways.

Yet not so much has changed. Sometime during the construction of the lavish Hotel Taharaa near Papeete, a New York vice president of the Inter-Continental Hotels sat down with a Tahitian wood carver to negotiate a price for thirty tikis. The first tiki, they agreed, would cost 2,000 Tahitian francs—$23 in U.S. money.

"And for the others?" the New Yorker asked.

"They will be more. Three thousand francs each."

The New Yorker was astonished. "But why does the price go up for quantity orders?" he asked.

The Tahitian smiled. "The first one," he said, "is fun to make."

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The Fair

Continued from page 45

goya was celebrated with a Shinto ceremony and the release of thousands of pigeons and balloons. Expogoers thus will be able to drive the Tokyo-Osaka route in eight hours, following freeways directly to the grounds.

Open space is so precious in Japan it's a wonder Expo found a place to build the fair. (General MacArthur blamed his troops' early failure in Korea on the lack of training space in occupied Japan, his home base.) If anything, Expo will be roomier than past expositions, at the cost of thousands of acres of rice and bamboo that were flourishing only two years ago in a broad valley bounded by the Senri Hills. Still, Expo has been laid out to ease the visitor's arches. Enclosed moving sidewalks and a monorail will cut down walking, and there will be four exits from the grounds, two more than Montreal had in 1967. Among the Midway offerings is a five-track roller coaster that curls along for nearly three miles with few chilling dips. Gourmet or pizza nibbler, a person should be able to find his fare among the 145 restaurants. Even Japanese food.

Other than a handful of communist countries not recognized by world exposition regulations (China, North Vietnam, East Germany, North Korea) governments great and small will be out to show their stuff — businesses, too. Russia is spending the most, $20-million, to hammer out a gleaming steel circular pavilion with a coat of red paint and a hammer-and-sickle front. The United States Information Agency, building the American pavilion, also wanted to spend $20-million, but when Congress slashed the USIA budget, it had to go with $10-million. West Germany is spending $7.5-million. Cuba and Haiti will be represented, also San Francisco, the states of Hawaii and Washington, Hong Kong, several dozen Japanese business groups, Pepsi-Cola, and IBM.

Howard Chernoff, as overseer of the U.S. pavilion, functions as a sort of U.S. publicity agent. What he hopes to sell at Osaka is an image. "We want to show the Japanese," he said, "that we have a history and culture of our own. They tend to think if they know about baseball and the latest rock music they understand America. But they've only scratched the surface. We're spending $10-million to tell the Japanese something about America. More than 90 per cent of the people who visit Expo will be Japanese. I couldn't care less if Americans go or not."

Why the U.S. is so intent on impressing the Japanese is no mystery: Every day in every way we're losing points. Chernoff feels the frequent *demos* and other expressions of anti-U.S. sentiment are grounded in a woeful—not unlike what America manifests toward Japan.

America's vast oval-shaped, mostly underground pavilion (one-and-a-half football fields) will hold seven main exhibitions: space, sports, early Americana, American paintings, new arts, photography, and architecture. "No heavy machinery," Chernoff stresses. "Unlike the Russians in Montreal. This is no hard sell." He had to work all the wonders of soft sell to get New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art to lend $2.5-million worth of Stuarts, Remingtons, Homers, etc., and strained even harder to convince the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, to part for six months with such treasures as Babe Ruth's outfitted locker and fifty or sixty autographed baseballs. ("The Japanese will flip.") The Smithsonian came through with the early Americana objects—a display that Chernoff hopes will "show the Japanese we didn't always do everything mechanically. We had to make our knives by hand. Our Founding Fathers didn't push buttons to get things done."

He is quick to say that America's best exhibit will be the sixty young bilingual guides he personally interviewed and selected. "I think when the Japanese come up and ask them questions and our guides answer in Japa-

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nese . . . well, they'll just flip. We've got six Phi Betes, all sorts of beautiful kids. There isn't a kook among them. Which isn't to say we won't have trouble.

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If Expo '70 begins to sound like an international snow job, every country trying to bury the next in an avalanche of PR, it won't be. Not for the lucky tourist anyway. He can go just for the ride.

Ebersoles' Potato Chips

by Harold Witt

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flashed down and came up done

out of the tank of time—
we watched and licked our lips,
a sample salted our day
and seasoned our talk with a tang
far in a balmy dream
of kind-faced enterprise.

And from that fragrant place
we ran out into the sun—
Saddleback blue in a haze
rose at the end of our street.
Crack went the ball on the bat,
someone ran to base

under the walnut trees
where sun fell through the leaves
onto the dark green grass
like gold potato chips.
Crack and someone slid home
scraped by a manhole lid—

what was a little blood
when the best team always won?
But the dank day finally came
when we limped out of the dream—
Ebersoles' closed down
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of a placeless corporation.
We stared down into the vat
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Ebersole told us to scat,
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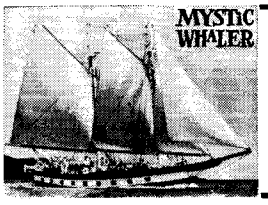

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

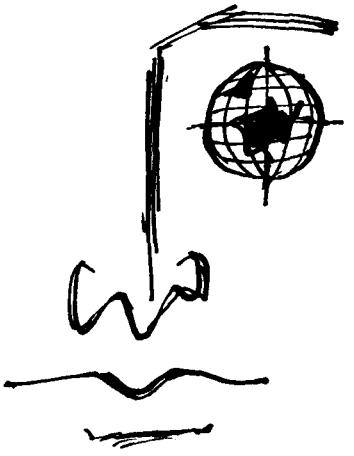
Candidate Roe

VOTERS in Illinois' Thirteenth Congressional District (Chicago's North Shore suburbs, where most of the city's business and community leaders live) don't know it yet, but their next primary elections (October 7) will constitute what is probably a first in American politics and broadcasting. Republicans and Democrats alike will have an opportunity to vote for a candidate for Congress who dares to take an open stand on matters affecting the public interest in television and radio.

This, to my knowledge, is unprecedented. Successful candidates, upon their arrival in Washington, may serve on Senate or House committees that fashion legislation impinging on broadcasting. All may vote on such bills that come to the floor of the Congress (the majority usually votes in favor of broadcasting interests); but for a candidate to stand up on the Congressional hustings and talk about broadcasting issues is simply unheard of. Politicians generally consider that voters are not "emotionally" involved in broadcasting issues, no matter how vital they are to the nation. It is also understood that broadcasters possess the power to affect the image of politicians.

The daring candidate from Illinois is Yale Roe. He has spoken out against the Pastore bill, which would kill competition for broadcast licenses; he has taken on the powerful and Republican Chicago *Tribune*; and he has talked about the dangers in the concentration of control of the mass media by big corporations.

The Tribune Company is trying to buy the city's only fine arts-classical music FM station (the corporation already owns two of the city's four major newspapers, a clear-channel AM radio station, and one of the city's four VHF-TV stations). "We would not for a minute," candidate Roe said, "tolerate the government owning our newspapers or radio and TV stations; yet we say nothing when the media of major cities come under the control of one or two corporations." The candidate's political unorthodoxy is compounded by the fact that he is a successful twenty-year broadcasting veteran himself: a senior vice president of a corporation that owns stations and cable-TV interests in four states; part owner and general manager of a new UHF-TV station being built in Chicago; and a former executive of the ABC television network. In 1962, Roe wrote *The Television Dilemma*, (Hastings), arguing that "the TV industry has the financial resources to be more socially responsible while still offering a profitable return to its stockholders." The candidate appeals to "self-reliance and fiscal responsibility" in his Midwestern Republican stronghold; but he has attacked Senator Everett Dirksen, the ABM, the Vietnam war, chemical-biological warfare, and high military expenditures "while our cities rot and our schools deteriorate."



Of his ten opponents in the Republican primary, one other has a liberal cast; two are of the radical right; and the rest stand in the shadow of Nixon. Democrats have never won in his district, and voter registration is apathetic, so Roe hopes that enough liberal Republicans, as well as independents and Democrats, will cast ballots on October 7 for a man who links his attack on the concentration of media ownership to his defense of the public, saying that "the people, as well as big business, must have a voice in who owns the forms of communication." Queried about any conflict of interest that could arise should he be elected, Roe replied that "a man can't put his money in a mattress," but added that he will publicly disclose his holdings. Elected or not, he already has made a giant contribution to breaking the silence barrier that separates broadcasting from politics in public discourse. Future candidates, please emulate. As for the voters of Illinois' Thirteenth District regardless of party, they might ponder this: if our fairly free society is to be saved, probably the only ones who can do it are men of profit who can be socially responsible.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

What Is a Festival Film?

When Lincoln Center opens its seventh annual New York Film Festival next week, it will do so with a picture that runs counter to almost everyone's idea of what constitutes a proper "festival film." For one thing, it is a comedy—*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*—and comedies are at least as rare on the festival circuits as they are at Academy Award time. Festival committees and awards committees both have a tendency to take themselves too seriously, and frivolity is generally shunned in favor of sterner stuff.

Furthermore, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* is an *American* film, produced by a major studio (Columbia), with stars such as Robert Culp and Natalie Wood. To be sure, the New York Festival has run American pictures in the past, but these were films like *Lilith* and *Mickey One*—problem pictures that studio executives would frankly admit, in off-the-record moments, had little to lose and just possibly something to gain from festival exposure. *B&C&T&A* presents no such difficulties. Indeed, I am already placing bets that when it comes into commercial release later this year, it will prove to be *The Graduate* of 1969.

Oddly enough, it is considerably easier to persuade the domestic companies to enter a problem picture into a festival than one that promises a sure-fire box office. Studios like to feel that they control the destinies of their films, and that showing them at festivals, before they have gotten audiences and critics in what they regard as the proper condition to receive their efforts, might adversely affect the ultimate reception. Again, festival audiences are notoriously atypical—more like benefit audiences in the legitimate theater. They have paid extra; they expect more.

Basically, what the studios fear, however—and in this they are enthusiastically joined by many of the importers of foreign films—is the critics. In New York especially, a bad notice at the Festival can cancel all hopes for an important booking. Why go to all the expense of opening a picture when *The New York Times* is already on record as hating it? Equally disastrous, from the distributors' point of view, is the New York critics' propensity to review films when they are shown at the festival, then either ignoring them completely or quoting in *precis* form from their original review when the film opens officially.

To obviate this, many of the distributors now try to arrange bookings so that the festival showing becomes, in effect, their first night, with the regular theatrical run beginning the very next day. In this way, they benefit both from the prestige of the festival, and from the critics' reviews while they are still current—assuming, of course, that the reviews *are* a benefit.

For the fact is that films are selected for a festival—any festival—for reasons that have little to do with the commercial considerations of probable box office. (Lincoln Center, for example, has from the start operated its festival at a loss.) Neither attracting crowds nor pleasing crowds is nearly so important as discovering exciting new films by exciting new film-makers, exciting new films by established old film-makers, pictures that break new ground, and films that continue a cherishable tradition.

As a member of this year's Selection Committee (and after having viewed more than 150 films with the festival specifically in mind), I can testify that it would be simple enough to round up twenty or so pictures from around the world that would be likable, exotic, easy to assimilate, easy to sell. Since the bulk of the world's movies are made for the mass market, these qualities are readily come by. But by the same token, they neither need nor warrant a festival to single them out and set them off. They are not "festival films."

On the other hand, there are some directors—Bresson, Godard, Olmi, and Pasolini, for example—who seem to create pictures primarily (some might even say exclusively) for festival audiences. It isn't that their work is deliberately obscure or technically complicated, but that they choose themes that are difficult and controversial, characters who are multi-layered or multi-faceted; they demand for their films the same intellectual commitment and concentration that one customarily extends to literature and great plays.

Inherent in the festival approach, then, is a discrimination between pictures that merely entertain and those that use the medium with serious intent. While this may tend to produce programs that are on the solemn side, solemnity itself is hardly the consideration. *Oh! What a Lovely War*, for example, which closes the forthcoming New York Festival, is a bitterly anti-war statement, yet it is couched in nostalgic songs, amusing satiric skits, and star-spangled cameos of extraordinary power and intensity. Agnes Varda's curiously autobiographical *Lions Love*, produced in Hollywood, counterpoints her preparations for a hippie movie against the last days of Robert Kennedy's California campaign, but the hippie scene itself is presented with vigor and color. Even *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, although essentially a comedy, comes into the festival because of its trenchant commentary on, and parody of, the Beautiful People of Southern California.

No less rewarding, and no less vital a film festival function, is the signalling of first works by exciting new talents—or at least, in the cases of Marguerite Duras and Susan Sontag, talents who are new to the medium. Significantly, no less than seven (or better than a third) of the features announced for Lincoln Center this year fall into this category; to these must be added a number of the short films, those invaluable calling-cards for nascent writers and directors. The joy of discovering just one such film—Robert Blechman's wry *The Emperor's New Armor*, or Jordan Belson's eye-widening *Momentum*—more than compensates for all the lonely hours spent in a screening room wading through well-intended, but technically incompetent documentaries, and pretentious, ego-massaging experimentals.

And there are other values as well that enter into film festival selections. Ingmar Bergman's *The Ritual*, for example, was made for Swedish television, but the giant dildoes sported by the gentlemen in the final sequence would certainly bar it from television here—or even, quite possibly, from the art house circuits; yet what film buff would not want to see Bergman's first experiments with the small screen?

Thus, a film festival—and particularly the New York Film Festival—is essentially a blend. It brings together the new and the old, the established professional and the talented neophyte; it searches out the classics of yesterday and tomorrow; it seeks out films that seem to be opening fresh paths for the cinema, and sets them in the context of excellence in more conventional forms. Above all, for a brief two weeks at Lincoln Center the indelicate balance between art and industry that has always shaped the motion picture medium is tipped in favor of art.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Dancing on the (New) Thames

ALMOST, but not quite, as well known as the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival in Lee, Massachusetts, is another New England festival, the American Dance Festival, presented by Connecticut College. Performances and classes (until this summer), almost entirely focusing upon modern dance, have been summertime highlights of campus activities for more than twenty years. This is an outgrowth of the famous Bennington Dance Festival (Bennington College, Vermont) which, in the 1930s, produced masterworks of modern dance by Martha Graham, the late Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and Hanya Holm.

Martha Hill (now chairman of the modern dance department of The Juilliard School of Music) and Mary Jo Shelley were the guiding forces at Bennington; later, at Connecticut College, Miss Hill, the late Ruth Bloomer, and Theodora Wiesner extended the modern dance festival activities to include major works by Graham and Humphrey and by newer generations that produced José Limón, Pearl Lang, Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor, Pauline Koner, John Butler, and others.

This summer, the festival and school have been directed by the lively, imaginative, and forceful young dance manager, Charles Reinhart. Under his planning, such modern dance veterans as Talley Beatty, Alvin Ailey, and Paul Taylor have been represented, but Reinhart has also brought in a still younger generation of avant-garde dancers. Usually, Palmer Auditorium is the site of the performances—in the past, Palmer presentations have been augmented by folk dancing on the green or workshops in the big gymnasiums—but this year, for example, Yvonne Rainer conducted an experiment, involving audiences, in traveling choreography that went from gyms to studios to lounges.

The program I saw late last month was listed as a "special performance" featuring choreographies (most of them new) by Beatty, James Clouser, and Al Huang; dancing by professionals working on stage with student dancers; and techniques representing ballet, modern dance, folk, Oriental flavorings, and mime. It was an impressive program (I saw the preview) —even including the works-in-progress numbers—smoothly staged, beautifully lighted, (each choreographer designed his own), and stunningly costumed.

The simplest, yet the most deeply moving, offering was Mr. Beatty's *Bring My Servant Home*, dedicated to the memory of Dr. Martin Luther King and danced to the spirituals "Were You There?" and "Bring My Servant Home," and an "Exultate Deo" of Palestrina, all sung by the Fisk Jubilee Singers. The least affecting (although it was technically effective) of the three was the middle work, the "Exultate," but from the entrance of the three girls in the opening spiritual "Were You There?" it was clear that we were in the presence of a superb dance work.

Mr. Beatty, taking a miniature processional and evolving it into a closely knit ensemble, made one think of Doris Humphrey's mastery of stage design, of the placement, position, and direction of dancers in terms of space. Further, Beatty had come up with a movement sweep—too often missing from today's dance—that seemed to extend, in terms of movement echoes, the actions of the body into surrounding stage space. The title spiritual brought the dance to a close in equally forceful terms, using gestures with emotional content, and movements, steps, forms, and shapes that constitute the continuing rush of ephemeral dance. I do hope this marvelous work finds homes in both modern dance and ballet repertories.

Al Huang is both a striking dancer and a highly original choreographer, who successfully combines his Oriental heritage with Western modern dance techniques.

His solo, *The Monkey and the Moon*, is a Zen Koan piece which, with wit as well as agility, reminds us that an occasional discarding of calculation and a return to intuition is both therapeutic and fun. Mrs. Huang (Suzanne Pierce) continues this rapport with nature in her lyrical solo *Dandelions and Sunflowers*. With *Owari*, Huang, assisted by Miss Pierce and William Hansen, approaches ritual and fantasy in a piece involving sinuous movements with three suspended mobile-like cages of light in which multicolored flickerings suggest the sheen and the shadows of ancient temples.

Clouser started off with a satire, *A Kiss of the Mome Rath* (remember Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky"?), which included such characters as the Tall Ones, the Little Ones, the Elegant Ones, the Simple Ones, the Beauties, and, delightfully, the Three Uglies—females trotting about with those ghastly curlers in their hair, worn not as a prelude to beautification but as badges of arrogant ugliness.

His second creation was *Lovely in the Dances*, a danced poem, which interrelated song and dance images. Mrs. Clouser (Sonja Zarek, singer, guitarist) set the mood for each interlude with such delightfully contrasting cues as "I'm a merry, merry soul, and lovely in the dances"; "Riding in a buggy"; "Black sheep"; "I'll take humble steps, I'll be David"; and "Luminous days are forever walking on pale shadows cast by the sun." Clouser and his student dancers, in this work-in-progress, skillfully fused ballet, modern, mime, folk elements, and just plain steps and gestures doing what comes naturally—but isn't that what dancing is basically about? Yes, just about one-half, for dance needs both the natural and the intuitive, plus horizonless artifice.

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Letters

Continued from page 25

blacks and other ethnic groups (nor does the amount explain very much). The most significant and obvious differences between the current "immigrant group" and others are 1) color, visibility, or the ability of Glazer or anyone else to almost always be able to recognize a black minority member, and 2) what happens to the group's life chances because of this recognition based on color.

To say that blacks had an inability or an aversion to business, from which they were systematically excluded, is like saying that blacks had no interest or ability to play baseball before 1947. In placing major responsibility for the lack of black businesses on blacks themselves, Glazer seems to fall prey to the malady of projection utilized by many whites to justify their negative beliefs and maltreatment of blacks. This projection involves an inability or failure to recognize one's own responsibility in the plight of others.

Blacks have faced and continue to face problems of a severity completely unlike those that were faced by other ethnic groups. Blacks live in a society which continues to hold mythical, negative beliefs about black motivation, black ability, and, consequently, limits black access, opportunity, and success. As closed economic, educational, and social institutions are opened wider for blacks they will have the chance to become what they can become, to try, compete, succeed, and even fail at a rate equal to others.

KING EDWARD DAVIS, ACSW,
Watertown, Mass.

THE SPECIAL issue on black capitalism is beneficial. In moving toward this worthy objective, certain militant adolescents might well note that there were fifty-two pages of classified HELP WANTED ads in a recent Sunday *New York Times*, in addition to many other pages of job offerings to qualified teachers, engineers, scientists, etc. By law, as well as by inclination, in most cases, everyone of these employment opportunities was available regardless of race, color, or creed. In none of these thousands of available jobs, however, was a knowledge of African tribal customs prerequisite, pertinent, or useful.

PAUL W. FERRIS,
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

BEING OPPOSED to flying under false colors, I was disturbed by the erroneous references to me in "The New Black Businessmen" by Charlayne Hunter. I would, therefore, like to set the record straight.

First, I am not a millionaire. Second, I was not the founder of North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company, although I have served as president. Few persons, if any, can now become millionaires on salary. My principal source of income has always been from salary.

Since North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance is not a stock company, I have no stock in it. All of its surplus belongs to its policyholders. Furthermore, to become a millionaire has never been an absorbing ambition of mine. I have always been more concerned with devoting my time and energies to serving mankind.

North Carolina Mutual was organized October 20, 1898, and began business April 1, 1899. I was born July 22, 1902.

ASA T. SPAULDING,
Durham, N.C.

IN Miss Hunter's article, the town of Kirkwood, Illinois, is mentioned as being 40 miles away from East St. Louis, Illinois.

I was born and raised in Kirkwood, Illinois, and the last time I looked, it was about 120 miles from East St. Louis. Could the author have meant Kirkwood, Missouri?

MRS. PHYLLIS J. SHAUMAN,
Biggsville, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In point of fact, she did.*

Moholy-Nagy in Retrospect

I WAS of course happy to see Katharine Kuh's thorough review of the Moholy Retrospective [FINE ARTS, July 26], but I was very much puzzled by two of her statements.

One cannot quarrel with personal opinion, and if Miss Kuh finds Moholy's canvases "heavy-handed and romantic"—well, there is nothing to say. To me such a blanket statement about pieces of such enormous variety is quite incomprehensible.

The other is her rhetorical question why Moholy remained an easel painter, or rather returned again and again to easel painting after considering its extinction a future possibility. In a letter to Kalivoda in March 1936 he wrote:

> You might find it strange that I keep "painting pictures" although so much of my most intense beliefs are tied up with a future of painting with light, and with bringing the whole range of technical equipment into the artist's workshop. I started out by rediscovering the visual fundamentals of space, color, texture, form, and plasticity—open to every seeing human being. I have always to go back to these first sources (what the Germans call *Urgrund*) to recharge my willingness to go beyond. The hardest thing to bear as a creative person is the uncertainty of constant experiment. To keep from tearing one's nerves in all directions there must be the calm of tangible achievement—the one problem solved. For me this is abstract painting. [Translated from the German.]

SIBYL MOHOLY-NAGY,
New York, N.Y.

" . . . And if I am re-elected Senator I solemnly promise to keep all those promises I made six years ago."

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Desmond on Desmond

Paul Desmond — "Search for new vistas continues."

Jazz alto saxophonist Paul Desmond's album *Summertime* (A & M 3015)—the first under a new contract with Herb Alpert's label and, incidentally, Desmond's first recording project since the dissolution of the "original" Dave Brubeck Quartet eighteen months ago—is very much a statement of position. It also provides a sharply in-focus, multi-hued picture of the saxophonist, mirroring as it does his deep-set romanticism, lifting lyricism, rhythmical resilience, and class.

Class is the crucial descriptive here; one of the rare and cogent intangibles in life and art, easily distinguished but impossible to reproduce from a pattern. It fits Desmond like a glove. His work has a sophisticated tone and inner fire, yet retains the simplicity and directness of a well-ordered mind. He moves through material with grace and fluency and logic, celebrating this triptych of "old-fashioned" virtues by doing so. Unfortunately, these qualities are in ecliose in present-day jazz; somehow they have become associated with that which is slick and unfeeling.

For the few among you who might not be familiar with Desmond, it is compulsory to report that he labored for seventeen years in the Brubeck vineyard, deriving economic stability and a sense of fulfillment in this context. The one man in the quartet critics consistently admired, he was central to its identity, thrust, and temperament. The antithesis of Brubeck on the stand, he often stood in the rim of the grand piano, looking plugged out. His playing, however, told another story. Touching on a wide range of feelings and thoughts, he linked them concisely and intelligently. Ever-evolving continuity, paced by tight, telling transitions, seemingly is his recipe.

Bringing into play an elegant and often buoyant sound, Desmond voiced his comments in a style with deeply melodic roots, reaching back into a tradition that gave us Bix Beiderbecke and Lester Young and culminated in the modern mind of Charlie Parker. His lines sang and moved up hill and down dale. He made excellent use of space. Frequently he engaged Brubeck in contrapuntal challenge and refueled by bouncing off the pianist's responses.

Whenever Desmond played, briefly or at length, he gave you the feeling that his comments had gone through the process of instant editing and would fall with the inevitability of Monday following Sunday. Seldom if ever did he bore you with anything bordering on the excessive. He revealed much of himself in performance but left a little for next time. I always have had the feeling that Desmond banks ideas and energy for a particularly rainy, threatening time. A musing introvert in an extrovert's game, he also never seemed capable of fully surfacing feelings at the harsh and hurting end of the scale, preferring cutting subtleties to portray this kind of passion. Admittedly, they serve him well.

When talking about himself, Desmond generally understates his case, leavening his comments with witty self-disparagement. Though obviously deeply serious about his work, he never makes one overly conscious of this in conversation or, for that matter, in his performances. He plays, and that's explanation enough. As for his standing in jazz: Desmond fully realizes that he is not "stylish" at the moment—though still a major figure with a large following. But it seems to matter little to him. He remains steadfastly faithful, by action and implication, to his own vision of music and how it should sound.

Summertime draws Desmond in detail, while serving as a position paper for an entire melodic school of modern jazz improvisation (e.g., Stan Getz, Bill Evans, Jim Hall, Gerry Mulligan, etc.). Concern is for beauty in the very literal and almost tangible sense; belabored abstractions, difficult to justify—musically or philosophically—are not Desmond's bag. The material generally is rich harmonically with more than ample melodic possibilities. Time signatures brought into play either in the backgrounds, created by arranger Don Sebesky, or as the basis for improvisation do not circumscribe the players. Complex elements in the album move hand in glove with more straightforward and accessible sounds and ideas. One doesn't immediately become conscious of techniques, just *music*, and this is a major accomplishment.

Preparation, the men, material, musical and physical environment all play a role in extracting the best from an improvising artist. *Summertime* was nine months in the making, though the recording took place over a three-month period late last year. The caring and mutuality of involvement of Desmond, producer Creed Taylor, arranger Sebesky, and engineer Rudy Van Gelder is inescapable in the final product.

If the ten "songs" contained in the album have anything in common it is their consonance with Desmond's style and propensities. The material and Sebesky's treatments offer challenge and multiple areas of exploration for the improviser. Sebesky, working essentially with brass and rhythm sections, allows Desmond to interact with the rhythm section—as individuals and as a unit—while coloring, much in the manner of Claude Thornhill and Gil Evans, to fill out a feeling or to emphasize it. He writes with discretion, often building behind Desmond in such a way that one is not conscious of the excellence of his efforts until his sound painting grabs you and enhances the overall picture, its dimensions and tension.

What we have then is Desmond and his rhythm colleagues as the central focus, feeding one another, with Sebesky backgrounds to lean against and be provoked by. On occasion the "band" moves into the foreground to be relished for its own contribution. But primarily it is a vehicle to enhance Desmond's sound and ideas. The small group-within-the-band concept *works*, and makes for a sense of airiness and free exchange. Pianist Herbie Hancock is quite impressive in this context, prompting, accompanying, pushing Desmond, and contributing limber, lean, lyrical solos, surprising in their cogency.

Being a melodist above all, Desmond

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is particularly affecting on excellent ballads—such as the Johnny Mercer-Johnny Mandel film theme "Emily," and "Where is Love" from Lionel Bart's *Oliver!* In each case, he states the melody in a musing manner, then proceeds to create a child from the parent line which not only emphasizes the intent and inner message of the song, but his own view of them. The improvisations loom large and important, often transcending the original songs in beauty.

Desmond's facility within a time signature other than 4/4 is aptly illustrated on "Lady in Cement," still another motion picture theme. He plays with level thrust in 5/4, moving from "4" to "5" without impeding the flow. The band is heard in "5," 7/4 as well as 4/4. The way Sebesky places the time changes and how he has the band play in the trio of signatures gives this "Lady" great variety in shape. "Summertime" is in "5" throughout. Again, Desmond structures an essay in linear development, as the band lightly pulses behind him.

It is the contention of many an old-line critic that a jazzman is not worth his salt if he can't play the blues. Desmond, not a nitty-gritty belter, plays it a bit more fragmented on his blues trip, "North by Northwest." The edges are a bit sharper; heat permeates his sound. Striding atop goosing cymbal chatter (Leo Morris), strong bass (Ron Carter), piano provocation (Herbie Hancock), and on-the-beat punctuations from the band, Desmond sings a strong song, while simultaneously proving that performing powerfully need not have anything to do with volume.

Because Desmond's work falls easy on the ears, there are people who tend to look askance and whisper that most alarming of accusations. "The man's commercial," they say, missing the entire meaning of his performances. The pretty sound is the least of Desmond's assets. What most strongly recommends him is his adventure, sense of freedom, and great creativity within a melodic - harmonic - rhythmic framework. Plus the fact that his search for new vistas continues.

"There is so much interior room within the limitations of harmonic and melodic playing," Desmond once told critic Dan Morgenstern, "you don't have to cancel out all the rules to make progress. In some ways, it's more of a challenge to refine one thing and find something in it that hasn't been done before."

One has only to listen to *Summertime* to realize discoveries are still being made by this musician—ones that will reward the listener time and again. —BURT KORALL.

A Harvest from Martha's Vineyard

by OLIVER DANIEL

The name Martha conjures up a myriad of individual associations. To the opera buff, it suggests Flotow and "The Last Rose of Summer"; to dance enthusiasts, the theater of Graham; to some well-informed piano enthusiasts, a brilliant young American named Martha Baird, who toured America and Europe in the late Twenties and the Thirties. To the younger and less aware, it is a name attached to a Fund—the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund for Music, which for a decade has been doing significant work in sponsoring young musicians and aiding various music projects. It is responsible for the three-volume (disc) set called *Spectrum: New American Music*, released by Nonesuch (H-71219/21, $2.98 each), performed by Arthur Weisberg and his Contemporary Chamber Ensemble (which, incidentally, has been sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation).

The group, while somewhat flexible, consists basically of the following: flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, horn, trumpet, trombone, violin, viola, cello, double bass, piano-electric organ, and percussion. The performers themselves are all top-notch virtuosi. This is a particularly fine collection of new works presenting composers whose birth dates range from 1902 (Stefan Wolpe) to 1943 (Joseph Schwantner). Other composers represented are Fredric Myrow, Roger Reynolds, Jacob Druckman, John Harbison, George Rochberg, and Seymour Shifrin.

Berlin-born Stefan Wolpe has developed, among a small elite circle, a quite prodigious reputation, and, on his young group of devotees, he has exerted telltale influence. Little of his work is played and, even to the best informed, it is scarcely known. It has a reputation of being inordinately difficult to perform and, indeed, his symphony, while being rehearsed by the New York Philharmonic a few seasons ago, produced open rebellion among the men of the orchestra and, in capitulation, only one movement was finally performed.

Wolpe's Chamber Piece No. 1, which he composed in 1964, is a striking work with planes of sound cut with jagged lines that streak across it, jab and punctuate it with sharp tone colors that suggest the paintings of the abstract expressionists. It has a declarative power, a sense of order that reveals itself on rehearings, and a sense of form that is evidence of a highly organized yet complicated mind. As it draws to its conclusion, the music seems to practically sound a commentary upon itself. There is nothing tenuous, amorphous, or reticent here, but that does not deny its undercurrent of sensitivity. Lines turn, tumble, and swell with acrobatic élan. It is a brilliant piece of searing tone colors. But, for all that, it will probably not be liked by most music lovers. Somehow, I keep thinking of de Kooning, whose distorted females could turn one to misogyny. Who knows what effect Wolpe might have?

George Rochberg's *Serenata d'estate*, a pensive, tranquil work, is most unaggressively twelve-tone. Coming after the Wolpe, it seems to be almost flaccid in its passivity. Written in 1955, it is perhaps not truly characteristic of Rochberg's more recent development.

Two of the works are for voice and orchestra, and both succeed in giving the vocal line a quite instrumental character. Seymour Shifrin (b. 1926) has written a set of capital *Satires of Circumstance* based on poems of Thomas Hardy. Fredric Myrow (b. 1939) has written a set of Songs from the Japanese sung in an English translation. In both works the texts are almost irrelevant, since they are for the most part auditorially incomprehensible. Both Myrow and Shifrin succeed in writing extremely awkward vocal lines that somehow become satisfying when surrounded and buttressed by such brilliantly thought-out musical backgrounds. Two sopranos, Jan De Gaetani in the Shifrin and Phyllis Bryn-Julson in the Myrow, execute their vocal gymnastics in magnificent fashion.

But the real blockbuster is a work by Roger Reynolds called *Quick Are the Mouths of Earth*. Reynolds (b. 1934) won his degree in engineering at the University of Michigan and later studied with Ross Lee Finney and Roberto Gerhard. The work is in six sections and is based on a quotation taken from Thomas Wolfe that apparently had the capacity of generating musical images for Reynolds. The expanded quote reads: " . . . quick are the mouths of earth, and quick the teeth that feed upon this loveliness." This is an utterly fascinating work that unfolds with an almost self-conscious

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Kenny Clarke and **Francy Boland:** *Fire, Heat, Soul and Guts!* Clarke, drums; Boland, piano and arranger; with fifteen-piece band. Prestige stereo, 7634, $4.98.	This band contains many expatriate American musicians and is roughly the European counterpart of the one led here by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. The rhythm section, in which the co-leaders play, is not particularly impressive, Clarke's busy style being better suited to a small bop group, but Boland is a capable arranger whose work shows off	the sections and soloists very well indeed. "Sax No End" is the most rewarding track; on it the reed section has a chorus to itself that is outstanding in every way. Count Basie's tenor saxophonist, Lockjaw Davis, makes a guest appearance. He rises happily to the occasion and comfortably meets the challenge of his old comrade, Johnny Griffin.
Hank Crawford: *Mr. Blues Plays Lady Soul.* Crawford, alto saxophone and piano; with bands of five, seven, twelve, and thirteen pieces, plus a string section on two tracks. Atlantic stereo, SD-1523, $5.98.	Crawford's form of expression on alto saxophone is a limited, monotonous, and now tiresomely predictable blues wail. It is applied here to numbers associated with Aretha Franklin, and very little really happens despite Arif Mardin's conscientious arrangements and an ac-	companying band that includes such superior musicians as Snooky Young, Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, Pepper Adams, Frank Wess, and Jimmy Cleveland. In the prevailing climate of artistic injustice, they are not, of course, given any solo opportunities whatsoever.
The Birth of Soul: featuring Louis Armstrong, Jay McShann, Lucky Millinder, Buddy Johnson, Billie Holiday, Louis Jordan, Ella Fitzgerald, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Lionel Hampton, The Ray-O-Vacs, and The Flamingos. Decca stereo, DL-79245, $5.79.	"Soul" is the trade term for what was previously "rhythm and blues," and "race" music before that. It is still essentially Negro music, although today's compulsory amalgam is marketable world-wide. Concluding ironically with two vocal groups, this album hints in 1957 at the future that lay ahead. The other twelve tracks, ranging from 1942 (Jay McShann's "Lonely Boy Blues") to 1956 (Louis Armstrong's "I Can't Give	You Anything But Love"), are relatively noble in character, and display the elements that were soon to be adulterated almost to the stage of nonrecognition. The performances by Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Louis Jordan, and Buddy Johnson point perhaps most clearly to what was to come. This is a set that is simultaneously enjoyable, instructive, and disturbing.
Baby Dodds: *Baby Dodds Trio.* Dodds, drums; Don Ewell, piano; Albert Nicholas, clarinet. *Jazz à la Creole.* Nicholas, clarinet; James P. Johnson, piano; Danny Barker, guitar and banjo; Pops Foster, bass. GHB mono, 50, $4.98.	These recordings were originally made for Rudi Blesh's Circle label in 1946 and 1947, when the re-evaluation of the New Orleans idiom was still a subject of concern. Baby Dodds's improvisations remain unique in storytelling characteristics that differ so markedly from the	bombastic exhibitionism customary in drum solos. Nicholas's lucid, accurate clarinet is a great asset, and both pianists make tasteful contributions. The second side contains an interesting and previously unissued blues played by Danny Barker on banjo.
Lou Donaldson: *Hot Dog.* Donaldson, alto saxophone; Ed Williams, trumpet; Charles Earland, organ; Melvin Sparks, guitar; Leo Morris, drums. Blue Note stereo, 84318, $5.98. *At His Best.* Donaldson, alto saxophone and vocal; Bill Hardman, trumpet; Billy Gardner, organ; Calvin Newborn, guitar; Grady Tate, drums. Cadet stereo, LPS-815, $4.98.	Donaldson's popularity is more understandable than that of Hank Crawford (see above). Although he is scarcely an adventurous or creative musician, he does have zest, vitality, and a sense of humor. He also appears to be something of a catalyst, because he has produced similar results from two different personnels three years apart, the first album having been recorded this year, the other	in 1966. He is primarily a blues player, but his blandly romantic treatment of ballads like "Bonnie" and "Be Anything, But Be Mine" has a certain naïve charm. The slow "Wig Blues" (on Cadet) is basic in the manner of yesterday, and it includes a humorous vocal by Donaldson that is knowingly backed by Hardman's muted trumpet.
Duke Pearson: *Now Hear This.* Pearson, piano, arranger, and conductor; with sixteen-piece band. Blue Note stereo, Bst-84308, $5.98.	This is an impressive set that emphasizes Pearson's importance and increasing authority as an arranger. The band plays his scores superbly, and in this case the team is more important than the individual, although it is regrettable that nowhere in the whole of a double-fold liner are the soloists identified. Unlike most of the other leaders who record	with semi-regular big bands, Pearson knows the value of contrasts in programing. He opposes different tempos and moods intelligently and obtains sensitive shading from his men. The gentle "Dad Digs Mom" that concludes the first side is a minor masterpiece of understatement. Here his self-effacing piano is highly effective.
The Sounds of Synanon: *The Prince of Peace.* Greg Dykes, composer, arranger, and conductor; with thirty-five singers and thirty-nine musicians. Epic stereo, BN-26475, $4.98. **Ed Summerlin:** *Ring Out Joy.* Summerlin, composer, arranger, conductor, and tenor saxophone; with septet and choir. Avant Garde stereo, AV-114, $4.98.	Most of the jazz religiosities of this decade will surely be camp collectors' items in the next. The Synanon production comes to swinging life in the long last track, where Esther Phillips helps impart conviction to "I Will Greatly Rejoice." The record's cover, however, is something else. It shows five bearded, white-robed gentlemen kneeling at the foot of the cross, all of them wearing	crowns of thorns! "Ring Out Joy" is a disconcerting mélange conceived, no doubt, under the influence of the intoxicating ecumenical message. There's something for everybody: some jazz, some quasi-operatic singing, and a lot of jolly chanting that might prove acceptable to Gilbert and Sullivan addicts. Anyone who happened to be in church to pray would find most of it distracting.
The World's Greatest Jazzband of Lawson and Haggart: *Extra.* Lawson, trumpet; Haggart, bass and arranger; Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Carl Fontana, Lou McGarity, trombones; Bob Wilber, clarinet and soprano saxophone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Ralph Sutton, piano; Gus Johnson, drums. Project 3 stereo, 5039SD, $5.98.	This modest band's second album is rather better than the first. The program again consists of old favorites from the Bob Crosby repertoire, along with some contemporary pop tunes. "I'm Prayin' Humble" was apparently written for Yank Lawson, and not Sterling Bose, who distinguished the original version. This time around, it is Bob Wilber and	his impulsive Bechet-like soprano saxophone who take the honors. The group's full potential is best realized, however, on "It Must Be Him," a cleverly routined ballad performance that employs both trumpets advantageously. "Alfie" is likewise enhanced by Butterfield's beauty of tone. —STANLEY DANCE.

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sense of architecture. Stylistically, it is part of the mainstream of today's new writers, but it is unfettered by any prescribed system. Reynolds provides a clue to things in his score. He says: "There are three types of spatial interplay between the instrumental groups: clusters of marked entrances occurring across the entire span of the ensemble; the passing of similar materials from group to group; or the continuous flow of one sound (a particular pitch or noise) from right to left."

Jacob Druckman (b. 1928) wrote *Incenters* in 1968 specificly for Arthur Weisberg and his group. In his concise and literate notes, Eric Salzman explains that an incenter is a triangle inscribed within a circle, or a pyramid within a sphere, and, in fact, the word is derived from the Latin *incenere* which has many definitions, among them to sound an instrument, or to weave charms and spells. The latter seems to be the most apt association. Druckman has surely evoked some wonderfully joyful noises and has, with spellbinding skill, woven them into strands and fabric of fascinating quality. Not wanting to carp at such fine craftsmanship, one can only observe that the yardage is a bit too much. Mr. Druckman's points are made long before he stops belaboring them.

Joseph Schwantner (b. 1948) is the youngest of the lot, but one does not necessarily find him the "farthest out." He was born in Chicago and has early roots in jazz. His *Diaphonic Intervallum* features an alto sax played superbly by Victor Morosco. The work as a whole is most satisfying and, on its own, makes a most striking impression. Unfortunately, coming on the tail of Druckman's seemingly overlong work, one's receptivity is somewhat dulled. This work should be heard strictly on its own.

John Harbison (b. 1938) is a product of the Princeton environment, with Roger Sessions and Earl Kim as two important mentors. His *Confinement*, composed in 1956, is a highly imaginative work opening with some wonderfully massed wind sounds that move with the dignity of a Tibetan ceremonial. Originally, Harbison conceived his work as based on lines taken from John Donne's *Devotions*. Although such extramusical suggestions were originally attached to his score, he has since preferred to let the music stand strictly on its own. It stands very well. Over brooding static lines he weaves fascinating melodic commentaries; he uses moving blocks of tones ornamented and filigreed with a strong sense of plan and pattern. There are moments of tragic sensitivity that distinguish his music. It is not to be taken lightly.

McCracken as Canio

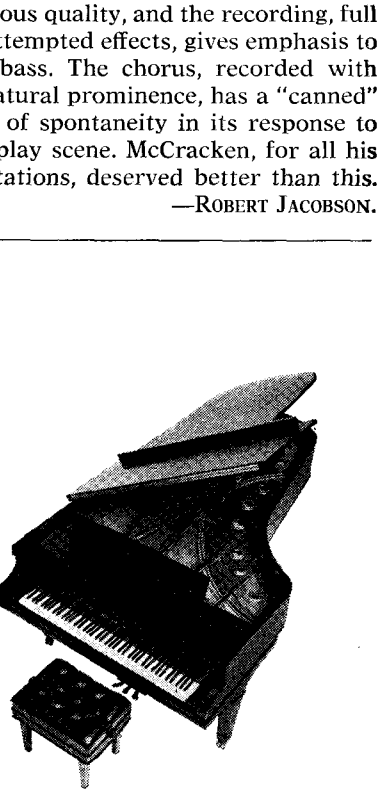
One might query—and with good reason — whether still another recorded version of Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* is necessary, for no less than eight currently grace the catalogue. Now London, in competition with its own Molinari-Pradelli performance and its Richmond re-release (both with Mario Del Monaco), has come up with a new stereo version (OSA 1280, $11.96), conducted by Lamberto Gardelli. The reasoning behind this project must have centered around its tenor James McCracken, for little else on it comes up to the high standards set by various contributions on the other recordings. That this serves as a McCracken showcase is compounded by the fourth side, which features a McCracken operatic recital.

The single favorable impression that emerges is the tenor's personal, compelling magnetism, the excitement and smoldering intensity he generates as the tortured clown, Canio. His singing, to be sure, has that relentless pressure-cooker trait of all his work—particularly the effortful top that comes from a pyramid-shaped voice (closing in at the top) and a constant need to push his instrument intensely to maintain any sort of line. Yet, despite a not beautiful voice, he does make his points dramatically when he takes after Nedda to find out the name of her lover, in the "Vesti la giubba," and, finally, in the explosive scenes of the play and the death. McCracken is well suited to this role, for it maintains a consistently fevered pitch, bearing a certain likeness to his plum part of Otello. In the solo arias, however, this want of calm and variety in his singing undermines most of his efforts, especially with Puccini's Cavaradossi (*Tosca*) and Calaf (*Turandot*), where the phrases need caressing and the top tones need to soar à la Corelli or Bergonzi. More to the point are Andrea Chénier's "Un dì all'azzurro spazio" and Turridu's "Mamma, quel vino è generoso" (*Cavalleria*).

Robert Merrill's Tonio is a familiar, rich-toned commodity, generously sung, if not with the range of tone, color, and dramatic punch that Gobbi, MacNeil, or Taddei brings to it. When he tells Nedda *"contorto son io"* ("I am twisted"), it might as well be a love song. Baritone Tom Krause's Silvio is marred by mushy Italian, minimal affinity for Italianate phrasing, and constricted singing at the top of his range. The part needs a passionate lyricism and freedom to make the most of the Nedda love duet which, here, is a pretty bloodless affair.

As the earthy, unfaithful Nedda, Pilar Lorengar gives the impression of Pilar Lorengar playing a prima donna playing Nedda—the grand effect is wrongly placed where youthful abandon and gustiness are requisite. In the "Ballatella," her voice labors under the music rather than riding the crest of it, and the few blossoming top notes (beautiful as they may be) do not compensate for the quavery middle and low. A positive impression is made by Ugo Benelli as Beppe, though his off-stage serenade sounds as if it were recorded in the next village. With the orchestra and chorus of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia none too securely in hand, Gardelli fails to stir up sufficient dramatic pace, merely becoming bombastic instead. The brass has a raucous quality, and the recording, full of attempted effects, gives emphasis to the bass. The chorus, recorded with unnatural prominence, has a "canned" lack of spontaneity in its response to the play scene. McCracken, for all his limitations, deserved better than this.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.



Erich Leinsdorf's Accompanist

The New Baldwin

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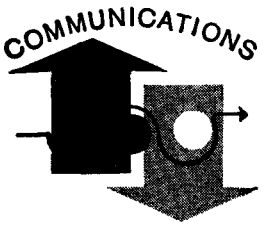

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RICHARD L. TOBIN

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We owe the spark of the idea for this month's essay to Hy Goldberg, sports columnist of the Newark *Evening News*, who wrote as a recent guest editor in a TV column that being a great sports figure does not necessarily make a man a top-flight broadcaster. Mr. Goldberg quotes Curt Gowdy, the voice of NBC's baseball game of the week and an old pro himself: "Unless the man has a personality like Dizzy Dean or is a glib fellow like Joe Garagiola, he's often lost the first time he tries it. It's like learning to be a reporter. They can hand you a pad and pencil and you can wind up with a pocketful of notes without having the vaguest idea of which to use and which to discard. For the broadcaster, it's a matter of knowing when to talk and when to remain silent. One of the gabbiest ball players I ever knew was a total failure as a broadcaster. He simply didn't know what to say when they gave him the sign that he was on the air."

The greatness of professional TV journalists such as Curt Gowdy and Red Barber is that they do their homework and never get what the broadcasting industry calls "mike fright." This disease is one of the commonest in the business, particularly for amateurs; it can come at any time in a professional broadcasting career, as we can unhappily attest in the course of some 3,000 news broadcasts of our own. The term "mike fright" means simply being struck speechless and without the vaguest notion of what to say next or, for that matter, what's happening or who all those other people are. It is a form of torture akin to stage fright.

Broadcasting is at the moment loaded with former sports heroes, some of them mighty good men who have done their homework and weathered the first frightening moments of dead air. Among the better ones who played baseball and now broadcast it are Ralph Kiner, Lou Boudreau, Pee Wee Reese, Joe Garagiola, and Tony Kubek. Gowdy says Kubek is going to be a real broadcast star and has had it from the beginning. "He isn't awed when the light on the camera blinks. So many others say to themselves: 'Oh, oh, twenty million people are watching me,' and they freeze. But Tony has worked hard and does a spectacular job. He's aggressive, conversationally."

Garagiola is, of course, a far better broadcaster than he ever was a catcher. Full of humor, a true original, Garagiola should be permitted to ad lib far more than he does. His radio sports spots, written for him by someone else, do not sound anything like him and are in fact often dreadful pieces of tripe. But when Garagiola ad libs there's no one better—or funnier. Less successful are Phil Rizzuto, Jerry Coleman, and others attached as broadcasters to the ball clubs they once played for. Everything is always just peachy dandy even if the Yankees are losing 15-0 and the repetitive small talk is often beyond belief, not to mention syntax and grammar.

In football, Frank Gifford, Pat Summerall, Kyle Rote, Al DeRogatis, Paul Christman, and Bud Wilkinson, among others, have successfully crossed the delicate line between playing on the field and describing the action. Frank Gifford is particularly good because he is always in complete control, never gets rattled, owns a marvelous TV personality and good looks, a light-happy outlook, and of course a superb knowledge of professional football. Paul Christman, perhaps the most highly articulate ex-quarterback in history, is great until he begins to anticipate the quarterback's call on upcoming plays, then he often gratuitously falls on his face. In any case, former football and baseball players do awfully well when they remember to do their homework and don't succumb to mike fright.

Baseball and the broadcasting of

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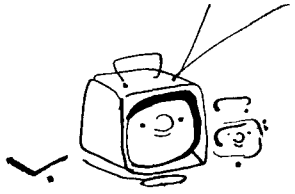
baseball appear to be reviving after a couple of years on the down side. More than twenty-five million baseball fans paid admission at the box office in 1966 to see major league games, but this number had fallen to just over twenty-three million by last year. By dividing the leagues into East-West divisions, baseball apparently has found an excellent new recipe for stirring up interest, with the inevitable playoff—now so popular in hockey and football—part of the formula. As a result chiefly of this new East-West division setup, a lot more ball clubs have a chance at getting into the final rounds than they ever had before, and attendance is up again near record levels. Baseball is the thinking man's sport, essentially deliberate, unemotional, and statistical. It is for the most part a non-contact sport too, though second basemen and catchers would deny this vigorously. Football on the other hand is



a faster-growing American pastime, its dangerous physical contact and spectacular plays, especially passing, natural elements for television. Where a TV camera on a baseball field focuses narrowly on the pitching mound and home plate, television coverage of football takes in practically the whole of the action in one picture. Last year the National Football League could say that it filled its stadiums close to 90 per cent of capacity in regular season games and already record crowds have appeared for the pre-season scrimmages in St. Louis, New Haven, Green Bay, and other hotbeds.

All the same, for most Americans, exposure to big-time football and major league baseball will come only through radio and TV and not in person, though millions near the big towns may be able to see a game or two in the flesh. Sponsors of these TV-radiocasts will do us no favors if they keep on throwing famous names before camera and microphone just because they are famous names. The point is, of course, that a professional in any field needs credentials and training and a certain feeling for the thing, whatever it may be. The Tony Kubeks and Frank Giffords are, alas, all too rare; some of the other heroes are so embarrassingly bad that no viewer is fooled for a moment. Journalism in whatever form is an art all by itself; TV journalism can be especially trying if the broadcaster is beholden to his team and can mouth only sweet nothings or, worse still, fumble and sputter in dead air. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

A Long Way, Baby

HERBERT J. TEISON's "The In-Flight Magazine Explosion" [*SR*, Aug. 9] is a generally accurate and perceptive job of reporting. Mr. Teison is perfectly correct in his interpretation of the in-flight editor's primary problem. The conclusion attributed to Mr. Parton of American Heritage ("The basic weakness of airline publications is that, unlike newsstand magazines, they start with the audience and then look for what will please it.") is a most sophisticated statement of the problem facing *some* in-flights. Any high-quality, successful publication looks first to please itself, for to think primarily of pleasing an abstract audience inevitably produces mediocrity and superficiality.

But I resent the implication that the airline magazines in general, and most specifically *The American Way*, are unaware of that simple editorial truth. The entire history of this magazine has consisted of an effort to please itself. In all candor, we have not yet succeeded, and when we reach the point of complacency, we're in real trouble. Still, I think we have come remarkably close, on occasion, to truly pleasing ourselves. Instead of the one rather brief travel-oriented article that Mr. Teison cited from *The American Way*, he might have mentioned our "An Evening with Minnesota Fats" in the May-June issue, or "Business Tackles the Ghetto" in the same issue, or our "2 + 2 = 5" in the March-April issue. These articles come close, in very different ways, to satisfying a conscientious editor. Incidentally, an editorial staffer at *New York* magazine, which I trust Mr. Teison will grant a sophisticated editorial philosophy and a demanding audience, wrote to us: "Whoever heard of one of these magazines actually instilled with a high degree—even memorable degree—of editorial content. But this is actually the case with the issue I read. . . . Good intelligent journalism and good art work to boot."

For every passenger Mr. Teison cites who has *not* read the magazine, we can produce a dozen unsolicited letters from passengers who *have*—and who like what they read and are challenged by it.

The last paragraph of Mr. Teison's story reads as follows: "And if the airlines restrain themselves from over-exploiting the in-flights for promotional purposes, and if the in-flight editors begin to take seriously the demographics which clearly indicate the sophistication of their most frequent readers, the in-flight magazines may end up being more than just PR tools." To imply that American Airlines and the editor of *The American Way* have not yet reached that point in editorial maturity is to do us a disservice. We've come a long way, baby.

DONALD MOFFITT,
Editor,
The American Way,
New York, N.Y.

I FEAR that the wrong conclusions have been drawn from the airline customer surveys cited by Mr. Teison. The businessman described is probably the most typical airline passenger in terms of number of trips, but studies by the U.S. Census, the University of Michigan, and Travel Research International indicate that he accounts for only about 40 per cent of total air *miles* traveled. The businessman takes many short flights, while the person traveling on vacation or for some other personal reason is usually in the air for a long time. The businessman flies from New York to Washington; the personal traveler flies from New York to Florida.

There are also important variations by season, flight segment, and origin and destination. Foreigners, for instance, do not fit the pattern described by Mr. Teison at all. This is important from a marketing point of view. The personal traveler is not just a businessman traveling for a reason other than business. The personal traveler is much less likely to be a male, married, executive-professional college graduate. He is also much younger and makes a great deal less money. Several papers have been written on the myth of the business air traveler, but it seems to be an extraordinarily difficult point to get across to airline management.

WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS,
Dean,
School of Business Administration,
Wayne State University,
Detroit, Mich.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Teison correctly portrayed in-flight magazines as fine ways for advertisers to reach affluent and captive readerships, we must object to the sketchy research that suggested that all of these magazines are much the same, and are financially wobbly. I am pleased to inform you (as I would have earlier had I known the "research" was under way) that *Aloft* magazine, published for National Airlines passengers, shows steadily rising earnings and has always been in the black. Second, he failed to point out that *Aloft* is unique in that it does not carry puff material or news about the airline itself. Instead, the magazine is a genuine consumer book whose goal is to inform and entertain travelers. This difference, we feel, is a crucial reason for the magazine's intriguing growth. Our issues of late run at least sixty-four pages and contain more editorial content, more full-color photography (and more advertising) than any other domestic in-flight.

KARL WICKSTROM,
Publisher,
Aloft magazine,
Miami, Fla.

Mr. Dinsmore's Rebuttal

I REFER to Stuart W. Little's review of my book, *All the News That Fits: A Critical Analysis of the News and Editorial Contents of The New York Times* [BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS, Aug. 9].

My impression is that Mr. Little not only missed the point of my book but that he was determined to do so. He says

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the book "wanders about discussing the wrongheadedness of our attitudes toward communism, the balance of power in the postwar world, the East European peoples, Castro, Lee Harvey Oswald, Korea, and Vietnam." Precisely. Only the book does not wander; it marches from a well-established base.

It quotes from *The New York Times* and sources other than the *Times* in order to show how the *Times* distorted, fabricated, or omitted news. I could offer proofs in no other way.

Little's statement that the "book is really about the content and coloration of Mr. Dinsmore's political thinking with illustrations from periodicals" is a low blow. Why doesn't he come out and say that he approves of the policies of the balance of power and appeasement of the Soviet government that have cost the world millions of lives and the United States hundreds of thousands? Why does he beat about the bush and skulk behind the subject?

His statement, "But you don't have to read Dinsmore at all," suggests that he is afraid the reader might pick up the book and find that Little doesn't know what he is talking about or that he is trying to hide his own position and point of view.

What did he want in a critical analysis of the *Times*? He wanted me to write a certain kind of book, but what kind he does not say; he merely takes refuge in the assertion that my book is "a sad disappointment." I submit that this is the worst possible approach to book reviewing. It is not surprising that his is the poorest critique the volume has had.

May I ask that you print this letter in order to give your readers a fair view of the book, or at any rate to counteract an unfair view of it.

HERMAN H. DINSMORE,
New York, N.Y.

Private Mail vs. U.S. Post Office

RUMOR: If some private organization takes over part of the mail delivery, it will not use the U.S. mailboxes but will deliver packages, mail, etc., in some container such as a plastic bag hung on a doorknob.

FACT: Right now people going on vacation are urged to stop mail, newspapers, milk, etc., yet upon returning the yard and fence are cluttered with throwaways. This is a dead giveaway that the occupant is gone. Even leaving an empty house to go to work leads to getting advertisements stuck on the door or fence, etc. No one seems to know how to cope with the problem.

REQUEST: Please don't support any company or scheme that would add to this already distressing nuisance! By all means reorganize the post office, raise the pay of the postmen who deserve it, but don't litter my lawn.

E. M. KNIGHT,
San Bernardino, Calif.

Not So Gross Goss

MY GOOD FRIEND Bert Goss at Hill & Knowlton won't appreciate, I feel certain, your changing his family name to "Gross" [PUBLIC RELATIONS, Aug. 9]. Having worked with him for many years, as PR head at Lukens Steel Company, I know empirically that Bert certainly isn't "Gross" by any means.

G. HARRIS DANZBERGER,
Hingham, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Bert Goss's name was spelled correctly in Mr. Golden's manuscript, was correctly set in galley proof, correct in page proof, and ended up "Gross" in the magazine—heaven knows how! Just proves the cliché that you should never give a printer a second chance.*

Worse Than No TV

JOHN TEBBEL'S ARTICLE "Television: The View from Europe" [*SR*, Aug. 9] reminded me of my impression of Swedish TV: "There's only one thing worse than no TV and that's Swedish TV." My family and I VW-camped our way around Europe last summer. Relatives in Söderhamn, Sweden, made it possible for us to camp in a mini-high-rise apartment and watch a TV quiz show complete with an ornate isolation booth. One of the questions put to contestants required recognition of national anthems. The young man for whom "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played hesitatingly replied, "Poland?"

GEORGE JOHNSON,
Wausau, Wis.

Why "The Avengers" Left Us

ALTHOUGH I found David Dempsey's article "Social Comment and TV Censorship" [*SR*, July 12] interesting, I wouldn't be surprised if *SR* receives letters from several fans of *The Avengers* to clear up a point. Dempsey writes that a psychiatrist felt that the type of violence on the show was so stylized that viewers were not apt to identify with it. I agree, but am a bit put out that Dempsey goes on to say, "For whatever reason, *The Avengers* ground to a natural death this spring." The reason, indeed, had nothing to do with violence but with the departure of Diana Rigg (Emma Peel), who had provided much of the charm of the program to American viewers, and with the subsequent decision of Patrick MacNee (John Steed) to quit. MacNee had been with the program since its inception in 1961 and felt he had run out of things to do with the character. The program might be said to have expired from a common natural cause—old age.

FRANK W. OGLESBEE,
Assistant Professor of Speech
(Radio-TV),
Ashland College,
Muskogee, Okla.

IF THE NETWORKS (or the censor) are so concerned with "good taste" in television why do they not attack the commercials as No. 1 offenders? Can you think of anything more revolting than hearing about the padded bra or father's dandruff at the wedding when it invariably interrupts a serious thought or a special mood in the rudest, most tasteless way?

MARIE BUSCHKE,
Flushing, N.Y.

Right of Free Listening

HARRY CIMRING faults CBS for canceling Smothers Brothers, on the old trite claim of freedom of speech [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Aug. 9]. If CBS doesn't want to share responsibility with what the Brothers want to say, it is its right to refuse to broadcast it, and thus thereby inferentially endorse it. The right of free speech implies the right of free listening or not listening. If a propagandist, pregnant with opinion, wishes to shout his message in the privacy of his home, or the middle of an open field, let him do so. But when he shouts it in the middle of a busy street or in my living room (via TV), I have a right to freedom from this intrusion and should not be required to shut out what I want to hear in order to accomplish that freedom.

C. L. FARABAUGH, M.D.,
Newburgh, N.Y.

Turn About Is Fair Play

AND SINCE KARL KOHRS of Port Chester, N.Y. [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Aug. 9] challenges Richard L. Tobin's use of "publicity flack" as a redundancy, can we return the compliment for his apparently inappropriate use of "chintzy"? According to Webster's *Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*, the term means "gaudy or cheap." Why is it "gaudy or cheap" to call a press agent a "public relations counsel"?

MRS. LAWRENCE DAVIS,
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

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A Summer of Discontent

by JOHN TEBBEL

LONDON.

If there is one thing the people involved with Britain's communications business are agreed upon this summer, it is that no one is happy about the way matters are going. Beyond that, a thousand angry voices are raised in disagreement about what the causes of the discontent are, and what to do about them.

Certainly one of the prime sources of trouble is the slowly tightening economic squeeze, which has struck hard at advertising revenues and thereby worsened the already difficult position of some media. Newspapers and broadcasting are not as dependent on advertising as they are in America, but the power of sheer circulation is no longer enough to save a newspaper from disaster.

This was the alarming lesson to be drawn from the collapse of the *Sun*, a paper with a circulation of more than a million. Its demise had been rumored for two years or more, yet the announcement in July that it would be suspended next January 1 sent a chill down the spines of other proprietors. The feeling was that if a newspaper with that many readers could go under, no one would be safe in the uncertain future.

The *Sun*, however, is not yet dead. A probable savior has emerged in the controversial person of Robert Maxwell, the Czech-born Labor MP, whose Pergamon Press made a brash and highly successful entry into the scientific and technical book publishing field a few years ago. In politics and in publishing, Maxwell has been regarded as a kind of Hearstian figure, and he has influential enemies who would not like to see his power extended. Nevertheless, during August, he was apparently concluding his deal for purchase of the *Sun* from the International Publishing Corporation (IPC), the world's largest agglomerate in that field.

Maxwell paused long enough the other day in the middle of a busy planning session with two of his American experts to confirm that he had no intention of becoming a newspaper publisher, as such. Darkly handsome, with jacket off and tie pulled down, exuding the aura of raw strength and drive that has intimidated some and irritated others, Maxwell talked of his plans in his no-nonsense manner.

Yes, he said, his motives for buying the *Sun* were purely political, rising from his strong feeling that the Labor government ought to have a voice in the press. The *Sun* has been that voice; Maxwell believes not only that it should be saved, but that it should speak more loudly in the future. In his new endeavor, he naturally has the strong support of his party and the rather grudging best wishes of a newspaper business torn between its reluctance to see another paper go down the drain, with consequent loss of jobs, and its lack of enthusiasm for a new owner whose intentions are frankly political rather than professional.

As for the *Sun*, it is a morning paper of no particular distinction, although it has talented people on its staff; even if Maxwell succeeds in acquiring it, the paper's future could hardly be considered promising. IPC has already lost more than $35-million on this property and if nothing else is planned than to make it an even more fervent organ of a government that may not survive, then the outlook is dark indeed. It must be remembered that Maxwell has shown himself to be a brilliant entrepreneur, and it would be extremely unwise to write him off simply because he has never published a newspaper before. Still, it will take much more than his unquestioned dedication to the principles of the Labor Party (he is beyond doubt a sincere liberal) if the *Sun* is to stay alive. He has the money and the purpose to do the job; what is needed are professional ideas.

Alan Whicker—largest stockholder in Yorkshire TV.

The fate of the *Sun* has been a minor side show this summer compared to the more violent controversy over what has been happening in British broadcasting—or, to put it more accurately, what has *not* been happening.

The high cost of broadcasting has been the inexorable cause of the trouble. In an effort to cut mounting costs, the government-owned BBC proposed earlier in the summer to eliminate four of its orchestras, the Scottish Symphony, Northern Dance, London Studio Players, and training ensembles. Three other groups—the BBC Concert, BBC Welsh, and BBC Northern Ireland, employing a total of 128 musicians—were also scheduled for disbanding unless a nongovernmental source of financing could be found. That would leave five survivors: the BBC Symphony, Northern Symphony, Radio Orchestra, Midland Light Orchestra, and Scottish Radio Orchestra.

Although that is five more orchestras than are employed by broadcasters in America, where good music programs are purveyed by recordings for the most part, British music lovers were outraged. They were further angered by the discovery that BBC's new plans also called for switching Radio 3's good music programing to the VHF band, which would mean that it could not be picked up on present car radios —NO BACH IN YOUR CAR, as the *Times* indignantly headlined. Moreover, only 5.5 million of Britain's twenty-five million home radios can receive VHF broadcasts.

Adding insult to these injuries, BBC also proposed to cut live BBC orchestra concerts from eighteen hours to nine-and-a-half hours, and chamber music from nineteen live hours to ten-and-a-half, along with other cuts. The BBC merely informs its critics that it takes more than a third of the approximate $50-million it spends annually on radio to broadcast the good music programs—and they have the smallest audiences. It is no news that the station with the largest audience is Radio 1, which is all pop.

By mid-August, the BBC had taken a defensive position against the onslaught of culture-hungry listeners, and it appeared that perhaps not all of the threatened reforms would be made. But it was nonetheless clear that the financially hard-pressed BBC would have to cut costs somewhere, and might have to cut even more deeply later, and that the most logical candidate for shrinkage was good music programing.

Not that commercial television is in

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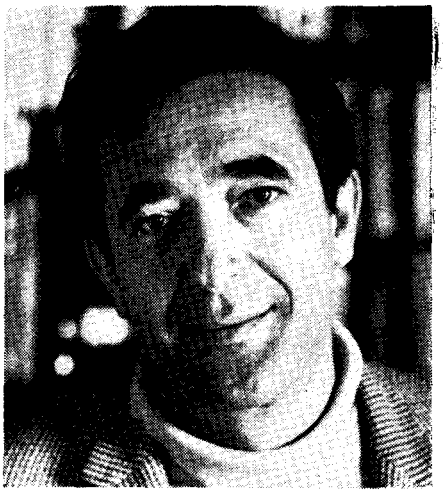
much better condition. Here the tightening of the British economy produced an 11 per cent drop in advertising revenues during June for the fifteen independent television companies. It is the largest drop the independents have suffered since they were inaugurated fourteen years ago. While it may be true, as the ITV argues, that June and July of 1968 were exceptionally good and the loss is not quite as severe as it appears, nevertheless it is no secret that the independent companies are finding the going hard.

Their position is not made any easier by the current onslaught in the press on the programs ITV is offering. Led by a full-scale attack in the *Sunday Times*, it is being charged that the three new companies that were created when Lord Hill, chairman of the BBC's board of governors, directed a drastic shakeup of commercial TV two years ago, have so far failed to live up to the promises they made when they were given the opportunity to divide among themselves about $50-million worth of net business a year.

The three companies are Harlech Television, which summarily replaced TWW (Television Wales and West) and lists among its sponsors Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor; Yorkshire Television, whose largest stockholder is Alan Whicker; and London Weekend, with a glittering cast of stockholders including David Frost, Michael Peacock, founder of BBC-2, and Aidan Crawley, originator of Independent Television News, among others.

Much was promised and little has been delivered by these companies, who talked boldly of reforming the old bad patterns of commercial TV and replacing them with new, imaginative programing. Instead, it is charged, they are relying even more heavily on old movies and mass audience programs than their predecessors had. Their defenders admit that this may be true in part, but they point to an impressive, though small, list of outstanding programs originated by these companies. The Independent Television Authority, which controls all the companies, is not complaining; in fact, Sir Robert Fraser, its director general, says disdainfully, "Catching companies out by discovering that they had not fulfilled this or that intention is at best childish, at worst a bore."

What the British are learning, of course, is that television as a mass medium must reach mass audiences if it is to pay, and that the taste of these audiences, to whom advertisers are appealing, is not that of the cultured minority. If minority tastes are going to be catered to, someone has to pay for it, and in most cases, it will not be the advertiser.



Robert Maxwell—"regarded as a Hearstian figure."

Lord Hill recently addressed himself to this question in *The Listener* (appropriately, its advertising number) by saying that although he does not regard advertising as a "social mischief" or TV financed by advertising as either potentially or actually dangerous, he is nonetheless opposed to any suggestion that the BBC's financial woes should be cured by the admission of advertising, rather than by raising viewer license fees, which is the alternative. Lord Hill does not believe it to be in the public interest for all broadcasting in Britain to be financed by advertising, precisely because of the effect it would have on programing. It is his opinion that the public gains from competition between commercial and public services.

Nor is all the foregoing a complete catalogue of present communications woes. Even journalism education has suffered a severe setback, from which it may not recover. The planned program at Sussex University, the first university-connected journalism course in Britain, is now as good as dead, after two years of careful preparation for a start this fall. About $50,000 was required as support money from publishers, and it was not forthcoming. From some of the influential trade union leaders, as well as the more antiquated publishers, one hears the old cry, long outmoded in America, that only on-the-job training is needed —a proposition that the general professional level of the British press would seem to deny.

Where this leaves the National Council for the Training of Journalists, which has been operating the journalism education programs in Britain, is a moot question. The council has recently come under the jurisdiction of the new Printing and Publishing Training Board, from whom no progressive noises have yet been heard. Following this move, and the discouraging foot-dragging by the publishers, the council's director for the past eight years, John Dodge, resigned this summer to become director of a new training body set up by the advertising industry, to be known as the Communications, Advertising, and Marketing Education Foundation. With the advantages of less myopia from his employers and more money in his budget, Dodge is in a position to do something original and striking, and he is well qualified to do it. As the *Times* remarked, "the press's loss is advertising's gain."

Journalists themselves have been restive this summer. Joining their colleagues in the French press and on the German magazine *Stern* in demanding a new role in management policies, they have formed the Free Communications Group, dedicated to the idea that the media ought to be controlled by the people who work in them. It was the group's bimonthly journal, *The Open Secret*, that touched off the ITV controversy in its first issue by disclosing the discrepancy between promises made in the 1967 application of London Weekend Television for a franchise, and what it has achieved since then. The group, unlike the reporters in France and Germany, is aiming its efforts at management reform in both newspapers and broadcasting, and presumably magazines.

All these controversies in communications have been carried on in an unusual summer for Britain—it may be the driest in the past two centuries—perhaps best exemplified by a debate in the House of Lords on a sleepy, muggy July afternoon on the subject of avoiding cruelty to any possible monsters in Loch Ness as the result of the current search for them by submarine. Lord Hughes, Under Secretary of the Scottish Office, responded to searching questions on this subject not only with a reassurance that the plan to obtain skin samples by means of a retrievable dart fired from a compressed-air gun was a respectable and harmless technique, but with the point that it would be impossible to say, until a monster was actually found and examined, whether the provisions of the Cruelty to Animals Act of 1876 would be relevant, since that act does not apply to invertebrates (laughter). Viscount St. Davids, a Labor member of the House of Lords, noted that the British Waterways Board had the power to take away the submarines' licenses in the event they were found to be annoying local livestock, and Lord Hawke inquired, with some asperity, how Lord Hughes "would like to be potted with an air gun to take parts of his tissue?"

It was a hard summer everywhere.

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Photojournalism Museum Style

by MARGARET R. WEISS

Karl Katz, director of New York's Jewish Museum, is apparently a man who never underestimates the power of the lens or the enterprise of the photojournalist. To usher in the fall season with a museum-wide show documenting the fiber and fabric of Israeli life, he invited photographer Cornell Capa to organize an exhibit that would exemplify the title, *Israel: The Reality*.

Seeking the topically significant rather than the typically pictorial, Capa has uncovered hundreds of fine examples of Israeli camerawork, both professional and amateur. From musty archives, active press files, private portfolios, magazines, and books, came pictures which might often fall short of being great photographs but which rarely miss communicating eye-witness reactions to dramatic events or everyday experience.

The 300 exhibition prints—including a selection of non-Israeli photographers' impressions, along with color-slide projections and taped commentary—portray the panorama of a people's history from turn of the century to present-day. What gives the installation its stereoscopic effect is the division of most of the prints into self-contained photo-essays, each one in time and spirit capsuling an individual aspect of the land's living reality. The late Jaakov Ben-Dov's "Pioneer Years," Micha Bar-Am's "Confrontation," Boris Carmi's "The War of 1948," David Rubinger's "Sand, Blood, and Tears," Paul Gross's "Carmel Market," Peter Merom's "Death of a Lake," David Harris's "Archaeology," Werner Braun's "Israel from the Air"—these all bear the stamp of the professional visual reporter in action. But they comfortably share gallery walls with the lens of locksmith Moshe Lapidot who depicts childhood and the Sabra generation in his documentary "My Son Guy," and with the amateur camera of Tsvi Nahor, the bus driver from Kibbutz Gat, whose regular passengers have grown accustomed to momentary delays whenever he pulls over to grab a few shots while in transit.

Israel: The Reality opens on September 18 and will go on tour after a two-month stay on upper Fifth Avenue. This week, too, a handsome show catalogue in hard- and soft-cover editions is to be published by World. The exhibition itself, however, will always be one step—or rather, one wall—ahead of the book. Reserved wall space awaits the latest coverage surfacing from current news developments in Israel. Even in museums, photojournalism keeps everybody on his toes.

Herzl's first visit to the Holy Land, 1898 (National Archive).

Ben-Gurion at Labor Building ceremonies, 1924 (Labor Archive).

Ben-Gurion, Golda Meir, Minister of Social Welfare Joseph Burg in the Knesset, 1955 (David Rubinger).

Founders of Tel Aviv cast lots for building sites, 1909 (Abraham Soskin).

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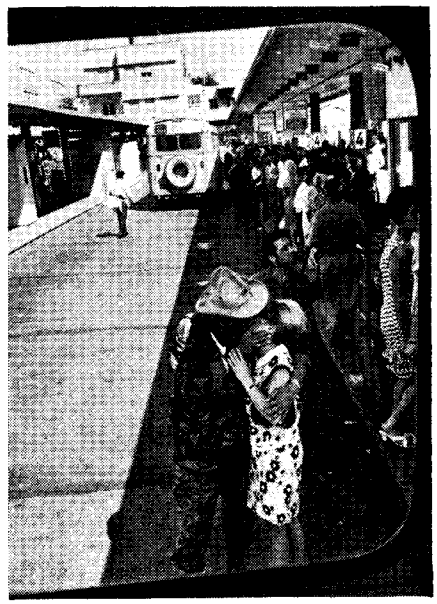
General Allenby with Jewish elders after capturing Jerusalem, 1919 (Jaakov Ben-Dov).

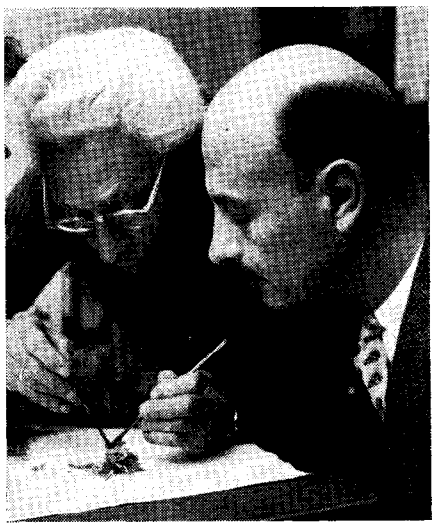


Mobilization—seen from bus window, June 1967 (Tsvi Nahor).

Cavalry unit on patrol near Tel Aviv, 1948 (Boris Carmi).

Arab village elders offer coffee to Israeli patrol, 1968 (Micha Bar-Am).

First oil strike in the Negev, Heletz, 1955 (David Rubinger).



Archaeologists James Biberkraut and Yigael Yadin, 1961 (David Harris).

John F. Kennedy Memorial and Forest, near Jerusalem, 1966 (Werner Braun).

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Who Writes the "Letters to the Editor"?

by IRVING ROSENTHAL

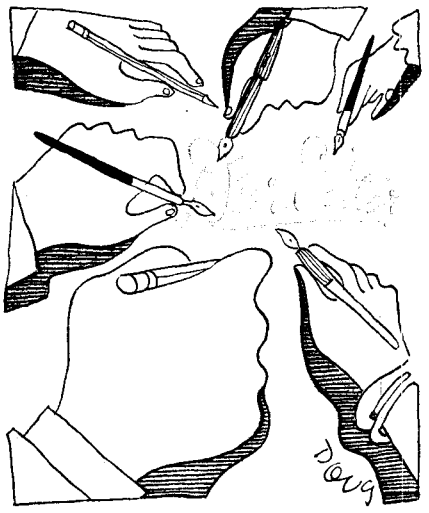
To some eight million Americans who write letters to the editors of newspapers and magazines each year, "access to the press," a phrase being bandied about increasingly in academic journalistic circles, is far from a reality. No one knows exactly what percentage of the letters mailed to newspapers around the country reaches publication, but the odds are decidedly against the letter writer. At *The New York Times* they're around twenty to one.

Most of those who write to newspapers, according to a recent survey in *Journalism Quarterly*, are elderly or middle-aged ("a refuge of the retired"), male by a ratio of three to one, predominantly well educated, well read, well informed, and ego-centered or "community motivated." These characteristics apply to most authors of the 40,000 letters that will have been mailed to the editor of *The New York Times* by the end of this year. But as one of the country's major and influential forums, the *Times* draws more letters from leaders and opinion-makers than does any other U.S. publication.

Letters to newspapers are no novelty. The *Times* ran its first one five days after its first issue appeared on September 18, 1851, and letters continued to appear frequently and in varying numbers, dropped as space-fillers wherever there was an opening on the editorial page. It wasn't until 1896, when Adolph Ochs took control of the paper, that letters began to work their way up to the important position they now occupy not only in the *Times* but in newspapers all over the country.

"A paper with principles and ideals has a bounden public duty to present every side of a question," Ochs told a Columbia journalism student writing a master's thesis about him in 1931. "Only in this way can a constructive, worthwhile public opinion be formed." He put himself on record that "no other newspaper stands as ready to open its columns to free and impartial hearings as does the *Times*. The only restriction is that these opponents have something worthwhile to say."

For years letters continued to be printed in random fashion, and when there weren't enough of them, the editorial page was filled out with news stories. It wasn't until April 23, 1931,



that they were brought together, as they are now run, in a designated space on the right side of the page under a standing head, LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. "I take the letters column of our newspaper seriously," said John B. Oakes, the editorial page editor, in a speech on "The Critical Responsibility of the Press" at the University of California a couple of years ago, "and I consider the letters to the editor as a vital counterpoint—or perhaps antidote is a better word—to the editorials themselves."

Winnowing the 6 per cent chosen for publication requires the full-time services of a six-person staff in the *Times* letters department. After going through a carefully worked out system of selection, the chosen letters are given a key position on the editorial page daily or the op. ed. page on Sundays. Seventy-five to 200 letters come in each day on the average. The volume has a high correlation with the intensity of the week's news, and a single event—such as President Kennedy's assassination, which drew the largest number of letters (and more than 2,000 poems) for any one event—can bring a thousand in a day.

The first step is to weed out the small quota every publication receives from kooks, obscenity-slingers, publicity seekers, and self-serving do-gooders. Like Congressmen, the *Times* is frequently the object of letter-writing campaigns; these are easily detectable and generally are given little heed. Not always detectable, however, is the authenticity of the letter writer, although care is always taken to check it. One hoax did manage to get through—a letter criticizing General LeMay's candidacy last year from one Grant Hall, who described himself as a cadet at West Point. The letter appeared in the first edition, and was pulled after an alert copyreader pointed out that Grant Hall is a dormitory at the academy. The *Times* maintained its balance, though; it slugged in a letter captioned "Wallace's Choice" from a correspondent in Shreveport, Louisiana.

All letters received are analyzed statistically according to subject, pro or con, and the information is passed on to *Times* executives and editorial writers to let them know what their readers are thinking. The letters then go through the mill, with readings by Kalman Seigel, the letters editor; Mildred Liebowitz, his assistant editor; and Ralph Chodes, assistant to the letters editor, to make the final selection of the anywhere from four to six letters printed on what is referred to as "short days," seven to nine on "long days," and thirteen to fifteen on Sundays. Mondays and Saturdays, when only one signed column is run in the upper right-hand corner of the editorial page, are the long days; the other midweek days are short. The space is rigidly assigned, down to a fraction of an inch. Poems, for years a daily feature, are now printed only on long days and Sundays. To round out the selection, they are chosen, more for fit than any other reason, from a bank of verse purchased by Tom Lask, the poetry editor, and set in type.

After the final selection, the letters are edited, mainly for grammar and style—no major or substantive changes are made without consulting the writer (not infrequently precipitating a confrontation with "pride of authorship")—and every detail in the letters is checked for accuracy by a researcher. They are then sent down to the composing room and submitted to Oakes in page proof form late in the afternoon. He generally goes along with Seigel's judgment.

Oakes won't soon forget what he refers to as a "bitter experience" when he did assert his editorial prerogative on one occasion in May 1963 by cutting a paragraph out of a long letter from Bertrand Russell. A month before, Russell had written another letter protesting this country's Vietnam policy and accusing it of various atrocities. The

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Times, no hawk itself, had published the letter and on the same day had printed an editorial criticizing Russell for "unthinking receptivity to the most transparent Communist propaganda" and characterizing one of his statements as "arrant nonsense."

In his reply to the editorial Russell attempted to offer evidence for his charges and included one long paragraph detailing chemical warfare allegations made by the "South Vietnam Liberation Red Cross." Oakes cut out this paragraph, both for reasons of space and a question about the reliability of the group. The deletion touched off a hot exchange of transatlantic cables and letters (with a threat by the British philosopher to "consult my solicitor") that will no doubt show up some day in a printed collection of Russell's letters. The *Times* has published two letters from him since then.

Seigel, who has headed the department since May of last year after thirty years on the *Times* staff as a prize-winning reporter and assistant metropolitan editor, makes it a point to read every letter that comes in. What he and his staff look for, he says, are letters that tie in with current news and are written by people who know their subject and present it clearly. They pass up vituperative or anonymous letters or those signed with a pseudonym, although on rare occasions they'll permit the use of initials if there's a good reason. They tend to shun "professional" letter writers, insist on exclusive publication, limit the length of a letter to a maximum of 400 to 450 words, and generally follow a policy of not printing more than two letters a year from a single contributor.

Seigel is particularly on the lookout for letters disagreeing with editorial positions taken by the *Times*. "The letters column," Oakes says, almost in the words of his uncle, Adolph Ochs, "is one place where the reading public can make itself heard. We consider it a major responsibility to give space to representative letters, especially those taking a point of view in conflict with our own."

On important controversial issues, during an election campaign or after some electrifying news break, when the letters sometimes run into the hundreds and even thousands, an effort is made to reflect the proportion of pro and con mail received and to give a cross section of views expressed. When the news and the volume of mail justify it, the *Times* devotes an entire letters section to a roundup on a single subject.

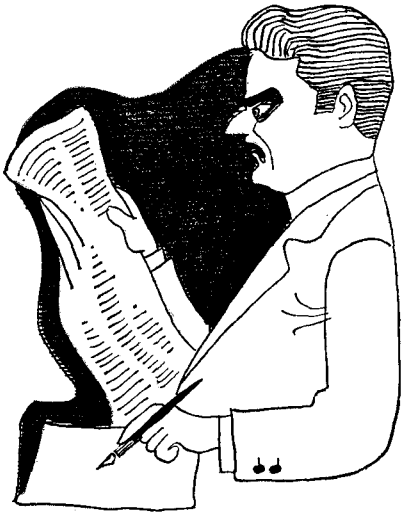
All letters that come in—they are never solicited or, of course, paid for—are filed away for at least six months; printed letters are kept for five years, and the writers receive mounted copies. The contents of the letters, as the courts have ruled, belong to the writers, but the letters themselves become the property of the *Times*.

Without question, the single issue that has elicited the largest mail in the 118-year history of the paper is the Vietnam war. Since January 1, 1966, some 20,000 letters have been received, with a ratio of 7 to 1, against the war. The 6 per cent of the letters printed reflected the preponderance of reader opposition to the war, but in view of the paper's strong editorial stand against the war, the proportion has been somewhat weighted to give the "other side" more of a voice.

In the year from June 1, 1968, to May 31, 1969, according to an analysis of letters on issues that drew the greatest amount of mail, the opposition to the war, as reflected in letters, has become even more intense—10.68 per cent pro and 89.32 per cent con. Other major issues that drew large volumes of mail during the year were the student rebellion (42.19 per cent pro, 57.81 per cent con), black militancy (34.77 and 65.23), the anti-ballistic missile (17.98 and 82.02), poverty programs (80.28 and 19.72), "law and order" (23.82 and 76.18), draft reform (98.53 and 1.47), abortion (68.80 and 31.20), the space program (82.40 and 17.60), U.S. aid to Biafra (88.55 and 11.45), and school decentralization (38.57 and 61.43).

Although scientific validity is limited, the information gleaned from a study of the letters that pour in provide what Dr. James N. Rosenau, a Rutgers political scientist, refers to as "hard" data on the views of the "attentive public" that makes up the bulk of the *Times* readership. Rosenau, who has been conducting a continuing survey of the public's influence on our foreign policy, makes periodic visits to the *Times* to pore through letters and statistics.

Although the principal function of the letters department, located a few doors down the hall from Oakes's office on the tenth floor of the Times Building, is to screen letters for publication, it also acts as a clearing-house for mail that it passes on to other departments and individuals. Some letters are printed in the drama, sports, or other sections, and some have even served as springboards for news and feature stories. For example, a flurry of suggestions, with drawings, of shapes for the conference table at the Paris talks produced a sprightly feature for the news columns last year. Criticisms of news handling are routed to the news department for investigation and reply by George Palmer, a former foreign correspondent. Oakes dictates replies to three or four letters a day.



Seigel, like his predecessor, Louise Polk Huger, who ran the department for twenty-two years, acknowledges every letter. He uses a set of forms graded from simple, anonymous "thank you" cards to signed letters expressing regret over "space limitations." What the formula is he'd rather not disclose, but he obviously has a system to determine who deserves what.

By signing his name to most of the notes, he is fair game for every disappointed letter writer, and he gets a sizable flow of personal mail—besides telephone calls and even visits from delegations if they can get through— to complain, argue, threaten, invoke their friendship with the publisher, or drop the names of anyone else they may know. One University of Wisconsin instructor up for promotion tried to wheedle publication of his letter by pleading that it was important to him for his "publish or perish" vita. Another man attached a note to his letter saying that he'd love to see at least one of his letters published "before I die."

On highly charged issues Seigel is generally in the hot seat, with proponents of both sides often accusing him of unfairness. Part of his job is being diplomatic with Jews and Arabs, union teachers and community supporters, Biafrans and Nigerians. When he gets it from both sides, he knows he hasn't been all wrong.

One disgruntled writer, Robert Yoakum, described his travail in an article in the Winter 1966-67 issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review* captioned, 'How I tried to write a letter to the *Times* and found myself cut to the quick." In 1964, it appears, the *Times* had endorsed a candidate for a Congressional seat from Connecticut. Yoakum took exception and wrote a letter that did not appear, but Oakes responded with a friendly note explain-

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ing the reason for the endorsement. Two years later, Yoakum wrote again when the *Times* re-endorsed the same candidate in opposition to his own. This time he got a call from Miss Liebowitz to inform him that the letter would be run, but it had to be cut. He agreed it was too long and called back with a shorter version. She called later to say it was still too long and asked him to cut it to 300 words, explaining that the pre-election pressure of letters was enormous. He cut it to 340 words. The next day Miss Huger telephoned to ask him to boil it down further to a couple of paragraphs, "on instructions from Mr. Oakes." Yoakum felt his letter would have no meaning then, but he couldn't budge Miss Huger.

Oakes replied in the following issue of the *Review*:

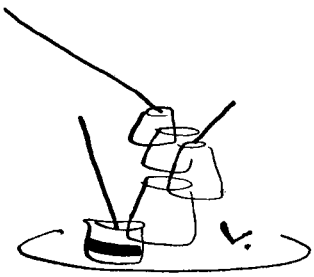
> I am really surprised that your esteemed publication saw fit to give as much space as it did to that silly piece by Mr. Yoakum. His letter was not published—as he well knows—because of its length.
>
> In essence, Mr. Yoakum's complaint, similar to that of many hundreds of other Letters-to-the-Editor writers, is that the *Times* did not give him the space he thought was his due. We have to make a judgment on letters space and subject matter every single day, and we try to exercise that judgment fairly. Mr. Yoakum's special pleading should be viewed in light of the fact that his letter would have been run if he had not been so incredibly stubborn in refusing to cut it to what we considered a reasonable length. Our own editorial comment on the Congressional race to which he took exception occupied not more than three or four lines.

Prompted no doubt by a conditioned reflex that springs whenever he thinks of letters space, Oakes then added a third paragraph suggesting that "you can use this letter in whole or in part if you wish. I'd suggest the second paragraph above would be all that's necessary, but you can use the whole thing if you care to." The *Review*, not similarly afflicted, used the whole thing.

With the increasing number of letters coming to the *Times* each year and the fact that the death of the *Herald Tribune* has put added responsibility on the paper to give the "other side" a voice, the tightness of space for letters is a problem. Oakes is trying to do something about it. Last spring three-fourths of the op. ed. page on Sundays was turned over to letters (during the less turbulent days of the Twenties and Thirties letters were given a whole page on Sundays), and although the 40,000 letters expected this year will be higher than the record 37,719 received in 1968, the percentage published will probably rise to over 7 per cent.

Oakes is sensitive about charges that preference is given to big names. Although the *Times* has published many letters from the mighty, and likes to add a couple of lines in italics explaining who they are, most letters come from "average readers." Some names that have graced the letters column in recent years include three men who later became President: Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon; also Hubert Humphrey, Dean Acheson, Robert Kennedy, John Kenneth Galbraith, Felix Frankfurter, Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, Jean-Paul Sartre, Martin Luther King, Helen Keller, William Faulkner, and a number of others Seigel doesn't have to look up in the *Who's Who* at his elbow. He won't mention names, but some well-known people have also been turned down, either because of lack of merit in what they said or because they have used up their two-a-year quota. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, former publisher and father of the paper's present publisher, once complained semi-petulantly, "Can't I get a letter into my own paper?" He managed to get eight of them published, under a pseudonym.

The most prolific, and persistent, writer of letters to the *Times* is a Brooklyn Tech economics teacher, Martin Wolfson. He has been keeping up a steady stream of five or six letters a week, sometimes on three or four subjects a day, with frequent notes of criticism or suggestions to various editors thrown in, for over twenty years. He also writes regularly to a dozen other papers, and estimates that he has had 2,000 letters published since his first one in *New Republic* in 1927. "I think the country is on the way down and out," he said. "Even if much of what I write is not used, I think editors and others learn something from it. I have seen some of my ideas and phrases in *Times* editorials, in the mouths of statesmen and union heads. I want to contribute to the salvation of our country, and I feel it is my duty to save it for a better life." Since 1946, when the *Times* started its card file, he has had fifty-three letters published.



But he has a long way to go to catch up to Charles Hooper, who described himself as "the world's leading newspaper letter writer," a title that will probably never be challenged. Hooper, a native of New York, left the city in 1913 to go West. He settled in Coeur d'Arlene, Idaho, and living on a private income, spent the rest of his life until his death in 1941 as, he stated, "probably the only man who day in and day out, year in and year out, spends all his time in writing letters." His purpose, he added, was "to expose error, correct abuses, and reform evils, especially in the fields of religion and morality." He never quite realized his ambition to have a letter published in every newspaper in America (he also wrote to papers in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain—in their own languages), but he produced "an output beyond calculation—my feeble guess is hundreds of thousands." In 1936, before the two-a-year limit was imposed, he had sixteen letters published in the *Times*.

Two years earlier the *Times* had paid tribute to him as "Letter writer to the World," and said in an editorial:

> Letters to the editor are a valued part of every newspaper. Their variety of topic is endless. They correct —and make—errors. They reflect a multitude of views and moods. They abound in curious information. They constitute a debating society that never adjourns, in which everything knowable is discovered. A sodality of voluntary correspondents, approving, wrathful, critical, philosophical, humorous, full of admonition, reproof, instruction, miscellaneous knowledge, has succeeded the long-winded Publicolas and Catos of our long-suffering ancestors.
>
> A recent critic has said that the daily column of little letters to the London *Times* is an evidence and index of a high civilization. Apart from persons with axes to grind, the mass of newspaper letter writers must be amateurs. So it is a happiness to discover in Idaho a professional letter writer who is also an amateur in the sense that he asks no pay.

That last sentence is not quite accurate. It is true that Hooper asked no pay, but he estimated that he had received something like $70 for his letters through the years, from a handful of newspapers that used to pay a dollar or two for each letter published.

That may have been one way to make a buck—and little more—in the old days. But more than that, letter writing has obviously always provided a lot of people with all kinds of satisfaction, be it from an opportunity to engage in a form of individual public service, to enlarge one's ego—or simply to get something off one's chest.

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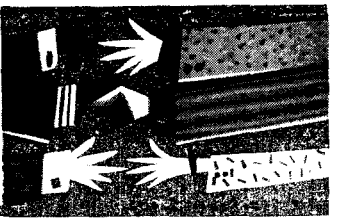
Public Relations



Performance Comes First

Far too many public relations practitioners forget that publicity for its own sake has many inherent dangers. Under pressure, or hoping that a story will get press notices, they often act without considering the aftereffects. Other press officers seem to be either oblivious or not concerned that certain types of publicity can boomerang. As long as they can add up the column inches of print space for their monthly reports to the boss or the client, they are happy.

How unwise this is can be seen by the many published stories of what is being done by corporations in the inner cities when the announcement of intentions often reads better than what is actually being done. Sooner or later it will be discovered how little the corporation is doing, and even the most thoughtless press relations man should realize that it deteriorates the company's credibility with the media and with those who expect to benefit from a corporate program of public service.

Both management and public relations directors in the better-run corporations are exceptionally cautious in releasing information on programs to provide employment for minority groups or similar projects unless there is solid performance first. Many philanthropic actions are allowed to speak for themselves. While information about these programs is not kept secret, there is no pressure to gain publicity for doing what is expected of an intelligently directed corporation.

An excellent example of the corporation that prefers performance over talking in public service is the International Business Machines Corporation. At its last annual meeting, in Santa Monica, California, on April 28, a stockholder asked about IBM's progress in hiring hard-core unemployed. Thomas J. Watson, Jr., IBM's chairman, said: "We have a plant right in the middle of Bedford Stuyvesant in the toughest part of Brooklyn. It is going so well that we are keeping our fingers crossed, and we don't like to talk about it. After we have been there two or three years we are going to have a major presentation about it at an annual meeting."

When it comes to product publicity, IBM is by no means bashful, nor should it be. But the corporation's performance in the arts, aid to education—in the entire field of corporate philanthropy—participation by its executives in public affairs speaks for itself. IBM actions obviously are known by those most intimately involved, and blowing trumpets would be unseemly—not only unseemly but unwise because such publicity might give the impression that the corporation is doing its public service job for reasons of notoriety rather than conviction.

IBM's philosophy is expressed by Mr. Watson: "All of us must try to cooperate to make our society better. In this task businessmen have a special opportunity to set a standard for responsible action in the national interest. Not only *can* we do this, I am convinced we *must*, if we are to meet our obligations in the world."

It is worth taking a look at a few of IBM's efforts to meet these obligations. In 1939, the company began collecting works of art from the seventy-nine countries in which it then conducted business. The collection, emphasizing American art, now includes oil paintings, watercolors, and original prints. It also includes a small collection of sculpture, mostly pre-Colombian work from Mexico.

The collection is put on tour in nine art exhibitions that are made available to cultural, educational, and civic organizations throughout the country. Last year, they were shown on loan for three-week periods, without charge, in approximately 125 communities. IBM pays all transportation charges, makes all shipping arrangements, provides a catalogue for general distribution. Last year, approximately 500,000 people saw IBM's touring exhibitions. In addition, there is the IBM Gallery on East 57th Street in New York City, which was opened in 1955. Eight exhibitions are held there annually; last year they attracted some 80,000 visitors.

IBM's aid-to-education program is based on the rationale that while any corporation's efforts are naturally limited when measured against the total need, they can be significant if properly structured. Last year, grants-in-aid to education ran to more than $6-million. They included direct grants to institutions throughout the country for scholarships, fellowships, education supplements, and special programs such as the post-doctoral fellowship awards of $10,000 each. Other programs include aid to neighboring colleges, Negro education, and liberal arts colleges generally. IBM's matching grants program last year awarded $646,000 to 930 schools that matched contributions by 7,300 IBM employees.

The company's corporate philanthropic programs run about $10-million a year and include contributions to social welfare, medicine and health, and civic and cultural aid. Substantial contributions are also made to the

United Negro College Fund, the Urban League, and the Urban Coalition.

IBM encourages its employees to be active in public affairs. Leaves of absence are given to fill full-time positions in federal, state, and local government agencies, and in charitable organizations. Employees also receive continuous service credit for the full period of the leave. These are normally limited to two years, but may be extended to four, with most fringe benefits continuing in force. Employees are also granted leave to serve in the Peace Corps or as VISTA volunteers.

At IBM, performance comes ahead of publicity. This is a good example to follow for those public relations men who value the reputation of their companies. —L. L. L. Golden.

WIT TWISTER #130

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He's never felt
— — — — — — — — blow,
This leader who
— — — — — — — — himself;
With one — — — — — — — —,
the man must go
Into — — — — — — — —, back
on the shelf!

—Contributed by
Hermann F. Vieweg.

(*Answer on page* 125)

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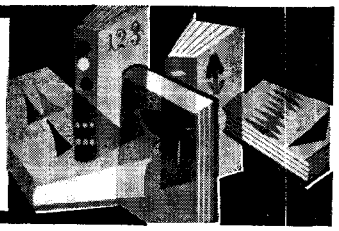
Books in Communications



The Uneasy Media

Significantly, the Canons of Journalism of the American Society of Newspaper Editors are couched in positive terms, while the codes of self-regulation of radio, television, and motion pictures consist largely of prohibitions designed to keep the front office out of trouble and, if possible, clear of controversy. This may be one reason why the informed public has generally felt "safer" with newspapers, uneasy with the electronic media.

We are in a period of tremendous self-consciousness and questioning about all media, as William L. Rivers and Wilbur Schramm point out in their revised edition of *Responsibility in Mass Communication* (Harper & Row, $8.50). In part this is due to the accelerated technology of communications. For four centuries the printing press stood as the one great achievement in communications; in the last fifty years have come the telephone, phonograph, radio, movie camera, and television. And in part it is due to a shift from a print to a spoken-word-and-picture news culture, and the mass surrender of the public to near total dependency on the easier electronic media.

The bigness of the mass media, the loss of an intimate identification with an audience, and the necessity for corporate control are principal causes for the uneasiness of such perceptive and levelheaded observers as Rivers and Schramm. The enormous sums of money involved in network television and film production lever the decision-making out of the hands of journalists, editors, and artists into the arms of the corporate executives, whose motives are necessarily different. The journalist may accept the guidelines set down in the late 1940s by the Commission on Freedom of the Press, in which the major mission of mass communications is seen as the raising of social conflict "from the place of violence to the plane of discussion." The electronic journalist is very personally worried—at least the best of them are—about that aspect of his function today. But the corporate executive seems to be worried more about the advertising renewals that alone can lift what Fred W. Friendly called the ten-ton pencil.

Television journalism faces a series of uneasy dilemmas. Newspaper journalism, operating out of an older tradition, provides those models of professionalism that the authors would urge on the electronic media: the "adversary" posture of the reporter toward his sources, particularly governmental; putting public duty ahead of private monetary advantage; and a confidence in the rational ability of man to separate the false from the true when provided with the facts. "The longest step that can be taken," the authors say, "is perhaps to emphasize the *individual* sense of responsibility rather than the corporate sense."

Rivers and Schramm wisely propose that the best hope of keeping the mass media honest lies in a discriminating audience motivated to step in and speak up; their own book, which reaches across the whole broad face of the media problem, is one means of alerting such an audience to the problems and possibilities of public surveillance.

"Damn it, Harold, must you always quote Helen Gurley Brown!"

Strategist and Star: The photograph shows John J. McGraw with his hat slammed low on his forehead, a business-like fountain pen protruding from his breast pocket, a look of belligerent distaste on his face. And there beside him, returning gaze for gaze, locked in a ceremonial handshake, is George Herman Ruth, the most infuriating and dangerous of his many opponents.

The picture stands as an eloquent foreword to Joseph Durso's evocatively titled *The Days of Mr. McGraw* (Prentice-Hall, $7.95). For the first third of this century John McGraw was a leading figure in American baseball, manager of the Giants from 1902 to 1932, winner of ten National League pennants, victorious in three World Series, —two of them at the expense of the vaunted Yankees in the days of Babe Ruth.

McGraw's life reaches back to baseball's primitive beginnings and extends forward to the modern era of great stadiums and expensive player trades. A native of Truxton, New York, McGraw had his "log cabin" beginnings, and turned into a young, brash baseball prodigy, who traveled on foot ten miles to earn his $2 a game. He made his way rapidly with paid transportation to Baltimore, where such strategies as the bunt, the stolen base,

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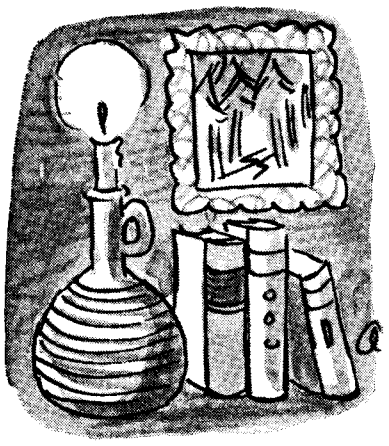

and the cutoff throw from the outfield were developed.

McGraw took over the Giants at the age of twenty-nine, standing a Napoleonic 5 feet 6½ inches. He found them in last place and administered a resuscitating infusion of Baltimore talent. Soon his lifelong friendship began with Christy Mathewson, whom McGraw switched from first base to pitcher. Durso describes McGraw as a belligerent, brainy, poker-faced manager and quotes Grantland Rice, "His very walk across the field in a hostile town is a challenge to the multitude."

While sticking close to the play-by-play season after season, Durso's *Days* is an ingathering of forgotten moods, tones, and national traditions, and should be read as much for social history as for its rich sporting lore. In McGraw's day there was, for example, a close alliance between Broadway and baseball; actors enjoyed free passes to Giant games, and when McGraw wasn't on duty at the Polo Grounds he might well be found in the Lambs Club off Times Square. Baseball then was part of the fabric of daily life, and in the days of McGraw the whole country could become mesmerized by the elemental struggle between the canny strategist and the great athlete, as when McGraw in the 1923 World Series signaled Rosy Ryan on the mound to pitch to Ruth with bases loaded. The country held its breath in that moment, and Ruth struck out.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

Photo Credit

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Out of the Rathole

Continued from page 23

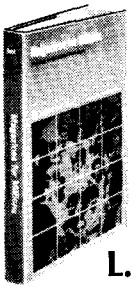
fled along without raising my feet, I could use my elbow to keep contact with the handrail while I lit the paper. Improvising as I could, I did get the paper lit, but it was flared out in my clutch and blazed up to scorch rather than to illuminate. With my right hand I pulled the blazing paper out of my left fist and threw it into the pit, my lighter going with it. It blazed on down there, the fire providing a ghost of light for the next ten steps or so. Then we were back in mine dark.

I don't know how far we walked. Some newspapers later reported the distance as half a mile, some as a mile, some as a mile and a half. Allowing as best I can for the distortions of sense in such a situation, I guess it was a bit over a mile, for despite the nightmare circumstances, we did manage a steady trudge, and it took about a half hour to walk out of the tunnel.

The physical problems of that half hour were the choking stink, the narrowness of the ledge, the jaggedness of the rusty handrail, the dark, the occasionally broken pavement of the catwalk, and the occasional slick spots on it where water had seeped through

MAGAZINES FOR MILLIONS

The Story of Specialized Publications



By James L. C. Ford

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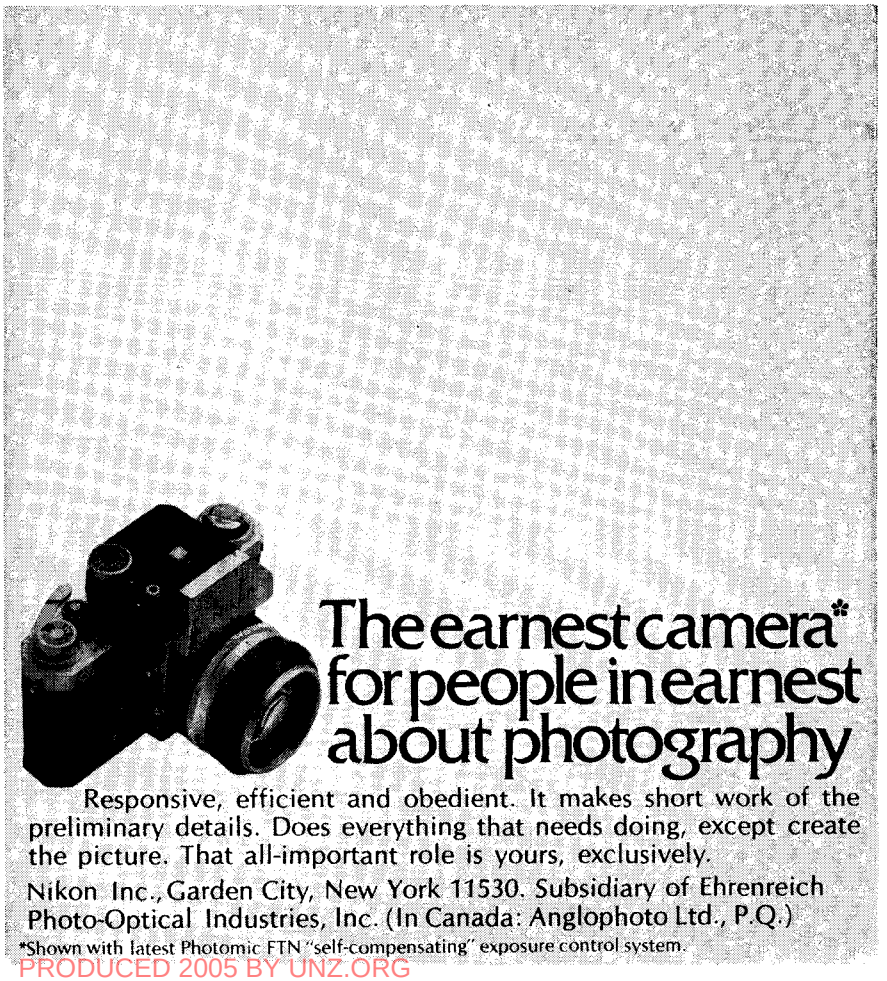
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and deposited a slimy sediment. But though our endless coughing and choking trudge through the rathole was painful, the real emotional trial, as I felt it, lay in the act of trudging while waiting to see if the oxygen content of the smoke would remain high enough to sustain life. Once on a ship for Europe, I leaned over the rail to watch the tugs haul her out of the pier. Suddenly as our backward course veered into the wind, I was hit from below by a blast of diesel smoke from a tug's funnel. I recoiled from the choking stench and was in clear air at once, though that one instant remained in my memory as an abomination. Now, in the rathole, that abomination had become an environment, except that an environment is what life develops in. We were reduced to chances that would declare themselves apart from our effort or volition. We could only cough and move on. If the oxygen held out, we could continue to put one foot before the other, and when we had put together enough steps, we would be out of the tunnel. If the oxygen supply failed, we would simply keel over of anoxemia with whatever mercy there might be in the fact that anoxemia dulls the senses; we would simply dim into sleep and keel over into nothing.

"We were reduced to chances that would declare themselves apart from our effort or volition."

From my days in the Army Air Corps I remembered watching my fellow guinea pigs in the vacuum chamber, feeding them questions from the luck of the open valve I had drawn by lot, and noting the progressively inane answers they gave to the simplest questions, their minds dimmed to the point of not knowing the difference between sense and gibberish, until the instructor opened their oxygen valves and let them come back from somewhere they didn't know they had been. I knew that if I were beginning to slip over, I would not be aware that I was slipping. Should I try to make it down onto the tracks on the chance the air might be better there? Irrationally, I decided that so long as I was rational enough to think about it, I was still in control: I had already short-circuited the fact that the slippage from rationality to maunder is undetectable. But there was also the fact that I could not find the rungs in the darkness, and beyond that, there was my fear of the third rail.

At long intervals, and for the time it took to cover about twenty steps, small signal lights shed a dim halo on the smoke, and in those intervals I picked up the pace hoping to regain contact with the line ahead. I remember feeling reassured by the first time I was able to move ahead at a fast walk: The fact that I could make the extra exertion was proof enough that there was oxygen in the stink. I remembered, too, how brightly the *Post* had blazed. For the first time then, I knew certainly that, barring some new obstacle, we were going to make it.

The new obstacle, when it came, was a minor one and soon conquered, but for an instant it almost threw me into the track pit. I had reached the edge of one of the infrequent dim halos cast by a signal light and had started to speed up again when I hit the first of the muddy slicks and felt my left foot start to slide out from under me. I clenched the hand rail and regained my balance, simultaneously sensing that I had gouged one side of my index finger. "Can't be all that bad," I told myself, "if you're still hauling that damned attaché case." The thought was an instant's flicker. I called back a warning to the man who was following me, and through the coughing and gagging, I could hear the warning being called back to each man in line.

Was I beginning to feel a coolness in the non-air? I was soaked with sweat and might simply be overheated, my thermostat shot. But wouldn't overheating leave me more sensitive to any change in the draft? "Is it getting colder?" I gasped to the man behind me. " 'S what I was wonderin'," he choked back. In the yellow halo of the next signal light (shouldn't they at least have turned red?) I made out the enlarged shadow of a man's head and shoulders cast on the stinking mist. Despite my earlier slip, I picked up the pace again while the light held, but the next dark came on, the gap was not closed, and there was still nothing but the act of putting one foot before the other while catching what breath I could between spasms of coughing, moving on as the rathole allowed, and waiting for what light would come.

When the light did come, I thought at first it was only the halo of a brighter signal light. Not till I was within three or four steps of the opening, did I realize that what shone through the smoke was the unbelievably blessed daylight.

The Weehauken end of the Penn Central tunnel is an ugly gash in a destroyed piece of countryside. The embankment to the left, as one emerges, is shored by a prison-like stone wall. The embankment on the right starts as a dusty slope of weeds, continues in another stone wall, and is fittingly crowned by an automobile junkyard that has shed some of its rusty wrecks over the edge where they have been caught by a dented link fence. About thirty-five feet above the tracks, up another barren slope of wirelike grass, and beyond another dented link fence, a road crosses above the tunnel. The tunnel itself is a huge semicircular gape through which—as I recall the scene, perhaps imperfectly—six tracks run, each sealed in a conduit of its own within the tunnel bore.

At about 7:30 p.m., as I came out of the rathole, well over a hundred gasping refugees were strewn over the barren scene. Many of them were sitting on whatever offered itself as a perch, their heads between their knees as they coughed and retched and gulped in, as they could, the comparative blessing of the dirty air of industrial New Jersey. Some roamed the tracks. A hardier few had climbed the embankment to the fence beyond which the road ran over the end of the tunnel. They were, as I guessed, trying to communicate with the world and the world was not responding.

A girl of eighteen, disheveled, barefoot, and covered with enough soot to be noticeable even in that sooty company, stumbled from group to group in what seemed to be an anxious search. I saw her turn and look at the tunnel just as a young man came out. For some reason, he was bare to the waist and was pouring sweat that washed river courses in the grime of his torso. He, too, seemed to be more anxious than relieved. "Eddie," the girl wailed. "Where's Ma?" The boy gave a despairing start, then turned back toward the tunnel. "Eddie, no!" the girl screamed, the cry doubling her up in a new fit of coughing. The young man turned his head, looked at her in a way that suggested a silent scream, then turned and disappeared again into the smoke, running in on the crossties as more passengers descended from the catwalk above him.

From a man who sat coughing beside me on a concrete block, I learned that the passengers up by the roadway had been shouting for help for at least ten minutes but that no answer had come. I looked about at my fellow refugees as best I could through the persisting spasms of coughing. Everyone I saw was sooty but none seemed to be suffering from more than a coughing fit, though a few were bleeding from minor cuts. A few were simply strewn on the dirty grass where they lay helpless, the coughing jerking their abandoned bodies. I moved over to my right and tried to help one man sit up but he pushed me away, rolled over, and went on gasping and coughing.

From one of the tunnel conduits the Washington Express emerged, coming

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn 10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently

end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. It's also

does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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a good bit too fast and sending frightened passengers running from the tracks as it braked and stopped. Had no signal been given? The express had come within a hair of piling bloody disaster on black.

A fire truck wailed to a stop on the road above the embankment, and I heard a fireman shout through the fence. "Whassa matter?" he called. "We need inhalators," someone shouted. "Hell," I heard the fireman call back, "we ain't got any." I heard the engine wail off, and I guessed it was going for inhalators. If there was help to be had, it was in no hurry to get there.

A second express had come out of the tunnel through still another conduit and stopped on a curve, with a sharp list to the left. The doors were now open to the rear cars of both trains, and passengers were hauling themselves aboard for the ride to Newark. I started for the nearer train and was cheered to see the barefoot girl and the bare-chested boy sitting on a concrete block with their arms around a woman who had to be their mother. She had cut both knees slightly, and a thread of blood ran down each shin into her shoes. As soon as I had climbed aboard the Pullman, I found a water fountain and some paper cups. I gulped two cupsful instantly, then filled two more and took them to the family group. I also gave them what had been a clean handkerchief. They could drink the water or wash the mother's wounds with it, but at least they knew where more water was to be had.

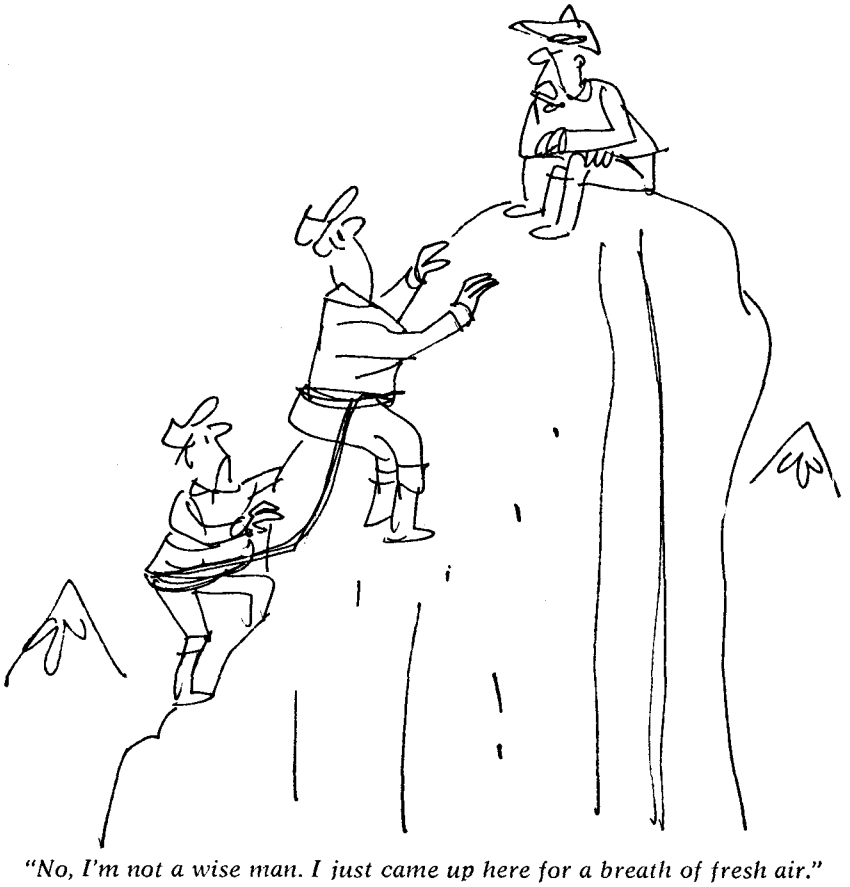
I was feeling a bit dizzy but my cough, I discovered, had subsided from a spasm to a painful but low-keyed regular hacking. I started back for the Pullman and for more water just as our local edged out of the tunnel, the motorman still at his post. It was somehow good to know that motormen, too, can refuse to abandon ship. The fire was out, though the third car still smoldered. I wondered how the train had recovered power. Then I saw that it had been pushed out by a train which had come up behind it. It ground to a stop, and from the fourth car I saw a group of surprisingly unsooty people descend to the track, a number of my familiar unknown fourth-car faces among them. It was then I learned that the smokers had simply sat it out downdraft from the stinking smoke to which they had continued to contribute their own ripe emanations. I crawled back on the Pullman vowing never again to surrender any vice while I could yet manage the energy for it. At the moment, the only vice available consisted of drinking up all the water in roomette C, and between coughs, I gargled what I could not swallow as we rolled to Newark.

At Newark, the police and first-aid squads almost outnumbered the sooty refugees, clamping oxygen respirators over the mouths of the worst stricken and putting them on rolling litters for the trip to the hospital. I had no need of hospital treatment. I stood back looking for a Penn Central man who might give me information on how I might continue home, but there was no railroad man to be found.

I had more or less stopped gagging when a man with a respirator came by like a salesman who had run out of customers and shoved the mask at me. "Might as well take a few whiffs," he said. "Nobody else is using it." By that time, the litter cases had been hauled away, and the remaining passengers were down to being hungrier and tireder and dirtier than hurt. I inhaled the oxygen for a minute or two, and it did seem to clear my head though my cough was still hacking away in a rhythm of its own. Through a waiting-room door I saw a telephone booth, and when I had finished with the inhalator, I went inside to phone home. My wife would have been waiting for me at the Metuchen station. "I'm all right," I told her. "There was a mess in the tunnel." As it turned out, she had been listening to the radio and knew, as I did not, that more than two hundred people had walked the rathole, and that an off-duty conductor had died under the wheels of our local as the train behind it pushed it out of the tunnel. "Shall I come get you?" she said. "No need," I told her, "I'll make it."

I went back on the platform and finally found a Penn Central man who was taking down names of the sooty. I gave him my name and address, and asked how I was to continue home and from what track. He didn't know, but he asked if I wanted to go to the hospital. I told him I didn't need a hospital, and he turned to another sooty figure I recognized as a dimly known neighbor. "Want a ride to Metuchen?" I asked. "I'm going to take a cab."

On the way out of the station we stopped for a cup of coffee disgustingly laced with cream because I had read somewhere that drinking milk is part of the treatment for smoke inhalation. It did turn out to be a soothing syrup. The woman at the stand-up counter suggested I could clean up in the men's room, and I thanked her for the suggestion, but it was instantly unthinkable to go home without my badge of grime. A touch of drama was all that remained of the experience, and I was not about to spoil my entrance by removing the make-up. In the cab I tallied one foully dirty shirt, one torn suit, one no-longer-wearable necktie, a lost shoe shine, a $14 cab fare (which



"No, I'm not a wise man. I just came up here for a breath of fresh air."

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my neighbor split with me), and one right hand scratched no more badly than I have known it to be after pruning the roses. As disasters go, it was less than total.

A man had died behind us. That was one house with its windows blinded by time. The rest of us had walked out of the rathole, a few to be hospitalized, but none in serious condition. Yet, had the draft been slower, had the smoke been denser, had the weather been smoggy and oppressive without a breeze to help the draft along, had the distance been greater, had panic not been averted—change any detail only slightly, and what would have come out of the tunnel then might easily have been a parade of masked men bearing blanket-covered objects on litters.

The Penn Central, certainly, had no emergency equipment available even within a few miles of Penn Station. Nor was ours the first breakdown of a commuter train: I have myself been on several that died by the way, one of them giving off a sickly smoke smudge, though in the open air. Any railroad concerned for its passengers' safety might have foreseen the possibility, even the likelihood, of a tunnel fire. The railroad, though it was running ancient and badly inspected rolling stock, was meshed in its own intricacies, and simply preferred the assumption that nothing would go wrong. That assumption was itself intricately meshed into the railroad's distaste for passenger service, which was in turn meshed into a fiction called accounting. Depending on what the directors wanted to say about passenger service, that fiction could arrange its permissible options to show a profit or a loss, and it had been arranged to show a loss. The greater the fictional loss the better the position of the directors when they refused to invest in better passenger equipment, or when they demanded higher fares, or when they clamored for tax breaks.

The Penn Central, however, is not more intricately diseased than the society it more or less serves. It is not sicker than the New York school system, or than the city government, or than the ghettos, or than the relations between the State House and City Hall, or than the corporate assumptions that the buck will flow for one more quarter and one more year, that all retirement plans will be honored, and that there will be time enough to plan against environmental poisoning when the sky turns green and and the water turns yellow.

Not even near disaster will shatter the unharmonized monads of megalopolis. Even when they have been shattered, most monads seal themselves back into the reflecting surfaces of their own habit. The repair job does leave hairline cracks in that inner mirror, but it takes only a slight squint to make the cracks disappear. Habit is a sure way of life while it lasts. What happens after habit is shattered beyond repatching is not on the scale of monad time.

Such were the reflections that were forming in my mind when I awoke on May 27. I had slept badly, not to the point of nightmare, but uneasily. I was still smelling soot. The odor of it

Cousin

By Joan Scott-Tallman Reid

days of tired negro skin
morning like an awning
on a penthouse
the hot water faucet is on the left
like the heart
like Israel she went
to the defeat of him
her arms were like vines
she was not a sportsman
yet he could murder for her thighs
which pulled out from the mirror of her belly
until she caught the humid night
in it, like a marauding panther
myths chased her like butterflies
I wondered if she could picket to write a sonnet,
a man could be an invader to her
tendril-pushing island,
she was the afternoon in the heat of the patio
with nothing to do but call the servants
when passion, the guest, called
she could reach her roots into his soil
if the sun was warm he was stunted
she controlled the wind
the attraction between the sun and moon
keeps the world going
each state of her mind was like the
locks of a canal
allowing the ship of mind
a progressive maturity
but the seas were hot
and the wind was bottled in silence
one docked her with a commerce
of luxury
the mind, like the suffragette, annexed her
she waited to volley
passion for other things
than thighs making pillars in God's arbor
she floundered before her port,
anger mutinied
she wanted to play a violin in a garret at night
she would send bulletins from her soul
to all available news outlets
as yet she had found no landlord
for the place she was planning to vacate
night was a bed
she had breastfed her children
to show your hand in a game of cards
was unfair
to avenge yourself upon the enemy
in a peace treaty
is senseless
any country wants to live in peace,
why annex?
why trade with myths?
in a modern country, love
is an elevator
pulling the man up or down

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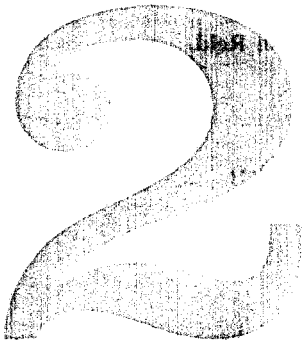

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seemed to be embedded into my mucous membranes, and even orange juice and coffee seemed to be drearily contaminated by that residual stench. The dreariest thought, however, was that I had to go back into New York. There was the passport to apply for, I had an appointment I had to keep, and there were still those unconquered papers on my *SR* desk. Judith had to come with me to sign the passport application. My older son Jonnel was out of prep school that day and had some shoes to be picked up. It was easy to prove to myself that it would be cheaper to drive in, despite the tolls and parking fees, than to pay three train fares. We drove in, I did my errands, gave the papers on my desk a pat and a promise, and declared a holiday weekend from Tuesday night to the Monday morning after Memorial Day.

I was home on the 28th, therefore, which turned out to be too hot for gardening and even for golf. In a civilized alliance of comfort and virtue, I was in my air-conditioned study shaping these notes when the doorbell rang and a claim adjuster from the Penn Central presented himself. He was a pleasant enough man, the infinite possibilities of his virtue attested by the fact that he had read some of my books and could even remember their titles. Despite such extraordinary merits, however, it was instantly clear that we were meeting monad to monad. His job was to find out what sort of claim, if any, I meant to press, and to buy me off for the lowest possible monad dollar.

Our approximately human chitchat done with, he wanted to know what injuries and/or damages I had suffered. I repeated the tally I had made in the taxi. The gash in my index finger was stiff and just a bit infected, but my tetanus booster was in effect and I have always healed easily. The major item seemed to be a damaged suit that had cost a bit under $200. It had, however, been well-worn. I supposed I could have spoken of mental anguish, but having previously elected parenthood, how could I prove that I did not have a taste for psychological self-abuse? He asked if $100 would cover actual damages sustained. I could easily have made a case for more but I was in no mood to haggle. What I wanted more than anything else was to be rid of him and of the intricate dishonesty of our cordial little chitchat.

I was happy enough to be out of it and back to inhaling cigarette smoke rather than the Penn Central's fumes. I had no certain knowledge that there would not be baleful aftereffects, but I did feel well. He, for his part, had no more certain knowledge than I of possible consequences nor, despite his cordiality, did he give a damn. His job was to buy me off before I contacted a shyster who might blow up my claim. He talked as if he were a human being in civil contact with another human being, but the deal was monad to monad, cash on the barrelhead, and done with the moment I signed his release form. Whether or not I acted wisely in signing his release form was no concern of his. His instructions were to get my signature. Were I to drop dead the instant after signing, I am sure he would have offered my wife a few words of sympathy on his way to his next appointment, but my signature was what the Penn Central had sent him to get, and let the corpses fall where they may.

I wasn't feeling like a corpse. I was beginning to feel that he might be one. I signed the form to get rid of him, and he wrote out the check for $100 on the spot, noting on the face of it that the check represented compensation for injuries sustained. "I have to put that on," he said. "Company instructions." I knew what monad intricacies he was bound in. "You mean," I asked, "that if the check is for damages, I can still put in a claim for injuries?" He shrugged. "So long as I give you $100," he said, "who's business is it what I give it to you for?" It could possibly be grammarian's business, I thought, but I kept that to myself. "What good does it do you to write that on the face of the check?" I asked him. "You could

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1362

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1362 will be found in the next issue.

FHAW, SHM SWYM LRWCM HMYLCHOF FRHEPT DCDDPW, ZCPP OHL PWL LRWA FACPW.

—LRHAYF SEPPWM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1361

If it were not for the presents, an elopement would be preferable.
—ADE.

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just as easily add it after I have cashed it. My signature on the back does not necessarily endorse comments made on the face." That, I was happy to note, shook him. "Well," he said, the happy image of the good fellow, "this *is* an amicable agreement, isn't it?" He was not, obviously, a natural monad, but only caught in the monad mesh. "Always kill them on the back of the check," I told him. "Above the signature." He decided to take that as a joke, added another fifteen seconds of chitchat as if to prove he was not really a monad, and left. I will still bet the next check had the notation on the back.

I let my dog out of the downstairs lavatory into which I had shut him in order to keep agent's blood off the living room Oriental. The $100 check reminded me that we were having a party on the Saturday after Memorial Day, and that my wife had reminded me to restock the bar. My connection at Metuchen Delicatessen and Liquor gives me a discount on case orders and always feeds the dog rather handsomely as a sort of insurance against having his calf chewed for lunch. I let the dog into the VW squareback, drove down, and assembled a case of mostly Scotch and bourbon, with a couple of bottles of cheap rye for the slobs who ask for it with ginger ale (my wife invites the damndest people). With the discount, my connection knocked it off at $75 even. I gave him the Penn Central check and came away with the case of liquor plus three fives and a ten.

At dinner that night I distributed the change—ten to Judith and five to each of the kids. "That's your near-miss inheritance," I told them. "Widows and orphans should always get a little something when the old man kicks off. Think of this as a dry run. Maybe by the time I make a real job of it, I'll leave you enough to let you stay out of New York City forever."

"Well, don't wait too long," croaked Benn, my friend and heir, "I don't *ever* want to go to work!"

Let me take what consolation I can from the fact that no right-thinking monad would hire him. I keep him because he's good for my psyche—it is impossible to disappear entirely into one's monad so long as the house has him bred into it as a daily disaster.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 117: severer, reveres, reverse, reserve.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1i, *Julie.* 2h, *Brown.* 3f, *Hereward.* 4l, *Orlando.* 5k, *Ben Hur.* 6a, *Robinson Crusoe.* 7c, *Felix Holt.* 8j, *Tristram Shandy.* 9b, *Edwin Drood.* 10e, *Jude.* 11g, *Richard Feverel.* 12d, *Wilhelm Meister.*

HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

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JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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TRAVEL

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LUNA DI MIELE SOLAMENTE Per Gli Innamorati—If I were a Bride . . . I would entreat my groom to transport me to the Hither Hills . . . to be embraced by the magic of Montauk . . . to enjoy the beginning of an eternal love affair in the golden amber glow of Moonrise . . . to listen to the heartbeat of the pounding surf . . . a heartbeat that has lured lovers for eons of time. For a special honeymoon package rate, call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn, Gurney's Inn, Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink O' the Beach," in the Village of Montauk, Town of East Hampton, County of Suffolk, Long Island, State of New York, United States of America, Planet Earth 11954. 212-895-6400. Open All Year.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1849

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Revel noisily.	186 18 54 67 70 75 89
B. Large, irregular spot.	91 103 110 131 144 158
C. Petty, small; parsimonious.	35 83 126 133 148 159 165 177 14 52
D. Occurring again and again.	62 93 100 138 145 173 185 204 95 153
E. Venetian painter (1518-1594) whose real name was Jacopo Robusti.	163 206 2 23 40 47 60 65 77 85
F. Loud, clamorous; turbulent.	104 113 135 136 141 166 182 188 193 202 150 162
G. State or period of being a beginner, esp. in a religious order.	174 180 189 208 30 69 73 80 94
H. Foaming wave crests.	120 132 212 42 63 84 112 139 195
I. Less than a jiff or a mo, presumably (3 wds.)	7 29 31 99 116 9 17 203
J. "An ——— nation proud in arms" (3 wds.; Milton, "Comus")	213 4 49 64 97 108 169 32 114 149 24 58 78
K. Something laid over or wrapped around a thing, esp. for concealment or protection.	111 130 205 1 15 124 19 26
L. Former "Veep" who wrote "That Reminds Me" (full name)	36 48 55 66 106 176 210 27 172 92 140 187

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Change of residence; dismissal from office.	191 194 72 155 109 121 128
N. English psychoanalyst (1879-1958) credited with introducing psychoanalysis to England and America (full name)	143 156 197 38 53 68 74 161 214 44 81
O. Mount a dramatic production (3 wds.)	6 168 88 61 184 127 192 207 151 118
P. Trouble; injure.	147 11 123 56 82 12 170
Q. Entreat (someone) for release from (2 wds.)	164 196 152 46 22 41
R. Above (2 wds.)	51 125 43 105 175 59
S. Increase or improve.	101 50 3 117 167 178 199
T. Cave dweller; person of brutal character.	211 102 183 34 115 10 119 179 198 190
U. Shriveled, dried up.	45 5 209 20 33 25 200
V. Alarm; scare.	90 142 154 134 8 37 137 201
W. Slender, lithe (var. sp.)	146 98 39 71 13 86
X. Celestial, sublime.	107 160 87 57 122 28 171 129
Y. Cream puffs, weak sisters.	76 21 181 157 79 96 16

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 K	2 E	3 S	4 J	5 U	6 O	7 I		8 V	9 I		10 T	11 P		12 P	13 W	14 C								
15 K	16 Y	17 I		18 A	19 K	20 U		21 Y	22 Q		23 E	24 J	25 U		26 K	27 L								
28 X	29 I	30 G		31 I	32 J	33 U	34 T	35 C	36 L	37 V	38 N	39 W		40 E	41 Q									
42 H	43 R	44 N		45 U	46 Q	47 E	48 L	49 J		50 S	51 R	52 C	53 N	54 A	55 L	56 P								
57 X		58 J	59 R	60 E		61 O	62 D	63 H	64 J	65 E	66 L	67 A	68 N		69 G	70 A								
71 W		72 M	73 Q	74 N	75 A	76 Y	77 E	78 J		79 Y	80 G	81 N		82 P	83 C	84 H								
85 E	86 W	87 X	88 O	89 A	90 V	91 B	92 L	93 D		94 G	95 D	96 Y	97 J		98 W	99 I								
	100 D	101 S	102 T	103 B	104 F	105 R	106 L	107 X	108 J		109 M	110 B	111 K	112 H	113 F	114 J								
115 T	116 I	117 S	118 O		119 T	120 H	121 M	122 X	123 P	124 K	125 R	126 C		127 O	128 M	129 X								
	130 K	131 B	132 M	133 C	134 V	135 F		136 F	137 V	138 D		139 H	140 L	141 F	142 V	143 N								
144 B	145 D		146 W	147 P	148 C	149 J	150 F	151 O	152 Q	153 D		154 V	155 M	156 N		157 Y								
158 B	159 C		160 X	161 N	162 F	163 E		164 Q	165 C	166 F	167 S	168 O	169 J	170 P	171 X	172 L								
173 D	174 G	175 R		176 L	177 C	178 S	179 T		180 G	181 Y		182 F	183 T	184 O	185 D	186 A								
187 L		188 F	189 G	190 T	191 M		192 O	193 F	194 M	195 M	196 Q	197 N	198 T	199 S	200 U									
201 V	202 F		203 I	204 D	205 K	206 E	207 O	208 G	209 U	210 L	211 T	212 H	213 J	214 N										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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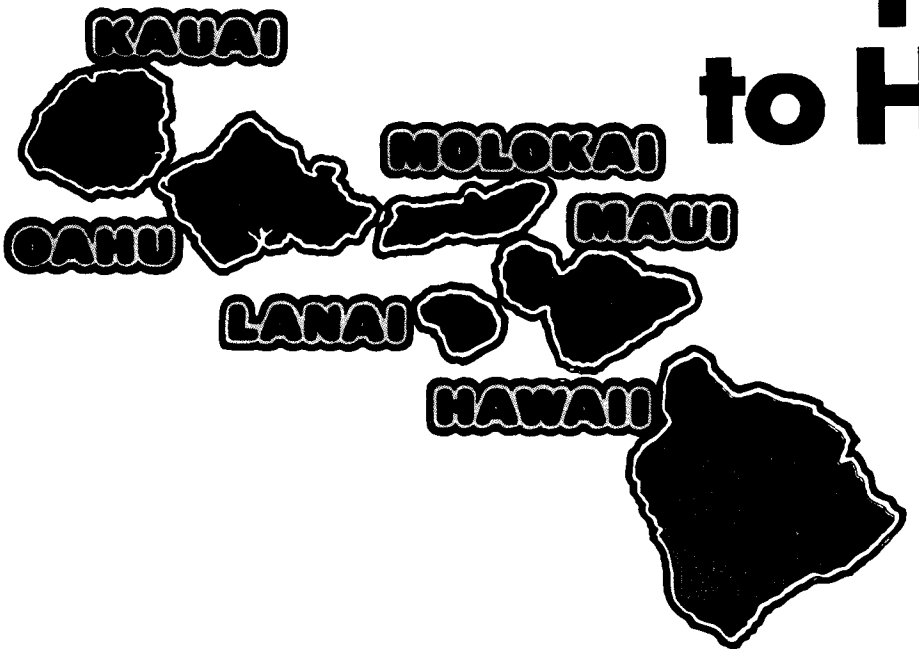

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